July 28, 1975

THE NEW YORKER

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CBS RADIO
DRAMA NETWORK

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

CHICAGO—A musical that has nothing to do with its name and that intermittently comes to life, thanks to Gwen Verdon, Chita Rivera, and Jerry Orbach. Bob Fosse directed and choreographed. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

A CHORUS LINE—Twenty-four young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. This brilliant, innovative musical—conceived, choreographed, and directed by Michael Bennett—is a loving salute to the theatre and to every struggling actor who aspires to be part of it. The performances by the entire company are as near perfect as makes no matter, and so is the entire production. Score by Marvin Hamlisch, lyrics by Edward Kleban, book by James Kirkwood and Nicholas Dante, setting by Robin Wagner, costumes by Theoni V. Aldredge, and lighting by Tharon Musser. (Moves uptown to the Shubert, 225 W. 44th St., 246-5990, for a Broadway opening Friday, July 25. Schedule of performances: Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

COTILLION—A comedy by John Oliver Killens. Opens Thursday, July 24, and will run through Sunday, Aug. 3. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 240 E. 3rd St. Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30. Free.)

DANCE WITH ME—A musical mingling of real life and fantasy at a subway stop in Manhattan. Written by Greg Antonacci, and played by members of a young and lively group that calls itself the La Mama Plexus Company. (Mayfair, 235 W. 46th St. 391-0063. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

DEATH OF A SALESMAN—George C. Scott in a superlative performance as poor, dying Willy Loman. With Teresa Wright, James Farentino, and Harvey Keitel. Directed by Mr. Scott. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

DIAMOND STUDS—A country-and-Western version of a life of Jesse James; the life doesn't bear close examination but is great fun to listen to. In a cabaret setting. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Aug. 3.)

NOT TO WORRY—A play by A. E. Santaniello. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Wednesday through Friday at 8, and Saturday at 7 and 10. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, July 27.)

THE RITZ—Terrence McNally's ingenious farce about the travails of a frightened heterosexual garbage collector in a homosexual bathhouse. Doesn't sound much like "Martin Chuzzlewit"? No, that's right, it doesn't. With Jack Weston and Rita Moreno. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

RODGERS & HART—Many samples of the handiwork of a great team of songwriters. What ought to be a zestful evening goes curiously flat. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

RUBBERS and YANKS 3 DETROIT 0 TOP OF THE SEVENTH—The management is extending the run and is now inviting nonsubscribers to this brace of funny one-acters by Jonathan Reynolds. In the second and better of the two, Tony Lo Bianco is splendid as a pitcher losing his control professionally and personally. Alan Arkin was the evening's expert director. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

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SAME TIME, NEXT YEAR—A new playwright named Bernard Slade has invented an erector set of one-liners that should last a lifetime. With Ellen Burstyn and Charles Grodin, directed by Gene Saks. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

SHENANDOAH—Even thirty years ago, this would have been an old-fashioned musical. The star is John Cullum, who sings his dull songs beautifully. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

SHERLOCK HOLMES—A bright revival, under Frank Dunlop's direction, of the William Gillette classic. John Neville is the great, ice-cold ratiocinator. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 246-6699. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

WHAT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS—An agreeable revival of the J. M. Barrie play. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 924-7160 Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday at 2 Closes Sunday, July 27.)

THE WIZ—An all-black production of a musica version of "The Wizard of Oz," with gorgeous scenery and costumes, tiresome music and several first-rate performances. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

LONG RUNS—**ABSURD PERSON SINGULAR:** Three neatly linked and extremely funny comedies by the English playwright Alan Ayckbourn

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 17
"PASSIONS" . . . . *Isaac Bashevis Singer* 22
"FIVE LIES ABOUT THE MOON" (POEM) . . . . *Richard Shelton* 26
"THE GEOLOGIST'S MAID" . . . . *Anne Tyler* 29
"ZERO" (POEM) . . . . *Tess Gallagher* 30
PROFILES (MICHEL GUÉRARD) . . . . *Joseph Wechsberg* 34
THE CURRENT CINEMA . . . . *Penelope Gilliatt* 49
THE RACE TRACK . . . . *Audax Minor* 51
JAZZ . . . . *Whitney Balliett* 52
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON . . . . *Richard H. Rovere* 58
THE SPORTING SCENE (GOLF) . . . . *Herbert Warren Wind* 62
DANCING . . . . *Arlene Croce* 73
"GOYA" (POEM) . . . . *Ira Sadoff* 75
BOOKS . . . . *George Steiner* 76
BRIEFLY NOTED 79

COVER: *William Steig*

DRAWINGS: *Dana Fradon, Joseph Mirachi, Joseph Farris, Henry Martin, James Mulligan, Warren Miller, Donald Reilly, Stan Hunt, Dean Victor, Chon Day, Nicolae Asciu, TIM, Robert Weber, Whitney Darrow, Jr., Al Ross, William Hamilton, Edward Koren, Arnie Levin, Lou Myers, Lee Lorenz*

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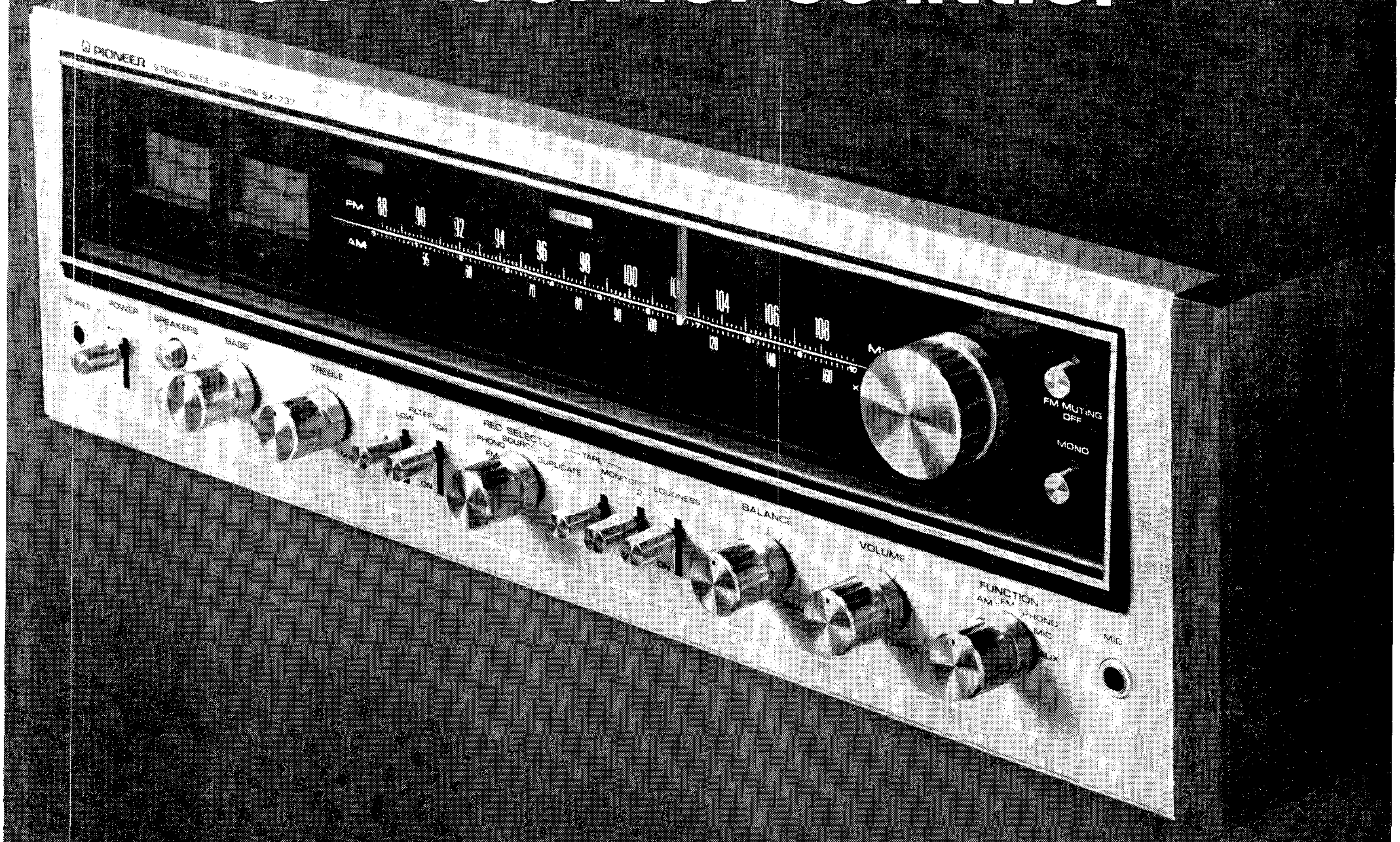

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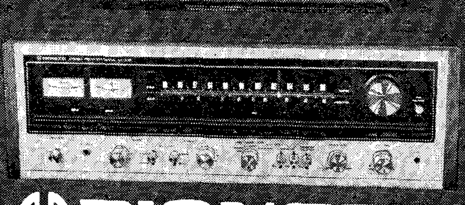

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

With Geraldine Page, Paul Shyre, Carole Shelley, Fritz Weaver, Carol Lynley, and Curt Dawson. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **CANDIDE:** A triumphant version of the once-doomed Bernstein-Wilbur-Voltaire musical. Voltaire still comes out last, but it doesn't matter. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **EQUUS:** Peter Shaffer's continuously exciting melodrama about a boy who mutilates six horses in the very act of worshipping them. With Anthony Perkins and Thomas Hulce, directed by John Dexter. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 6,345 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE HOT L BALTIMORE:** Lanford Wilson's play about the assorted seedy residents of a once good hotel, now shabby and threatened by bulldozers, is synthetic and sugary, but it is quite entertaining, too. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **THE MAGIC SHOW:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks by Doug Henning make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.). . . **PIPPIN:** A big but skimpy musical that the director and choreographer Bob Fosse has turned into his very own "War and Peace," with everything but a yacht race. Eric Berry and Michael Rupert play Charlemagne and his son. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **RAISIN:** A jaunty and heartwarming musical has been made out of Lorraine Hansberry's old-fashioned play about a black Chicago family on its way to white-middle-class mediocrity. Directed and choreographed by Donald McKayle. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

DANCE

AMERICAN BALLET THEATRE—Wednesday evening, July 23: "Les Sylphides," "Shadowplay," "Grand Pas Classique," and "The River.". . . ¶ Thursday evening, July 24: "La Bayadère," "The River," "Diana and Acteon Pas de Deux," and "Shadowplay.". . . ¶ Friday evening, July 25: "The Leaves Are Fading" and "La Sylphide.". . . ¶ Saturday matinée, July 26: "La Bayadère," "The Leaves Are Fading," and "Etudes.". . . ¶ Saturday evening, July 26: "Theme and Variations" and "La Sylphide.". . . ¶ Monday evening, July 28 (a benefit performance; for tickets, call 757-7035): A program of excerpts from various ballets, danced by Cynthia Gregory, Eleanor D'Antuono, Gelsey Kirkland, Erik Bruhn, Rudolf Nureyev, Mikhail Baryshnikov, and the entire American Ballet company. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, July 29: "La Bayadère," "Grand Pas Classique," "The River," and "Le Jeune Homme et la Mort.". . . ¶ Wednesday and Thursday evenings, July 30-31: "Giselle.". . . ¶ Friday evening, Aug. 1: "Theme and Variations," "Don Quixote Pas de Deux," "Gemini," and "Shadowplay.". . . ¶ Saturday matinée and evening, Aug. 2: "Raymonda." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2. Through Saturday, Aug. 9.)

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NATIONAL BALLET OF CANADA—With Rudolf Nureyev (dancing at all performances except Friday evening, Aug. 1). Wednesday evening, July 23: "The Sleeping Beauty.". . . ¶ Thursday and Friday evenings, July 24-25: "Coppélia.". . . ¶ Saturday matinée and evening, July 26: "The Sleeping Beauty.". . . ¶ Sunday matinée, July 27, and Tuesday evening, July 29: "Coppélia.". . . ¶ Wednesday through Friday evenings, July 30-Aug. 1: "Swan Lake.". . . ¶ Saturday matinée and evening, Aug. 2: "Coppélia." (Metropolitan Opera House. 787-3880. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2. Through Sunday, Aug. 10.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which boldface type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.)

●

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—**GRETCHEN CRYER** (lyrics and book) and **NANCY FORD** (music) have had two shows produced Off Broadway, one of which, a rock musical named "The Last Sweet Days of Isaac" (1970), was a hit. Now they have written some new songs and have come out to perform them, and it's an attractive event. They have an amateur air—a performing-in-the-living-room air—but they know exactly what they are doing. Both are lissome and screen-door thin. Cryer is pretty and fair-haired and has a marvellous expanding smile, and Ford is pretty and dark and secret. They are, as they care to point out, in their early forties. Cryer does most of the singing (and Ford the piano playing), and she is, with her light-filled face and easy, steady voice, irresistible. Their songs are wry, comic, original, and often affecting. They deal with love and time and kindness and small-town life in the Midwest, where Cryer and Ford came from. "Sunday Special" has to do with the evils that befall the members of a children's vocal trio when they grow up. "Last Day at the Job" tells of a sixty-two-year-old bank teller and what she will do when she retires. ("Gonna take the time to listen/To the sounds of this old house.") "You Can Kill Love" is cautionary, and so is the mother's advice in "Hang On to the Good Times." Cryer and Ford will be at the Cookery until Wednesday, July 30, but they will be back on September 19 for two more weeks. They are being spelled by **JOHN BUNCH** (piano) and **JAY LEONHART** (bass). Bunch is a superb late-swing pianist, and Leonhart makes the monstrous Fender bass soft and lyrical. Cryer and Ford start at eight and give three shows a night, Monday through Saturday. . . . ¶ On Thursday, July 31, **HELEN HUMES** will start singing again. Her accompanists will be pianist Jerry Wiggins and Johnny Williams, a good bassist. . . . ¶ Still another fine singer has reappeared here, but on Sundays only—**NANCY HARROW,** a Mildred Bailey-Billie Holiday singer. She is backed by the accomplished pianist Richard Wyands and by bassist Richard Da vis. Music from eight-thirty to one. Dining.

●

ARTHUR'S TAVERN, 57 Grove St. (CH 2-9468)– A pleasant, low-keyed little hideaway just o Sheridan Square, frequented on Monda nights by feverish devotees of Chicago jaz and Dixieland. The Monday-night ban known as the Grove Street Stompers, is com posed of avocational musicians: they may b just tired businessmen when they begin, bu by eleven-thirty or so, they have taken on th loose and limber and perspiring attributes o authentic jazzmen. The rest of the week– Tuesday through Saturday—is claimed b singer and pianist Mabel Godwin from nin to three. Closed Sundays.

BOOMER'S, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher S (243-0245)—Tenor saxophonist George Col man and trumpeter Danny Moore co-pilot quintet Wednesdays through Saturdays. O Monday and Tuesday, July 28-29, Colema is here with an octet. Music from nine-fort five to three. Dinner. Closed Sundays.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228 6300)—Elvin Bishop heads up his very fin blues-oriented rock band opposite John Shin on Wednesday, July 23. Thursday throug Sunday, July 24-27, the Eleventh House, jazz-rock operation that features violinis Jean-Luc Ponty and guitarist and leade **LARRY CORYELL,** trades sets with percussionis Jack DeJohnette's band. On Monday, July 2 comic Bill Crystal is followed by Mary Tra ers and her pop-folk combo. Beginning Tues day, July 29, **RAHSAAN ROLAND KIRK,** who is reed section all by himself, will work wit his sextet and alternate with **SONNY TERRY** an **BROWNIE MC GHEE,** who, as two of the most r spected rural bluesmen still working, te stories, hoot, sing, and play guitar and mout harp—all to the delight of their young fo lowers. Shows at eight-thirty and eleve thirty. Dinner.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (22 6440)—**JIMMY ROWLES** is again at the pian here, serving up the same lilting, unexpecte single-note figures with their curious tippe up ends, the rich, revolving chords, and th constant, loping swinging. The fine bassis Bill Takas helps out. Through Saturday, Jul 26, from about ten until two-thirty. On Mo day, July 28, Warren Chiasson, who used be George Shearing's vibraharpist, begin performing with a bassist. On Sundays, fro nine-thirty to one, **JAKI BYARD,** a mansion wit many rooms, is present, with Major Holle on bass. Dinner.

BUDDY'S PLACE, 133 W. 33rd St. (736-2888)– **BUDDY RICH** and his youthful big band finish u a current stand in their ritzy metal-and-glas home base on Saturday, July 26. Beginnin Monday, July 28, two hotshot organists– Richard (Groove) Holmes and Jimmy M Griff—will mind the store while Rich an company are away. Vocalist Juanita Flemin and her backup trio will also be on han Dancing on Fridays and Saturdays after th second show to both live and disco musi Shows at nine-thirty and midnight. Suppe Closed Sundays.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)– The third version, and an attractive one. Th house band, which begins after nine, is mad up of Ed Polcer, Vic Dickenson, Herbie Hal Jim Andrews, Red Balaban (a bassist and th owner of the club), and Ronnie Cole. O Tuesday, July 29, trombonist Buddy Morro is the guest musician. Red Richards mans th piano nightly from seven to three-thirty, an alternates with the sextet from nine-thirt Closed Sundays.

FIVE SPOT, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Thir Ave. (730-9270)—Altoist **JACKIE MC LEAN** an his septet depart after Sunday, July 27. O Tuesday, July 29, pianist Barry Miles and hi band, Silverlight, come in for a week's stin The music begins after ten. . . . ¶ On Mon days: Charlie Persip and the eighteen-piec Collective Black Artists Ensemble. Musi from nine-thirty to two. Chinese and Ameri can food.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371 2220)—An up-to-date version of the neigh borhood pub. Twenty-three-year-old strid stylist and Ellington fancier **BROOKS KER** works with and learns from drummer **SONN GREER,** who began his relationship with E lington in 1919, and saxophonist **RUSSELL PROCOPE**, who joined the Ellington reed section in 1945. Wednesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty to three. Mondays and Tuesdays from ten to three, alto saxophonist **LEE KONITZ** swaps ideas with pianist Dick Katz and bassist John Beal. Pianist **AL HAIG** plays from six to nine every night but Sunday, when he is joined by guitarist Sam Brown and bassist Jamil Nasser for a few sets from four-thirty to nine-thirty.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—Max Kaminsky has temporarily joined the five-part resident Dixieland band while Roy Eldridge is away on leave (he's now scheduled to be back on Tuesday, July 29). Music from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky takes charge of another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

JIM SMITH'S VILLAGE CORNER, 142 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl. (473-9762)—A cheerful bar on one of the corners where the Village meets N.Y.U.'s academic industrial park. Lance Hayward works out on the piano through Sunday, July 27; starting Monday, July 28, Nat Jones substitutes for Hayward. Live sounds from nine-thirty to three.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Eddie Hazell, a guitarist (middle-of-the-road variety) and vocalist (Chet Baker variety), plays some no-risk standards with his trio through Saturday, July 26. On Tuesday, July 29, the wonderful **TEDDY WILSON** arrives with a quartet. Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen to one. Closed Sundays; on Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dinner and supper.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—Some intricate, easygoing rhythm-and-blues is offered up most nights by bassist Gordon Edwards, guitarist Cornell Dupree, pianist Richard Tee, tenorman Charlie Brown, and drummer Chris Parker. Their music is of the puristic, early- and mid-fifties variety—the basic and raw materials, untarnished by sixties and seventies rock-and-roll inflections or soul mannerisms. Music from ten until three. Dinner.

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Known for years as the Bitter End, these revamped quarters have preserved only the abused-looking brick walls and the double-bill entertainment policy. Isis, an eight-woman swing-and-Dixie-rock band, shares the stage with singer Karen Beth, a New York-born hillbilly, through Sunday, July 27. On Wednesday, July 30, singer Steve Satten starts alternating with comic Martin Mull, who comes on like a cornball bumpkin musician. Shows begin after nine and eleven-thirty. Snacks. Closed Monday and Tuesday, July 28-29.

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—The Platters are onstage doling out bits and pieces of their greatest hits at nine-fifteen and eleven-thirty through Saturday, July 26. On Monday, July 28, harmonica virtuoso Larry Adler comes in. Closed Sundays. Dining and dancing.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—Composer and arranger **SY OLIVER** is currently leading a fine orchestra from seven every night but Sunday. Dinner.

RENO SWEENEY, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—The most exotic night spot for blocks and blocks, with an enthusiastic clientele and a reverence for just about anything campy. Folksinger Mirabai is here opposite country-rock singer Michael Federal through Saturday, July 26. On Tuesday, July 29, singer Lynn Kellogg takes over. Shows at nine and midnight. Mondays are showcases for new talent. Dining. Closed Sundays.

ST. JAMES, 22 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (675-1343)—Pianist Hod O'Brian, trombonist Marshall Brown, and bassist Lawrence Evans perform from about ten Mondays through Saturdays, except on Friday and Saturday, July 25-26, when baritone saxophonist Pepper Adams drops by to jam with O'Brian and Evans. Closed Sundays.

STRYKER'S, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—A small, clean-cut bar where all is flux: Altoist **LEE KONITZ** puts his weight behind his joyous, heedless, flying nine-piece band on Wednesdays (Thursdays and Sundays it's at the Tin Palace.) Pianist Larry Willis's trio functions on Thursday, July 24; flutist Richard Clay heads up a quartet on Friday and Saturday, July 25-26; Amaury Tristão, a Brazilian singer and guitarist, steps in on Tuesday, July 29; and vibraharpist David Friedman rounds things out with a quartet on Friday and Saturday, Aug. 1-2. Music from nine-thirty. Sundays, from nine until two, are given over to the guitar duo of **CHUCK WAYNE** and **JOE PUMA**, who exchange more notes than there are begats. Snacks. Closed Mondays.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—An airy, spacious restaurant with clear-varnished pine-panelled walls, a picture window filled with lush hanging plants, a black-marble-topped bar, and an acoustically perfect corner where the musicians are to be found. Wednesday and Thursday, July 23-24, pianist Errol Parker works with a bassist; Friday through Sunday, July 25-27, guitarist Ryo Kawasaki plays duets with the fine bassist Herb Bushler. On Wednesday, July 30, Jimmy Gourley begins playing guitar solos and singing an occasional vocal. Music from nine on Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays.

TANGERINE, 1057 Lexington Ave., at 75th St. (861-2521)—**ELLIS LARKINS** has landed in this bar-and-grill that echoes the thirties and forties, and is wheeling out his feathered and bejewelled Art Tatum ruminations on an in-tune upright. The excellent Wilbur Little is on bass. Be advised that though Larkins' playing is mighty his sets are mini. Tuesdays through Saturdays from ten until three.

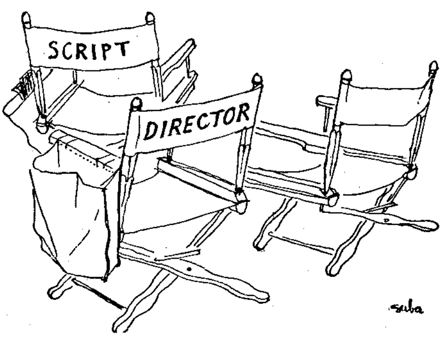
TIN PALACE, 325 Bowery, at 2nd St. (674-0566)—**LEE KONITZ** and his nine-piece band play here on Sundays and Thursdays and at Stryker's on Wednesdays. The band has plenty of bottom and an assortment of grand soloists, the best being Konitz and the great Jimmy Knepper, who has become the premier trombonist in jazz. John Eckhardt and Dave Berger are among the superb new crop of young and imaginative trumpeters. On Fridays and Saturdays, **CECIL MC BEE**, one of the best bassists around, has charge of a rousing sextet. Music from ten-thirty. Dinner. No music Tuesdays and Wednesdays.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Charles Earland sits at a control panel, turning dials, punching buttons, pressing keys, and comping with his funky electronic quintet through Sunday, July 27. On Tuesday, July 29, drummer **NORMAN CONNORS** brings in his sextet. Tuesdays through Sundays from ten to two.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—Smoky, stuffy, and cramped, this illustrious basement institution continues to present some of the best jazzmen in the world. The brothers **HEATH—JIMMY** on reeds and **PERCY** on bass—and their quartet perform some vigorous numbers through Sunday, July 27. On Tuesday, July 29, pianist **HORACE SILVER** arrives with the latest version of his quintet. On Mondays, the **THAD JONES-MEL LEWIS** big band ambles in, assembles itself, lets loose, and sometimes—but not often enough—blasts off. Music from ten.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Convenient to a New York City truck route but not much else, this bar has red Afro-psychedelic walls, hundreds of gold Christmas-tree ornaments hanging from the ceiling, and a tiny (about five by ten feet) soul-food kitchen. Other assets: Mondays through Wednesdays, Joanne Brackeen is at the keyboard, and Thursdays through Sundays, pianist Patti Wicks works with a bassist. Music from eight until two.

WEST END CAFÉ, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A wood-and-brick-walled retreat primarily patronized by Columbia students, who seek out neither folk nor rock nor glitter. It is jazz—and somewhat old-fashioned jazz at that. Mondays and Tuesdays, trumpeter Franc Williams, Eddie Durham on trombone and electric guitar, pianist Ram Ramirez, and drummer Shelton Gary take the stand. Wednesdays and Thursdays, **TINY GRIMES**, a four-string tenor guitarist, plays bebopping blues with bassist Ted Sturgis and Shelton Gary. Fridays are turned over to five bop-oriented musicians, and Saturdays and Sundays, trombonist Benny Morton, who has most recently been playing with the World's Greatest Jazz Band, heads up a quartet that features tenorman Paul Quinichette. Music from nine to one.



JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS

EARTH, WIND & FIRE and **WEATHER REPORT**—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Friday, July 25, at 8.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

DAVID SMYTH—Eleven drawings, done with a few ruled pastel strokes on a dark background. Through Aug. 29. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **ACQUAVELLA**, 18 E. 79th St.: Sculptures by Willard Boepple, David Smith, and Anthony Caro, together with paintings by Olitski, Matta, Morris Louis, and others. Through Aug. 29. . . . **ALONZO**, 26 E. 63rd St.: Works in various mediums by Lionel Gilbert, Frank Metz, Alice Valenstein, and others. Through Thursday, July 31. . . . **CASTELLI**, 4 E. 77th St.: A painting apiece by Kelly, Reinhardt, and Stella, plus two paintings by Rauschenberg and two drawings by Serra. Through Friday, July 25. . . . **ELKON**, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Painters and sculptors whose recent work is on exhibit include John Wesley, Charles Arnoldi, and Isaac Witkin. Through Thursday, July 31. . . . **FORUM**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: A show of paintings and sculptures by Max Weber, Elie Nadelman, and others. Through Thursday, July 31. . . . **KNOEDLER CONTEMPORARY ART**, 19 E. 70th St.: Paintings by a group including Motherwell, Stella, and Poons. Through Thursday, July 31. . . . **RAYDON**, 1091 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.: An exhibition in honor of the hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of the National Academy of Design, with works covering the full span of years by artists associated with the academy. They include A. H. Wyant, Hiram Powers, and William Glackens. Through Saturday, Aug. 2. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.) . . . **SABARSKY**, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Paintings and drawings by Feininger, Grosz, Klee, Schiele, and others. Through Sept. 13. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.) . . . **WEINTRAUB**, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: A selection of graphics, paintings, sculptures, and drawings by Mexican artists, including Rufino Tamayo, José Luis Cuevas, and Francisco Zuniga. Through Aug. 29. . . . **WEYHE**, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.: Paintings and sculptures by Alfred Maurer, Emil Ganso, Aristide Maillol, and others. Through Thursday, July 31.

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

LLOYD HAMROL, ANNE HEALY, AND ATHENA TACHA—Models, studies, and photographs of their projects for outdoor sculptures. Through Thursday, July 31. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.) . . . ¶ Site sculptures constructed for a campus arcade. Hamrol's is made of a plywood blackboard with colored chalk dangling on strings, and quickly provoked a lot of graffiti by passersby; Healy's consists of colored sheets of fabric; and Tacha's is built up of tiers of Styrofoam slabs. Through Aug. 13. (City University Graduate Center, ground-floor arcade, 33 W. 42nd St. Open Saturdays, 11 to 3.)

EDWARD HICKS (1780-1849)—A superb exhibition of twenty (out of an extant sixty) of this Quaker folk artist's "Peaceable Kingdom" paintings, along with some lesser-known works. Through Saturday, July 26. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **ARRAS**, 29 W. 57th St.: Tapestries, sculptures, and paintings by Norman Laliberté, Kosso Eloul, Jeff Hoare, and others. Through Sept. 5. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS**, 663 Fifth

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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27	28	29	30	31	1	2

Ave., at 53rd St.: Prints by Rembrandt, Dürer, Callot, and others. Through Aug. 8. . . . **FRUMKIN,** 41 E. 57th St.: Regular gallery artists, including Philip Pearlstein and Joan Brown, along with guest exhibitors. Through Thursday, July 31. (Mondays through Fridays, noon to 5.). . . **KENNEDY,** 40 W. 57th St.: Paintings, sculptures, and drawings by American artists, among them Eakins, Burchfield, and de Creeft. Through Aug. 15. . . . **MIDTOWN,** 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by such artists as Richard Mayhew, Isabel Bishop, and Nathan Hale. Through Aug. 29. . . . **RENÉ,** 6 W. 57th St.: Painters and sculptors on exhibit include Chryssa, Charles Hinman, Julio Le Parc, and others. Through Thursday, July 31. . . . **SACHS,** 29 W. 57th St.: Paintings by Power Boothe, Giorgio Cavallon, John Ferren, and Stephen Pace. Through Thursday, July 31. (Tuesdays through Thursdays, 10 to 5:30.). . . **SCHAEFER,** 41 E. 57th St.: Contemporary Aubusson tapestries by (for instance) Sonia Delaunay, Alexander Calder, and Man Ray. Through Thursday, July 31. (Closed Mondays.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Group Shows—At the **CASTELLI,** 420 West Broadway: Paintings and sculptures by sixteen artists. Through Aug. 29. . . . **HOFFMAN,** 429 West Broadway: Paintings by Don Eddy, sculptures by Rafael Ferrer, and drawings by Juan Gonzalez. Through Thursday, July 31. . . . **HUNDRED ACRES,** 456 West Broadway: Cynthia Carlson, John Baeder, and others, exhibiting one work on canvas and one work on paper apiece. Through Friday, July 25. (Mondays through Fridays, noon to 5.). . . **LAMAGNA,** 380 West Broadway: Paintings, sculptures, and works on paper by seven artists. Through Friday, July 25. . . . **WEBER,** 420 West Broadway: Gallery artists showing paintings, sculptures, and a group-made conceptual mural. Through Thursday, July 31.

OTHER GALLERIES

Beverly Pepper—Five large sculptures. Through Sept. 15. (Hammarskjöld Plaza Sculpture Garden, Second Ave. at 47th St.)

Group Show—A loan show of prints (one example by each artist) by Dürer, Turner, Whistler, and others. Through Saturday, July 26. (Pratt Graphics Center, 831 Broadway, at 13th St. Opens Saturday at 1.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Irving Penn—Fourteen large platinum-print portraits, all done between 1972 and 1974, of cigar and cigarette butts. Through Aug. 3. (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Frederick Plaut—Photographs, some of them portraits, taken in many parts of the world. Through Wednesday, July 30. (Camera Club, 37 E. 60th St. Mondays through Fridays, 2 to 6.)

Leon Supraner—Twenty architectural photographs of New York. Through Thursday, July 31. (South Street Seaport Museum, 16 Fulton St. Daily, noon to 6.)

Geoff Winningham / Dennis Brokaw—Black-and-white photographs of people and places in Texas. / Dye transfers of West Coast wilderness scenes. Through Saturday, Aug. 2. (Witkin, 243 E. 60th St. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

Group Shows—At the **INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY,** 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: An exhibition—a joint effort with the Museum of Holography, in New York—of holograms done by artists here and abroad during the last ten years. Holography is a recently developed process that uses laser waves to create a startlingly lifelike three-dimensional image on a photographic plate. . . . ¶ Two photo essays concerning California—one, by Richard Misrach, follows the trail of the flower children of the sixties, and the other, by Roger Minick, consists mostly of landscapes. Both exhibitions through Sept. 21. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays and Sundays.). . . **LIGHT,** 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Work by five young photographers: Eve Sonneman, John Divola, Virgil Mirano, Marcia Resnick, and Larry Williams. Through Thursday, July 31. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.). . . **SOHO PHOTO,** 30 W. 13th St.: Nine contemporary British photographers, plus photographs by many United States artists. Through Aug. 3. (Tuesdays, 7 P.M. to 9 P.M.; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"French Painting 1774-1830: The Age of Revolution," an exhibit jointly organized by the museum, the National Museums of France, and the Detroit Institute of Arts to bring together works by famous artists of this period (Ingres, Delacroix, and David, for instance) and those by comparatively obscure painters. Through Sept. 7. . . . ¶ A new installation made up of furniture, ceramics, silver, bibelots, and paintings and drawings (most of it from eighteenth-century Germany and France) from the Lesley and Emma Sheafer Collection. . . . ¶ "George Washington: Icon for America" is a display of about a hundred everyday objects bearing his likeness—wallpaper, cigar bands, a three-cent stamp—dating from the seventeen-seventies to the present. Through Sept. 14. . . . ¶ Prints and drawings that depict this country as seen by Europeans between 1492 and 1776. Through Sept. 14. . . . ¶ "Romantic and Glamorous Hollywood Design," a show of costumes worn by such film stars as Mary Pickford, Katharine Hepburn, and Barbra Streisand. Through Aug. 31. (The museum is radically changing its exhibition hours: Closed tight as a clam Mondays and Tuesdays. Opens at 10 Wednesdays through Saturdays—at 1 on Sundays—and closes at 4:45. Moreover, not all permanent collections will be open during the entire span of exhibition hours. The best way to cope with this money-saving scramble is to phone 879-5500.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A showing of prints celebrating the hundredth anniversary of the French Cubist Jacques Villon (1875-1963). Through Sept. 21. . . . ¶ An exhibition of photographs by Irving Penn. Through Aug. 3. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.). . . **NOTE:** The museum's sculpture garden, 8 W. 54th St., is open, free, Fridays through Sundays, 6 to 10. Casual entertainment Fridays and Saturdays at 8: folk stuff, recitals, and such.

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A loan survey of the works on paper (gouaches, mostly) of Marc Chagall, supplemented by fourteen of his oils (half of them borrowed from other institutions). Through Sept. 28. . . . ¶ An exhibit from the museum's collection of works completed in the sixties and seventies by Americans, among them Dan Flavin, Agnes Martin, and Jack Tworkov. Through Sept. 7. (Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A survey of American painting from 1900 to 1932. The exhibition focusses on the development of the museum since its inception in Mrs. Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney's Studio Club, on Eighth Street. Through Sept. 3. . . . ¶ Approximately two hundred examples from the museum's collection of abstract painting, covering the last forty-five years and including a recent Frank Stella purchase. Opens Thursday, July 24. . . . ¶ The influence of the sea and the shore on artists is the subject of a show of works (seventeenth century to twentieth) ranging from folk art to oil paintings, with examples by Winslow Homer, Robert Salmon, and others. Through Sept. 9. . . . ¶ Paintings and drawings by North Carolina artist Minnie Evans, covering four decades. Through Aug. 3. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Tuesday evenings, 6 to 10, with *no admission charge; Sundays, noon to 6.*)

Whitney Downtown Museum, 55 Water Street, two blocks south of Wall St.—Photographs, primarily abstract images, selected for their emphasis on texture, by such ranking artists as Paul Strand, Edward Weston, and Imogen Cunningham. Through Aug. 27. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A loan show of about fifty-five Japanese screen and scroll paintings from the fourteenth century through the nineteenth. Through Aug. 10. . . . ¶ Nineteenth- and twentieth-century American paintings by, among others, Thomas Cole, Arthur B. Davies, and Albert Pinkham Ryder. Through Sept. 1. . . . ¶ More than a hundred prints, all of them acquisitions of retiring curator Jo Miller, with works by Bonnard, Hockney, Henry Moore, and others. Through Aug. 31. . . . ¶ Fourteenth- to sixteenth-century Southeast Asian ceramics. Through Aug. 31. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5. The Wednesday-evening revels have been cancelled, to save money.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A loan show of works (paintings, sculptures, pottery, textiles, for example) by contemporary artists from nine African countries. Through Aug. 17. (Weekdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—An exhibition, arranged in conjunction with the International Center of Photography, of photographs of the landscape and people of the Himalayan countries. The prints, most of them in color and most of them taken over the last ten years, are by such photographers as Ernst Haas, Marc Riboud, and Lila and Barry Bishop. Through Aug. 25. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—More than a hundred and twenty-five drawings, a large number of them being shown for the first time, by a pivotal figure in American painting, Benjamin West (1738-1820). Among the works on display are the preliminary sketches for many of his historical and religious paintings, as well as drawings by his son Raphael Lamar West. . . . ¶ Thirty recent acquisitions to the Mary Flagler Cary Music Collection, including the manuscripts for Brahms' "Hungarian Dances" and John Cage's "Three Dances." Both exhibitions through Thursday, July 31. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 10:30 to 5.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—"How Grim Was My City" is an exhibition of photographs, documents, and objects intended to show that late-nineteenth-century New York was not the charming place that art and nostalgia have created but was a city of "grinding poverty, decimating disease, intolerable housing, filth, congestion, and crime.". . . ¶ *An exhibit, including paintings*, drawings, and costumes, celebrating great women of the New York stage. Both exhibitions through Sept. 1. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—An exhibit (from the library's Berg Collection) centered on Elizabeth Barrett Browning and Robert Browning and containing first editions, autograph manuscripts and letters, and related memorabilia. (Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 5. Through Nov. 1.) . . . ¶ A small showing of prints and drawings, including maps and cartoons, detailing the public and private life of George Washington. (Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 9. Through Nov. 1.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—A show of paintings, sculptures, and prints (the earliest work is dated 1765 and the latest 1975) by black American artists, among them Joshua Johnson, Jacob Lawrence, Henry O. Tanner, Charles White, and Romare Bearden. Through Aug. 17. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

MOSTLY MOZART FESTIVAL—A five-week season of orchestral, chamber-music, and recital programs (devoted also to the music of Beethoven and Haydn)—Wednesday, July 23: Pinchas Zukerman conducting the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra and acting as violin soloist in an all-Mozart program, with Misha Dichter, piano. An hour before the concert, Mr. Zukerman and Eugenia Zukerman, flute, will give a half-hour recital. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 24: The Tokyo String Quartet, with Rudolf Firkusny, piano, and Paula Robison, flute. An hour before the concert, the Quartet and Miss Robison will give a half-hour recital. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, July 25-26: Kenneth Schermerhorn conducting the orchestra, with Mr. Firkusny and Carol Neblett, soprano. An hour before each concert, Mr. Firkusny will give a half-hour recital. . . . ¶ Monday, July 28, and Wednesday, July 30: Peter Maag conducting the orchestra, with Byron Janis, piano, and Lynn Harrell, cello. An hour before each concert, Mr. Harrell and Samuel Sanders, piano, will give a half-hour recital. . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 29: A recital by the Messrs. Janis, Harrell, and Sanders. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 31: The Vermeer Quartet, with Garrick Ohlsson, piano, and Leonard Arner, oboe. An hour before the concert, the Quartet and Mr. Ohlsson will give a half-hour recital. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 1-2: Milton Katims conducting the orchestra, with Mr. Ohlsson and Jessye Norman, soprano. An hour before each concert, Mr. Ohlsson; Mr. Katims, viola; and Fred Slatkin, cello, will give a half-hour recital. (Avery Fisher Hall. TR 4-2424. Evenings at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 23.)

IN THE COUNTRY

BERKSHIRE FESTIVAL—Friday, July 25, at 7: A recital of Beethoven piano sonatas by Malcolm Frager. . . . ¶ Friday, July 25, at 9: Eugene Ormandy conducting the Boston Symphony in an all-Beethoven program; no soloists. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 26, at 8:30: Eugene Ormandy directing a second all-Beethoven program, with Kathryn Bouleyn, soprano; Shirley Love, mezzo-soprano; Seth McCoy, tenor; Simon Estes, bass-baritone; and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 27, at 2:30: Klaus Tennstedt conducting an all-Beethoven program; no soloists. . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 29, at 7:30: Judy Collins and Livingston Taylor. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 1, at 7: A recital by Mstislav Rostropovich, cello, and Galina Vishnevskaya, soprano. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 1, at 9: Edo de Waart conducting the Boston Symphony in a varied program, with Joseph Silverstein, violin. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 2, at 8:30: Mstislav Rostropovich directing a performance of Verdi's Requiem, with Miss Vishnevskaya; Lili Chookasian, contralto; Mr. McCoy; Ezio Flagello, bass; and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 3, at 2:30: Edo de Waart conducting another varied program; no soloists. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass. Through Sunday, Aug. 24. For information about tickets, call 541-7290, in New York.)

CARAMOOR FESTIVAL—Saturday, July 26, at 8:30: Julius Rudel conducting the Caramoor Festival Orchestra, with Jessye Norman, soprano. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 27, at 5:30: A piano recital by Garrick Ohlsson. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 2, at 8:30: The Dorian Woodwind Quintet presenting the Goldberg Variations and the première of Robert Starer's musical-morality play "The Last Lover," with Linda Phillips, soprano; Joanna Simon, mezzo-soprano; and Richard Fredricks, baritone. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 3, at 5:30: An all-Bach harpsichord recital by Igor Kipnis. (Katonah, N.Y.; festival ends Sunday, Aug. 24. On Saturday, July 26, buses will leave from the back of the New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center, two hours before the scheduled time of the performance; reservations must be made in advance. For information about tickets and buses, call 914 232-4206.)

SARATOGA PERFORMING ARTS CENTER—Tentative schedule of final performances by the New York City Ballet—Wednesday and Thursday, July 23-24, at 8:15: "Coppélia.". . . ¶ Friday, July 25, at 8:15: "Donizetti Variations," "Dybbuk Variations," and "The Concert.". . . ¶ Saturday, July 26, at 2:30: "Swan Lake," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Concerto Barocco," and "Cortège Hongrois.". . . ¶ Saturday, July 26, at 8:15: "Daphnis and Chloe," "Danse," "Pavane pour une Infante Défunte," "Le Tombeau de Couperin," "Gaspard de la Nuit," and "Tzigane." [NOTE: Special concerts will be given by the Carpenters, Neil Sedaka, and Skiles & Henderson on Sunday, July 27, at 8:15, and by Harry Chapin on Monday, July 28, at 7.]. . . ¶ Tuesday, July 29, at 8:15: "Swan Lake," "Dybbuk Variations," and "Symphony in C.". . . ¶ Wednesday, July 30, at 8:15: "Western Symphony," "The Ballerina and the Soldier" (première), "Who Cares?," and "Stars and Stripes.". . . ¶ Thursday, July 31, at 8:15: "Coppélia.". . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 1, at 8:15: "Swan Lake," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Pas de Deux," and "Cortège Hongrois.". . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 2, at 2:30: "Coppélia.". . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 2, at 8:15: "Who Cares?," "The Ballerina and the Soldier," and "Symphony in C." (Saratoga Springs. Through Monday, Sept. 1. For information about tickets, call 541-7290, in New York.)

JACOB'S PILLOW DANCE FESTIVAL—Programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, July 26: The Cliff Keuter Dance Company and Nala Najan. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, July 29-Aug. 2: Maria Alba's Spanish Dance Company. (Lee, Mass. Tuesdays at 7:30 and Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 3. For information about tickets, call 541-7290, in New York.)

AMERICAN DANCE FESTIVAL—Final performances—Wednesday, July 23, at 8: Nora Guthrie and Ted Rotante. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, July 25-26, at 8: Violette Verdy and Helgi Tomasson, and the Nancy Meehan Dance Company. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 1-2, at 8: The Pilobolus Dance Theatre and Kathryn Posin's Dance Company. (Connecticut College, New London, Conn.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At Shea Stadium—**METS:** Vs. Cincinnati, Wednesday, July 23, at 8:05, and Thursday, July 24, at 2:05. . . . **YANKEES:** Vs. Boston, Friday, July 25, at 8; Saturday, July 26, at 2; and Sunday, July 27, at 1 (doubleheader). . . . ¶ Detroit, Monday through Wednesday, July 28-30, at 8. . . . ¶ Cleveland, Friday, Aug. 1, at 8, and Saturday, Aug. 2, at about 2 (the annual Old-Timers Day festivities, with a couple of innings or so involving a number of players from the 1950 Yankee team—Joe DiMaggio, Mickey Mantle, Whitey Ford, Elston Howard, and others—and some of their opponents that season, will start at 1:15).

GOLF—Westchester Classic. (Westchester Country Club, Harrison. Thursday through Sunday, July 31-Aug. 3.)

RACING—At **BELMONT:** Daily at 1:30; through Saturday, July 26. The Tremont, Wednesday, July 23, and the Lexington Handicap, Saturday, July 26. (Frequent trains will leave Penn Station for the track Wednesday through Friday between 10:15 and 1, and Saturday between 10:15 and 1:15.). . . **SARATOGA:** Weekdays at 1:30, from Monday, July 28, through Saturday, Aug. 23. The Schuylerville, Monday, July 28; the Test, Wednesday, July 30; and the Whitney Handicap, Saturday, Aug. 2. . . . **MONMOUTH PARK,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Oct. 4. The Sorority, Saturday, July 26, and the Monmouth Invitational Handicap, Saturday, Aug. 2. . . . **ATLANTIC CITY,** Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Monday, July 28.

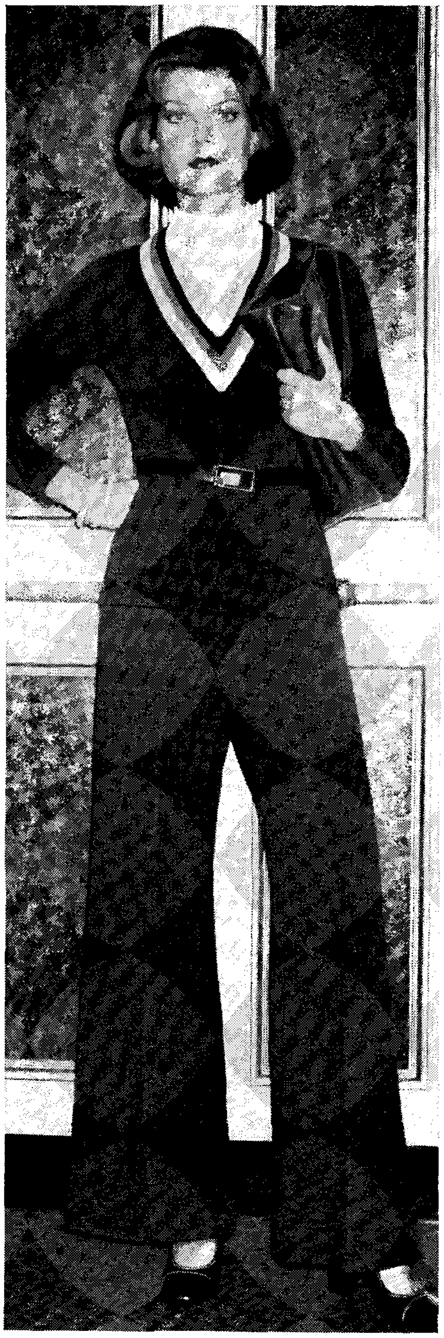
SOCCER—At Downing Stadium, Randall's Island—Wednesday, July 23, at 7:30: New York Cosmos vs. San José. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 30, at 7:30: New York Cosmos vs. Rochester. (For information about tickets, call 541-7290.)

PRO TENNIS—World Team Tennis—New York Sets vs. Cleveland, Wednesday, July 23, and Friday, July 25, at 8. . . . ¶ New York Sets vs. Boston, Sunday, July 27, at 7. . . . ¶ New York Sets vs. Indiana, Wednesday, July 30, at 8. . . . ¶ New York Sets vs. Pittsburgh, Friday, Aug. 1, at 8. (Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. For

En route: The two-way sweater pantsuit

Moving over seasons and occasions easily: the two-piece knit pantsuit with two-part sweater top. Wear the long top deeply V-ed for the party; add the camel color turtleneck for sportier hours. Have a great good time either way. In navy acrylic and nylon knit with red and beige stripes. Sizes 6 to 12, $98. The Fifth Avenue Shop. 611 Fifth Avenue, New York, and all stores. Please add 1.25 for handling mail and phone orders sent beyond our regular delivery areas.

Saks Fifth Avenue



information about tickets, call 581-6622.)

Trotting—At **Roosevelt Raceway**, Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, Oct. 11. . . . **Saratoga Raceway**, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 15.

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

(If the weather looks doubtful, call the New York Parks Department, 472-1003, for news. The same number may be called for information about all free entertainment in the city.)

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of **The Comedy of Errors**, directed by John Pasquin. The second of two plays by the company. Opens Thursday, July 24, and will run through Sunday, Aug. 24. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

New York Philharmonic—Concerts in various city parks, sponsored by the Schlitz beer people. Andre Kostelanetz will conduct the first in a series of three peripatetic programs: **Central Park's Sheep Meadow**, Tuesday, July 29, at 8:30. . . . **Cunningham Park**, Queens, Wednesday, July 30, at 8:30. . . . **Clove Lakes Park**, Staten Island, Thursday, July 31, at 8:30. . . . **Van Cortlandt Park**, Bronx, Saturday, Aug. 2, at 8:30.

Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center—Richard Franko Goldman and Ainslee Cox conducting the Goldman Band in this summer's series of Guggenheim Concerts. (Wednesdays, Fridays, and Sundays at 8; through Sunday, Aug. 10. Colonel George S. Howard will share in the conducting on Friday, July 25.)

Central Park Mall—Vincent La Selva directing the New York Grand Opera Company in a performance of "Rigoletto." (Thursday, July 31, at 8; rain date, Aug. 7.)

Riverside Park—Frédérique Petrides conducting the third in a series of four West Side Orchestral Concerts. (103rd St. Monday, July 28, at 8. In the event of rain, the concert will be given at the McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St.)

Carl Schurz Park—Thursday, July 24, at 8:30: Julius Grossman conducting the Municipal Concerts Orchestra in the last in a series of concerts, this one with Bruce Dukov, violin. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 31, at 8: A jazz concert by the Lee Shaw trio and friends. (In the event of rain, the concerts will be given in the Robert F. Wagner Junior High School, 222 E. 76th St.)

Washington Square Park—Fritz Rikko conducting the Festival Orchestra in a program entitled "Music from Thomas Jefferson's Library," with James Richman, harpsichord. The second in a series of six concerts. (Tuesday, July 29, at 8. In the event of rain, the concert will take place in the Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl.)

Wollman Rink—More beer music, this time the Schaefer brewery's annual summer upheaval. Wednesday, July 23, at 5:30: Hot Tuna. . . . ¶ Friday, July 25, at 7: Pete Seeger and Arlo Guthrie. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 26, at 7: Tom Paxton, John Hammond, and John Carney. . . . ¶ Monday, July 28, at 6:30: Return to Forever (with Chick Corea) and Kokomo. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 30, at 7: Poco and Kinderhook Creek. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 1, at 7: Benny Goodman's sextet. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 2, at 7: Two Generations of Brubeck: Dave, Darius, Chris, and Danny, plus Sky King. (Through Saturday, Sept. 13. For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

Gaelic Park—Frankie Valli & the Four Seasons and Tommy James & the Shondelles. (Broadway and 240th St. Wednesday, July 30, at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 541-7290.)

Jones Beach Theatre—A revival of **Oklahoma!**, with Thomas McKinney and Judith McCauley. (Nightly at 8:30. For tickets, call 516 CA 1-1000.)

Movies in the Park—A program of conventional and experimental films is being shown in various city parks at 9 P.M., Sundays through Fridays (except July 25) through Friday, Aug. 1. For program news, and to identify the parks, call 472-1003.

Deep Breathing—The roadways in Central Park are closed to automobiles in favor of strollers and bicyclists from 10 to 4 Mondays through Fridays, and from 7 to 10:30 Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, as well as all day Saturdays and Sundays.

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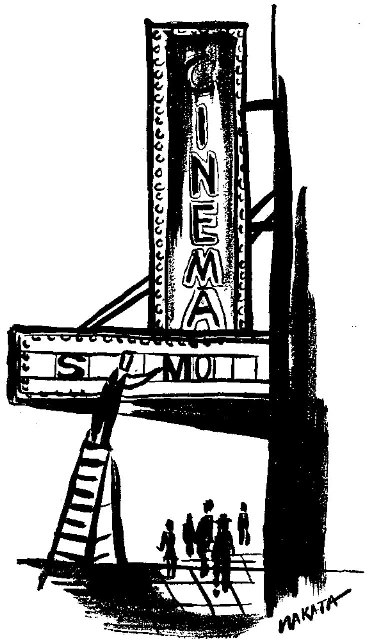
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31		

THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through July 24: "French Connection II."
From July 25: "The Man in the Glass Booth."

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
July 23: "Secret Agent" and "The Man Who Knew Too Much."
July 24-28: "The Band Wagon" and "Funny Face."
July 29-30: "Pride and Prejudice" and "Jane Eyre."
July 31: "Rain" and "The Gorgeous Hussy."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (777-1955)
Through July 29: "The Reincarnation of Peter Proud" and "Straw Dogs."
From July 30 (tentative): "The Passenger" and "Thieves Like Us."

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through July 29: "Le Chat."
From July 30: "The Little Rascals Show."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through July 29: "The Reincarnation of Peter Proud."
From July 30: "Shampoo."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through July 24: "The Man in the Glass Booth."
From July 25: "Singin' in the Rain."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Jaws."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"The Return of the Pink Panther."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Love and Death."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Beyond the Door."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
Through July 29: "The Apple Dumpling Gang" and "101 Dalmatians."
From July 30: "Herbie Rides Again" and "Robin Hood."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Monty Python and the Holy Grail."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Nashville."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Fortune."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
Through July 29: "The Prisoner of Second Avenue."
From July 30: To be announced.

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Cooley High."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"The Hound of the Baskervilles" and "Sherlock Junior."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"The Day of the Locust."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Nashville."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"The Man in the Glass Booth."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"Funny Lady."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Love and Death."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Kamouraska."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"W. W. and the Dixie Dancekings."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through July 29: "The Prisoner of Second Avenue."
From July 30: "Shampoo."

Juliet 1, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
Through July 29: "The Prisoner of Second Avenue."
From July 30: To be announced.

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
Through July 29: "Love and Anarchy."
From July 30: To be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through July 29: "Le Chat."
From July 30: To be announced.

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"French Connection II."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Jaws."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Once Is Not Enough."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"Cooley High."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
Through July 29: "The Apple Dumpling Gang" and "101 Dalmatians."
From July 30: "Herbie Rides Again" and "Robin Hood."

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
July 23: "Orpheus" and "The Naked Night."
July 24: "Metropolis" and "Orpheus."
July 25: "Top Hat" and "Metropolis."
July 26: "Pygmalion" and "Top Hat."
July 27: "Smiles of a Summer Night" and "Pygmalion."
July 28: "The Servant" and "Smiles of a Summer Night."
July 29: "Léda" and "The Servant."
July 30: "My Uncle Antoine" and "Léda."
July 31: "Miracle in Milan" and "My Uncle Antoine."

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"Funny Lady."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through July 29: "Blazing Saddles" and "Take the Money and Run."
From July 30: "Once Is Not Enough."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"The Return of the Pink Panther."

Quad Cinemas 1, 2, 3, and 4, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
At one or another of the theatres: "Night Moves" and "Day for Night" / "The Passenger" and "Sunday Bloody Sunday" / "Shampoo" and "Five Easy Pieces" / "Crime and Punishment."

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
July 23: "The Crazy World of Laurel & Hardy" and "The Flying Deuces."
July 24: "King of Hearts" and "The Party."
July 25-26: "McCabe & Mrs. Miller" and "Thieves Like Us."
July 27: One performance, at noon, of "Walkabout."
July 27: "Woodstock" and "What's Up, Tiger Lily?"
July 28: "Les Biches" and "La Femme Infidèle."
July 29: "El Topo" and "Zabriskie Point."
July 30: "The Blue Angel" and "The Salvation Hunters."
July 31: "King of Hearts" and "The Milky Way."

Bijou, 209 W. 45th. (869-1537)
Through July 29: "The World's Young Ballet" and "Prince Igor."
From July 30: To be announced.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
"Earthquake."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Benji."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
Through July 30: "Bite the Bullet."
From July 31: "Hennessy."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Rollerball."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
Through July 29: "The Apple Dumpling Gang" and "101 Dalmatians."
From July 30: "Herbie Rides Again" and "Robin Hood."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through July 29: "The Happy Hooker" and "Busting."
From July 30: "Night Moves" and "Scarecrow."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Tommy."

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
July 23: "The Great Dictator" and "Three's a Crowd."
July 24: "The Merchant of Four Seasons" and "I Love You, I Kill You."
July 25: "Rebecca" and "Notorious."
July 26: "M*A*S*H" and "Dr. Strangelove."
July 27: "Duel in the Sun" and "Ruby Gentry."
July 28: "La Chinoise" and "Weekend."
July 29: "The Ceremony" and "Boy."
July 30: "Monsieur Verdoux" and "The Chaser."
July 31: "Les Bonnes Femmes" and "Les Biches."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Charlotte."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Love and Death."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"The Return of the Pink Panther."

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through July 26: "Dinner at Eight" and "The Women."
July 27-28: "Julius Caesar" and "Lust for Life."
July 29-30: "Forbidden Planet" and "The Time Machine."
From July 31: "North by Northwest" and "The Thin Man."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through July 29: "The Towering Inferno."
From July 30: "Shampoo."

Loews 83rd St. 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Funny Lady."
Theatre 2: Through July 29: "Mandingo."
From July 30: "Once Is Not Enough."
Theatre 3: "The Man in the Glass Booth."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through July 29: "Le Chat" and "The Sicilian Clan."
From July 30: To be announced.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
"The Prisoner of Second Avenue" and "Scarecrow."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
"The Return of the Pink Panther."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through July 29: "The Reincarnation of Peter Proud" and "Five Easy Pieces."
From July 30: "Stavisky" and "The Seduction of Mimi."

FILM LIBRARIES

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—July 23 at 2: "The Hired Hand" (1971), directed by, and with, Peter Fonda. . . .¶July 23 at 5:30: "White Oak" (1921), directed by Lambert Hillyer, with William S. Hart and Vola Vale. . . .¶July 24 at 5:30:

"Dusty and Sweets McGee" (1971), directed by Floyd Mutrux. . . . ¶ July 24 at 8: "Wild Rovers" (1971), directed by Blake Edwards, with William Holden and Ryan O'Neal. . . . ¶ July 25 at 2: "When the Legends Die" (1972), directed by Stuart Millar, with Richard Widmark. . . . ¶ July 25 at 5:30 and July 26 at noon: "Easy Living" (1937), directed by Mitchell Leisen, with Jean Arthur and Edward Arnold. . . . ¶ July 26 at 3: "Breezy" (1973), directed by Clint Eastwood, with William Holden and Kay Lenz. . . . ¶ July 26 at 5:30: "Bad Company" (1972), directed by Robert Benton, with Jeff Bridges and Barry Brown. . . . ¶ July 27 at 12:30 and 3: "Mr. Robinson Crusoe" (1932), directed by Edward Sutherland, with Douglas Fairbanks and William Farnum. . . . ¶ July 27 at 5:30: "The Hired Hand." . . ¶ July 28 at 2: "Bad Company." . . ¶ July 28 at 5:30: "Breezy." . . ¶ July 29 at 2: "The White Hell of Pitz Palu" (1929), directed by Arnold Fanck and G. W. Pabst, with Leni Riefenstahl. . . . ¶ July 29 at 5:30: "Secrets of a Soul" (1926), directed by G. W. Pabst, with Werner Krauss; no titles. . . . ¶ July 30 at 2: "The Culpepper Cattle Co." (1972), directed by Dick Richards, with Gary Grimes. . . . ¶ July 30 at 5:30: "The White Hall of Pitz Palu." . . ¶ July 31 at 5:30: "The Culpepper Cattle Co." . . ¶ July 31 at 8: "The Texas Chain Saw Massacre" (1974), directed by Tobe Hooper, with Marilyn Burns; recommended for adults only. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Tickets for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 7:30.)

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by Vertov, Jennings, Renoir, Ozu, Hutton, Barden, Guttenplan, Sonbert, Ulmer, Vigo, Eisenstein, Smith, Snow, Sharits, and others. Showings July 23-24 at 5, 7, and 9; July 25 at 6, 8, and 10; July 26 at 2:30, 6. 8, and 10; July 27 at 8; July 29-30 at 5, 7, and 9; and July 31 at 5, 8, and 9:30.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
THE DATE OF REVIEW IN THESE PAGES IS GIVEN FOR FILMS LESS THAN TWO YEARS OLD.

The Apple Dumpling Gang—From the Disney studios, with Bill Bixby and Susan Clark, directed by Norman Tokar. (Fine Arts, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, and Festival; through July 29.)

The Band Wagon (1953)—The Comden-Green script isn't as consistently fresh as the one they did for "Singin' in the Rain," but there are few musicals as good as this one, starring those two great song-and-dance men Fred Astaire and Jack Buchanan. The plot, about a movie star (Astaire) trying for a comeback on Broadway and falling in love with a ballerina (Cyd Charisse), is a relaxed excuse for some good revue numbers, such as "Triplets," with Astaire, Buchanan, and Nanette Fabray, and, at the end, the "Girl Hunt" dance, parodying Mickey Spillane, with Astaire as the detective and Miss Charisse as the ladies in his life. When Miss Charisse wraps her phenomenal legs around Astaire, she can be forgiven everything, even her three minutes of "classical" ballet and the fact that she reads her lines as if she learned them phonetically. With Oscar Levant, in a good role for a change. Vincente Minnelli directed; the songs are by Howard Dietz and Arthur Schwartz. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 24-28.)

Benji—Loyalty tale, supposedly for children, about a mongrel. Not so much a dog of a film as a puppy. (Guild.)

Les Biches (1968)—St. Tropez in December, and a sexually ambiguous threesome: a mope (Jacqueline Sassard), a dope (Jean-Louis Trintignant), and a chic, slinky lesbian (Stéphane Audran). Claude Chabrol directed this languorous exercise in classy eroticism; very little of anything goes on. In French. (Elgin; July 28. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 31.)

Bite the Bullet—A Western, with Gene Hackman, Candice Bergen, and James Coburn. Directed by Richard Brooks. (Music Hall; through July 30.)

Blazing Saddles (1974)—Mel Brooks's comedy of chaos, with a surfeit of chaos and a scarcity of comedy. The story is about a modern black hipster (Cleavon Little) who becomes sheriff in a Western town in the eighteen-sixties; Gene Wilder and Madeline Kahn manage to redeem some of the film, but most of the cast (including Brooks himself) mug and smirk and shout insults at each other. Brooks's celebrated spontaneous wit isn't in evidence: the old gags here never were very funny; rehashed, they just seem desperate. (Reviewed in our issue of 2/18/74.) (8th St. Playhouse; through July 29.)

The Blue Angel (1929)—An almost legendary film. As Lola Lola, Marlene Dietrich is a rather coarse and plump young beauty—the incarnation of sex without romance or sentiment. Emil Jannings is the inhibited, tyrannical teacher who succumbs to her. Directed by Josef von Sternberg. In German. (Elgin; July 30.)

Les Bonnes Femmes (1960)—This early, episodic Claude Chabrol film, dealing with the yearnings and vulnerabilities of a group of shopgirls, is uneven and, in parts, somewhat tedious and tawdry, yet it has more tenderness and is more emotionally compelling than much of Chabrol's more refined work. The girls are Bernadette Lafont, Clotilde Joano, Stéphane Audran, and Lucile Saint-Simon; the cast includes Claude Berri and Pierre Bertin. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 31.)

Boy (1970)—Directed by Nagisa Oshima. In Japanese. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 29.)

Busting (1974)—With Elliott Gould and Robert Blake, directed by Peter Hyams. (Playboy; through July 29.)

The Ceremony (1971)—Directed by Nagisa Oshima. In Japanese. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 29.)

Charlotte—With Sirpa Lane, directed by Roger Vadim. In French. X-rated. (Paris.)

The Chaser (1928)—Harry Langdon directed himself in this mild domestic comedy about mother-in-law trouble. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 30.)

Le Chat—The futility and sorrowfully malevolent invention possessed by a hermetic couple—played by Jean Gabin and Simone Signoret—are chronic and consuming. Pierre Granier-Deferre's film (written by him and Pascal Jardin from Georges Simenon's novel) shows us two malign temperaments regretting the aging of their own particular flesh; it amounts to a skillful but limited and unkind exercise compared to Simenon's achievement in describing two locked souls fearing their common mortality. In French. (6/30/75) (Cinema Village, Trans-Lux 85th St., and New Yorker; through July 29.)

La Chinoise (1967)—Jean-Luc Godard's fast, clever political comedy about the terrorist thinking of a group of young French Maoists. His fourteenth feature film, and one of his best. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 28.)

Cooley High—With Glynn Turman and Lawrence-Hilton Jacobs, directed by Michael Schultz. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1.)

The Crazy World of Laurel & Hardy (1967)—A film made up of excerpts from their old movies. (Elgin; July 23.)

Crime and Punishment—A first-rate Russian version—made in 1970—of Dostoevski's great novel about Raskolnikov and the murder that he executed almost as if to explain an already existing sense of guilt. Raskolnikov is played by Georgi Taratorkin, a spidery, socket-eyed figure in a black stovepipe hat, Porfiry by the famous, correctly bland-faced Innokenty Smoktunovsky, and the delicately drunken Marmeladov by Evgeny Lebedev. Directed by Lev Kulijanov. In Russian. (5/26/75) (Quad Cinema.)

Day for Night (1973)—François Truffaut made this tribute to the conventional movies that once gave him pleasure, and apparently still do. He himself plays a director who is shooting an American-financed film called "Meet Pamela," with Jean-Pierre Léaud, Jean-Pierre Aumont, Jacqueline Bisset, and Valentina Cortese. "Day for Night," unfortunately ordinary in its approach to character, is very childlike—filled with a deeply innocent love of the magic of moviemaking. There's not much to it, though it's graceful. In French. (10/15/73) (Quad Cinema.)

The Day of the Locust—John Schlesinger's overblown version of Nathanael West's novel—an aesthete's view of society, set in Los Angeles in the thirties, in which the culturally debased people bring on the apocalypse. There wouldn't be much to remember from the movie if it weren't for a few of the performers—Burgess Meredith as an old vaudevillian, Billy Barty as a macho dwarf, and William Atherton in the thankless role of the artist, Tod. (5/12/75) (Cinema I.)

Dinner at Eight (1933)—Jean Harlow, with her bee-stung pucker and her tinny voice, at her comic best. George Cukor directed this witty version of the Ferber-Kaufman play, with a big-gun cast that includes Marie Dressler, John Barrymore, Lee Tracy, Wallace Beery, and Edmund Lowe. (Regency; through July 26.)

Dr. Strangelove (1964)—Stanley Kubrick's fantastically bold and abusive comedy, starring Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, Sterling Hayden, Keenan Wynn, and Slim Pickens. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 26.)

Duel in the Sun (1947)—Hilariously florid, sometimes called "Lust in the Dust." A Wagnerian Western, with Gregory Peck and Jennifer Jones as lovers so passionate they kill each other. She's Pearl Chavez, a half-breed wench, and so, by Hollywood convention, uncontrollably sexy, and Peck actually manages to bestir himself enough to play a hunk of egotistic hot stuff—maybe the name Lewt McCanles got to him, or maybe the producer, David O. Selznick, used electric prods. Set in Texas, it's a lavish, sensual spectacle; the director, King Vidor, can't keep it from being absurdly hammy, but he gives much of it a bravura excitement, and the hokum is irresistibly entertaining. With Joseph Cotten, Charles Bickford, Lillian Gish, Butterfly McQueen, Walter Huston, Herbert Marshall, Lionel Barrymore, Harry Carey, Sidney Blackmer, and many other celebrated names. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 27.)

Earthquake—L.A. gets it. The picture is swill, but it's entertaining—a marathon of Grade-A destruction effects, with B-picture stock characters spinning through it. Among them are Ava Gardner, the grimly resolute Charlton Heston, and Geneviève Bujold. Mark Robson directed. (12/2/74) (New Embassy.)

La Femme Infidèle (1969)—Claude Chabrol's quiet and elegant thriller about the hidden violence of overcivilized people. Conventional, but very well made. With Stéphane Audran, Michel Bouquet, and Maurice Ronet. In French. (Elgin; July 28.)

Five Easy Pieces (1970)—Jack Nicholson plays the throw-out of a gifted, sedate family of musicians. He has the same musical gift, but prefers to squander it as he squanders his life. He has a delicate ear for auspicious beginnings, and when time gives out on him he knows how to run. Bob Rafelson directed. (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ Olympia; through July 29.)

The Flying Deuces (1939)—With Laurel & Hardy, directed by Edward Sutherland. (Elgin; July 23.)

Forbidden Planet (1956)—The best of the science-fiction interstellar productions of the fifties lifts its plot and atmosphere from Shakespeare: the magical island of "The Tempest" becomes the planet Altair-4, where the sky is green and the sand is pink and there are two moons. The magician Prospero becomes the mad scientist Morbius (Walter Pidgeon); Prospero's daughter Miranda, who knows no man except her father, is Altaira (Anne Francis); and (though this is less clear) the sprite Ariel becomes Robby, the friendly robot. Caliban has become a marvellously flamboyant monster out of Freud—pure id. It's a pity the film, directed by Fred Wilcox, didn't lift some of Shakespeare's dialogue; the language is flat. (Regency; July 29-30.)

The Fortune—Charmless slapstick farce, set in the twenties. Warren Beatty and Jack Nicholson are the mercenary clowns who fumble in their attempts to kill an heiress (Stockard Channing) for her money. Mike Nichols directed, from Adrien Joyce's screenplay. (Coronet.)

French Connection II—Directed by John Frankenheimer (the first film was William Friedkin's), with Gene Hackman cast again as Popeye Doyle, the foul-mouthed killer cop of New York, who is now in Marseilles. Photographed by Claude Renoir (nephew of Jean Renoir) with too many slam-bang closeups. Visually as well as morally, the film makes you uncertain where its feet are. (6/2/75) (U. A. East. . . . ¶ Art; through July 24.)

Funny Face (1957)—Fred Astaire as an Avedonish fashion photographer, and Audrey Hepburn as a Village intellectual he uses as an offbeat model, in a big Stanley Donen musical that isn't all it should be. You keep wanting it to turn into wonderful romantic fluff, but it's only spottily successful. The script is weak, particularly in Astaire's role, and whose terrible idea was it to make a Sartre-like thinker into the villain—a philandering phony? Still, the color is lovely, Hepburn is a charming sidekick for Astaire, and Kay Thompson does an agreeable turn as a brassy editor. And the familiar Gershwin songs are lighthearted in just the right, summery way. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 24-28.)

Funny Lady—As Fanny Brice, Barbra Streisand is no longer human; she's like a bitchy female impersonator imitating Barbra Streisand. The picture is overproduced and choppily edited; a great deal of talent has been badly used. With James Caan. (3/17/75) (Columbia II, Waverly, and Loews 83rd St.)

The Gorgeous Hussy (1936)—The title is deceptive. The film is about Andrew Jackson (Lionel Barrymore) and his Presidential problems. Specifically, it deals with his dissolving his Cabinet because the wives of the members had cut a certain Mrs. Eaton (Joan Crawford). Something like this actually happened, though the picture will never convince anyone of it. Beulah Bondi smokes a corncob with the assurance befitting the First Lady, Melvyn Douglas plays dreary, gentlemanly John Randolph, and Robert Taylor and Franchot Tone are the handsome young men. Clarence Brown directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 31.)

The Great Dictator (1940)—Chaplin plays a small-time Jewish barber and doubles as a mock Hitler called Hynkel, dictator of Tomania, who argues with Napaloni, dictator of Bacteria. He is helped on by Herring and Garbitsch. The notion of a 1940 farce about Hitler and anti-Semitism works out much less queasily than it sounds. The famous sequence when Hynkel lies on his back and tosses around a balloon inscribed with a map of the world is a miracle of high-flying, mordant fun. But the last impassioned speech about peace and unity still wrecks everything that has gone before; Chaplin mawkish can always overrule Chaplin the innocent mime. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 23.)

The Happy Hooker—With Lynn Redgrave as Xaviera Hollander. Directed by Nick Sgarro. (Playboy; through July 29.)

Hennessy—With Rod Steiger and Lee Remick, directed by Don Sharp. (Music Hall; starting July 31.)

Herbie Rides Again (1974)—From the Disney studios; a sequel to "The Love Bug." With Helen Hayes and Ken Berry, directed by Robert Stevenson. (Fine Arts, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, and Festival; starting July 30.)

The Hound of the Baskervilles (1939)—"Murder, my dear Watson," Holmes announces, with undisguised satisfaction, in this handsome, gripping, semi-serious version of the Conan Doyle story—the first appearance of Basil Rathbone as Sherlock Holmes. Immaculately right in the role, Rathbone played Holmes suavely (though with diminishing wit) for the next eight years, always with Nigel Bruce as his bumbling Dr. Watson. Here, among the moors and mists, Holmes investigates the mystery involving "the footprints of a gigantic hound," and at the end he actually says, "Quick, Watson, the needle." The cast includes fatuously dimpled Richard Greene, and Lionel Atwill, Wendy Barrie, John Carradine, E. E. Clive, and Ralph Forbes. Sidney Lanfield directed. (D. W. Griffith.)

I Love You, I Kill You (1971)—The début in feature films of Uwe Brandner, a young German writer, who here directs a film that is almost entirely wordless. An allegory about Fascism, sheeplikeness, unplaced chauvinism, sadomasochism, with the fervor drained out of politics and the pleasure out of sex. The slow clump of indifferently violent events, standing for everything and nothing, takes place in an innocently dumb-looking Hansel-and-Gretel small town. The film is brittle, chilling, brilliant, and terrifyingly theoretical. In German. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 24.)

Jane Eyre (1944)—Perfectly respectable version, directed by Robert Stevenson, with Aldous Huxley adding his own pungency to Charlotte Brontë's novel. Orson Welles looms in a cast that includes Joan Fontaine and a very young Elizabeth Taylor. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 29-30.)

Jaws—Don't bite. (34th St. East, and Loews Orpheum.)

Julius Caesar (1953)—A collaboration between Joseph Mankiewicz and William Shakespeare, with James Mason, John Gielgud, Marlon Brando, and Edmond O'Brien. (Regency; July 27-28.)

Kamouraska—Opacity isn't metaphysics. Anne Hébert wrote the pulp best-selling "literary" melodrama, set in French Canada, on which this film is based. Claude Jutra, who admirably made the quite unpretentious "My Uncle Antoine," directed it. This film, in spite of the helpfully caustic and very modern presence of Geneviève Bujold, is steeped in a belief about the redemptive powers of the sense of sin, which are appropriated to Catholicism when they belong just as much to Anglicanism, American Protestantism, and Judaism. The story also indulges the obscurantist by linking perfectly earthly spite to witchcraft. Though the acting and the sense of the nineteenth-century period are accurate, the film's fundamental antithesis—religiosity vs. fun—is falsely put, and the resulting schematism halts a good director. In French. (7/21/75) (68th St. Playhouse.)

King of Hearts (1967)—Philippe de Broca makes a lulling and rather winsome period comedy about a 1918 soldier in an evacuated village now inhabited only by zoo animals and lunatics in fancy dress. With Alan Bates. In French and English. (Elgin; July 24 and 31.)

Léda (1959)—This ingenious thriller by Claude Chabrol, made directly after "The Cousins," is known as "A Double Tour" in France; it has sometimes been called "Web of Passion" in this country. Shot by Henri Decae and featuring peacocks and fields of scarlet poppies, as well as a murderer who conducts Berlioz, it is perhaps the most richly detailed and overripe of Chabrol's films. With Belmondo, Madeleine Robinson, Bernadette Lafont, Jeanne Valerie, and—as Léda—Antonella Lualdi. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; July 29-30.)

The Little Rascals Show—An anthology of the Our Gang comedies of the thirties. (Cinema Village; starting July 30.)

Love and Anarchy (1973)—Lina Wertmuller's large, epic film is set mostly in a thirties brothel; there, a young country bumpkin (Giancarlo Giannini, looking like a freckled young chicken), who intends to assassinate Mussolini, falls in love and botches his plans. The movie is uneven; it often seems like a silent film, and sometimes it is extravagant and operatic. But when Wertmuller concentrates on the whores' faces and attitudes it can be very beautiful. In Italian. (Juliet 2; through July 29.)

Love and Death—Woody Allen's imperially funny new picture is set in the land of "War and Peace" and "Crime and Punishment." Mr. Allen, who both wrote and directed this beautiful picture (photographed by Ghislain Cloquet), plays a nineteenth-century aristocrat of radical leanings. The love of his life is his remote cousin Sonja (Diane Keaton), who shares his habit of falling into talk of the epistemological when what they would both rather fall into is bed. (6/16/75) (Sutton, Beekman, and Paramount.)

Lust for Life (1956)—A review of the career of Vincent van Gogh. With Kirk Douglas and Anthony Quinn. Pretty lousy, with a lot of emphasis on the ear. (Regency; July 27-28.)

Mandingo—The antebellum South. With James Mason, Susan George, Brenda Sykes, Richard Ward, and Perry King, directed by Richard Fleischer. (Loews 83rd St.; through July 29.)

The Man in the Glass Booth—From the Robert Shaw play, adapted by Edward Anhalt and directed by Arthur Hiller. With Maximilian Schell, Lois Nettleton, Lawrence Pressman, and Luther Adler. One of the American Film Theatre series, now on a regular theatrical run. (Columbia I and Loews 83rd St. . . . ¶ Murray Hill; through July 24. . . . ¶ Art; starting July 25.)

The Man Who Knew Too Much (1935)—In 1955, Hitchcock remade in color (same title) this thriller about a kidnapping and an attempted political assassination. The later version starred James Stewart and Doris Day; this first version features Leslie Banks, Edna Best, Pierre Fresnay, and Peter Lorre (it was Lorre's début in English-language films), and it has Hitchcock's ingenuity and flair and sneaky wit. The best scenes—especially an

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assassination attempt at Royal Albert Hall—are stunning, but he seems sloppily unconcerned about the unconvincing material in between the tricks and jokes—a fault that persisted in the later, stodgier version. Nova Pilbeam plays the kidnapped child. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 23.)

M*A*S*H (1970)—Robert Altman's loose, cheery, profane service comedy, about how a group of surgeons try to keep their sanity while patching up casualties in Korea. With Elliott Gould, Donald Sutherland, Tom Skerritt, and Sally Kellerman. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 26.)

McCabe & Mrs. Miller (1971)—A beautiful pipe dream of a movie—Robert Altman's fleeting vision of what frontier life might have been, with Warren Beatty as a cocky small-time gambler and Julie Christie as an ambitious madam. Delicate, richly textured, and unusually understated. (Elgin; July 25-26.)

The Merchant of Four Seasons (1971)—A measured, distanced study of a victim (Hans Hirschmuller)—a rejected son of a middle-class family—and how he loses the will to live. The film is considered by many to be a masterpiece, but the style of the director, Rainer Werner Fassbinder, doesn't have enough authority; an American viewer may be uncertain how to react to the distancing devices, and how to react to the masochism and the misogyny and the view of women as coldhearted betrayers. When is Fassbinder being sardonic, and when is the degradation and futility meant to be taken straight? The picture, which has some conceptual resemblances to the later films of Robert Bresson and to Dreyer's "Gertrud," and some psychological resemblances to such Emil Jannings films as "Variety," is an art thing, all right, but perhaps not a work of art. In German. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 24.)

Metropolis (1926)—Fritz Lang's great silent film, which goes too far and always gets away with it. No one in Europe has ever handled crowd scenes so glitteringly; like D. W. Griffith, he makes them seem full of signal insight into the blindness of herds. There is an interesting robot in the film, called the False Maria. Essentially classic, produced by Erich Pommer, who also had the wit to find the finance for "Caligari," "The Last Laugh," "The Blue Angel." (Bleecker St. Cinema; July 24-25.)

The Milky Way (1970)—A genial guided tour of Catholic heresies. Luis Buñuel, in an impudent, rather than blasphemous, spirit, and a bit fusty. In French. (Elgin; July 31.)

Miracle in Milan (1951)—Part social satire, part fantasy, this Vittorio De Sica film suggests a childlike view of Dostoevski's "The Idiot." A fun-loving old lady finds a newborn baby in a cabbage patch. The baby becomes Toto the Good, the happy man who loves everyone; when he is frustrated in his desire to help people, the old lady, now an angel, comes down and gives him the power to work miracles. Toto the hero, naïve and full of love, organizes a hobo shantytown into an ideal community, but the social contradictions are ludicrously hopeless—not even magic powers can resolve them. The failure of innocence here is touchingly absurd; the film is stylized poetry, and it is like nothing else that De Sica ever did. With Francesco Golisano, Brunella Bovo, Paolo Stoppa, and the great Emma Gramatica as the old lady. Cesare Zavattini did the adaptation of his own novel. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; July 31.)

Monsieur Verdoux (1947)—Chaplin as a deft, fastidious Bluebeard in a comedy with attempted Shavian ironies: this private entrepreneur of murder feels guiltless, and contrasts what he does with what governments do in war. "Numbers sanctify," he says. Chaplin is more talented at carrying out his pantomime bits than in the talky passages, which are meant to be complexly unsettling and come across as turgid. The casting is not all it might be, with the glorious exception of Martha Raye as Annabella, who is so full of low-comedy life that, despite all Verdoux's calculations and one attempt after another, he fails to kill her. It's not exactly a work of movie art, but it's so special a film that maybe it deserves to be called a classic. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 30.)

Monty Python and the Holy Grail—A cheerfully loused-up reworking of the story of King Arthur, written and acted by the Python team, who were first famous on English TV and now keep growing numbers of Americans in on Sunday night to watch Channel 13 at half past ten. (5/5/75) (Plaza.)

My Uncle Antoine (1971)—A good French-Canadian picture about rural Quebec, made by Claude Jutra. The sense of small-town society is accurately serious and funny—whispers, giggles, children spying, flurries of love affairs. Jutra himself plays a village-store clerk; it is a wonderful study in sheepishness tinged with truculence. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; July 30-31.)

The Naked Night (1953)—One of Ingmar Bergman's most powerful and erotic early films, but also one of his most masochistic and mawkish; life is a circus, people are gross clowns suffering through rounds of frustration and humiliation, and so on. Ake Groenberg is the circus owner, and the voluptuous Harriet Andersson is his mistress. In Swedish. (Bleecker St. Cinema; July 23.)

Nashville—Robert Altman's crowning work so far. The rangy story is set in Nashville, Tennessee; the twenty-four characters are simultaneously caught up in the country-and-Western music industry and in local politicking on behalf of a Wallace-like Presidential candidate. Altman uses improvisation, many cameras, and multi-track sound recordings to the hilt. Wonderful performances by Ronee Blakley, Lily Tomlin, Barbara Harris, and Henry Gibson. "Nashville" is not the explanation of America to itself that it purports to be, but it is exhilarating in its detail. (3/3/75 and 6/16/75) (Baronet, and Cinema II.)

Night Moves—Arthur Penn's picture, written by Alan Sharp, is a study of temperament, dressed in the paraphernalia of a thriller. The temperament is the lonely one of a private detective, played by Gene Hackman, who seems to be hunting for clues to his own character almost as if he were hunting down a wanted man. The picture is splendidly cast, especially in the selection of Jennifer Warren to play a beautiful, sardonic, tenaciously poised wit who looks after dolphins in Florida. The question "Why did Arthur Penn make this film?" hovers over things, but two answers are in its technical mastery and in its thoughtful harping on the theme of unknowability. (6/23/75) (Quad Cinema.... ¶ Playboy; starting July 30.)

North by Northwest (1959)—Alfred Hitchcock's amusing, improbable thriller, with confused identities, mad geography, and a classic sequence—the crop-dusting airplane trying to dust Cary Grant. With Eva Marie Saint and James Mason. (Regency; starting July 31.)

Notorious (1946)—Hitchcock's amatory thriller stars Ingrid Bergman as the daughter of a Nazi, a shady lady who trades secrets and all sorts of things with American agent Cary Grant. The suspense is terrific: will suspicious, passive Grant succeed in making Bergman seduce him, or will he take over? The honor of the American male is saved by a hairbreadth, but Bergman is literally ravishing in what is probably her sexiest performance. With Claude Rains, Louis Calhern, Madame Konstantin; script by Ben Hecht. Great trash, great fun. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 25.)

Once Is Not Enough—From the Jacqueline Susann novel, with Kirk Douglas. Directed by Guy Green. (Loews Ciné.... ¶ Loews 83rd St., and 8th St. Playhouse; starting July 30.)

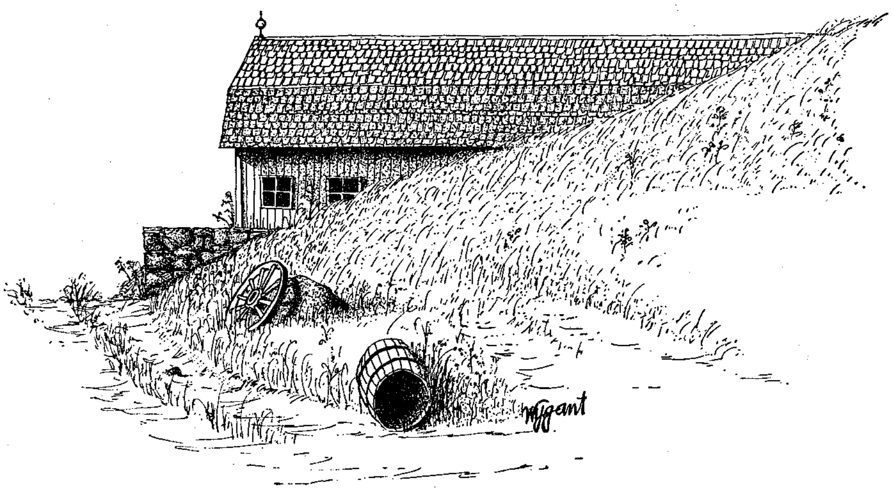
101 Dalmatians (1961)—Late Disney, but for once not vulgar. This is most delicately drawn, with beautiful graphics of Nash's London and an entrancing espionage chain of dogs barking at one another from signal points across the island, like the beacon flares before the Armada. Highly recommended for everybody. (Fine Arts, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, and Festival; through July 29.)

Orpheus (1949)—Jean Marais as the poet who needs to renew himself, in Jean Cocteau's masterpiece—the most magical of all modern films. With Maria Casarès, François Périer, Marie Déa, Edouard Dermithe, and Juliette Greco. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; July 23-24.)

The Party (1968)—Peter Sellers plays a bungling actor from New Delhi who accidentally blows up an expensive Hollywood set. Intending to blacklist him, the studio head writes his name down on a slip of paper; a secretary assumes that the name is to be added to a party guest list, and so the actor arrives at the home of the man who wants to kill him. It's a promising beginning—too promising for what follows. Most of this Blake Edwards slapstick farce records the way the Indian innocently destroys the party, and it's too long for its one-note jokes, and often too obvious to be really funny. But it's agreeable in tone, though as it goes on, the gags don't have any particular connection with the touching, maddening Indian character that Sellers plays so wickedly well. With Claudine Longet and Marge Champion. (Elgin; July 24.)

The Passenger—Antonioni's film about an estranged London TV-news reporter for whom everything has staled—work and personal life both. The reporter is on the track of a story in a remote part of Africa. He seizes the chance to exchange his identity for a dead man's, and takes on the dead man's slowly revealed undercover missions. Jack Nicholson, as the reporter, gives a performance that is a marvel of insight. With Maria Schneider. (4/14/75) (Quad Cinema.... ¶ St. Marks Cinema; starting July 30, tentative.)

Pride and Prejudice (1940)—This literate movie is a faithful transcription of Jane Austen's sparkling comedy of manners, adapted by Aldous Huxley and Jane Murfin. But when Jane Austen's characters are brought to life, everything is changed. Animated and bouncing, the movie is more Dickens than Austen; once one adjusts to this, it's a happy and carefree viewing experience. The movie belongs to Laurence Olivier, who plays Darcy, and to that great old dragon Edna May Oliver, as Lady Catherine. Greer Garson is Elizabeth



Bennet, and she is not as phony as she became later. She's effective and has nice diction, though she's arch and incapable of subtlety, and a viewer can get weary watching that eyebrow that goes up like the gold curtain at the old Met. The cast includes Mary Boland, Edmund Gwenn, Melville Cooper, and a batch of girls in overstarched dresses (Marsha Hunt, Maureen O'Sullivan, Karen Morley, Ann Rutherford, Heather Angel), and villainous Frieda Inescort, of the slurpy voice. Directed by Robert Z. Leonard. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 29-30.)

PRINCE IGOR (1972)—Performed by the Kirov Opera and Ballet of Leningrad. In Russian. (Bijou; through July 29.)

THE PRISONER OF SECOND AVENUE—Jack Lemmon, as a New York advertising executive, gets fired, feels worthless, and has a nervous breakdown; Anne Bancroft is his devoted wife. Vaguely about urban despair, full of bad jokes. Melvin Frank directed the movie version of Neil Simon's sitcom. (3/10/75) (Symphony. . . .¶R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1, 72nd Street East, and Juliet 1; through July 29.)

PYGMALION (1938)—First-rate romantic comedy, and certainly the best G.B.S. picture ever done. Wendy Hiller made her triumphant film début as Eliza, and Leslie Howard is in great form as that famous snob Higgins. With Wilfrid Lawson as Doolittle, and Marie Lohr as Mrs. Higgins. Shaw supervised, Gabriel Pascal produced, Anthony Asquith and Leslie Howard directed, David Lean edited, Arthur Honegger did the score, and Harry Stradling shot it. (Bleecker St. Cinema; July 26-27.)

RAIN (1932)—You don't have to be a great actress to play Sadie Thompson; you don't even have to be an actress—practically any transvestite could do it. But Joan Crawford took the role *seriously;* she really works at it—eyes flashing, scar-mouth twisting. Every nuance feels like an earthquake. Lewis Milestone is the director; Walter Huston is the Reverend. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 31.)

REBECCA (1940)—Magnificent romantic-gothic corn, full of Alfred Hitchcock's humor and inventiveness. It features one of Laurence Olivier's rare poor performances, but even when he's bad he's more fascinating than most actors. With Joan Fontaine, giving one of her rare good performances, and Judith Anderson (as Mrs. Danvers), George Sanders, Florence Bates—all three in superb form. From Daphne du Maurier's novel. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 25.)

THE REINCARNATION OF PETER PROUD—With Michael Sarrazin and Jennifer O'Neill, directed by J. Lee Thompson. (St. Marks Cinema, Gramercy, and Olympia; through July 29.)

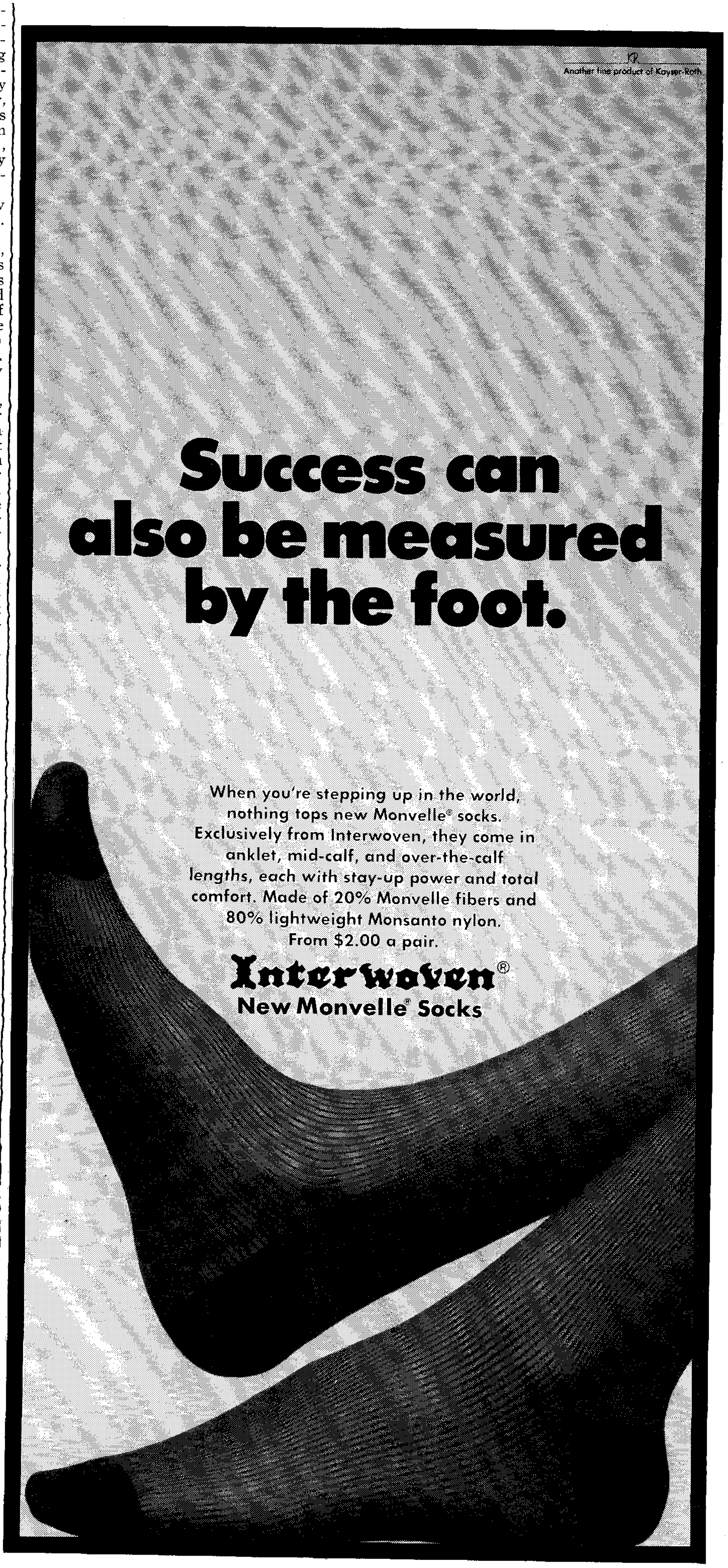
THE RETURN OF THE PINK PANTHER—Peter Sellers strikes again, with a wonderfully matured piece of comic embodiment as Inspector Clouseau, the accident-prone French cop whom he first played in 1964. There is a superlative performance by Herbert Lom as Clouseau's boss. Directed by Blake Edwards. (6/2/75) (Eastside Cinema, Greenwich, Cinema Studio, and Thalia.)

ROBIN HOOD (1973)—An animated version from the Disney studios. (Fine Arts, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, and Festival; starting July 30.)

ROLLERBALL—Norman Jewison's clamorously unintelligent sci-fi film about a future in which the world is purged of hostility, opinion, hunger, overpopulation, and every other trouble on our minds by a game called Rollerball, which looks like a slaughterhouse version of tag. Not to have clued us in properly to the rules of the mythically curative game is quite an omission, considering this can count only as a sports film and not remotely as prophetic. (7/7/75) (Ziegfeld.)

RUBY GENTRY (1952)—A feverishly—almost campily—operatic story of passion turning to fury. Blue-blooded Charlton Heston loves Ruby (Jennifer Jones), but she's a poor North Carolina swamp girl, so he marries a woman from a proper background. Ruby lands the richest man in town, is widowed, and proceeds to avenge herself on everyone who has ever done her dirt. Heston is her prime target; he has been involved in a large-scale endeavor to reclaim marshland. She terminates the project with the order "Stop the pumps." That may sound like a put-on, but the movie doesn't mean to be funny. King Vidor directed, in the seething, extravagant style he employed in parts of "Duel in the Sun" and in such outré items as "Beyond the Forest" and "The Fountainhead." With Karl Malden. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 27.)

SALVATION HUNTERS (1925)—Josef von Sternberg made his directing début with this highly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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

symbolic lower-depths film, shot in and around the mud flats of San Pedro, California, on a budget of forty-eight thousand dollars. The characters are derelicts who sit around and think dark thoughts. George K. Arthur is the boy who defends the girl (Georgia Hale) against the advances of a brute who shows his lust by scratching his thigh when he's hot for her. The film was much admired by Chaplin, Max Reinhardt, and many other artists, and one can certainly see why. It was fiercely hated by quite a few others, and the reasons for that are evident, too. (Elgin; July 30.)

Scarecrow (1973)—A story of two loners lurching across the United States, directed by Jerry Schatzberg. With Gene Hackman and Al Pacino, two identifiably good actors who deserve better scripts than this. (Symphony. . . . ¶ Playboy; starting July 30.)

Secret Agent (1936)—Not altogether successful Hitchcock version of Somerset Maugham's spy thriller, "Ashenden," but it has a bright, quick, fresh touch, and it's fascinating partly because the two male leads, John Gielgud and Peter Lorre, are so ill used. Gielgud looks like a tailor's dummy for Leslie Howard, and Lorre plays a cheerful little killer who speaks in a Mexican dialect and wears a single earring. With Madeleine Carroll and Robert Young. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 23.)

The Seduction of Mimi (1972)—Written and directed by Lina Wertmuller. A very funny farce, set in Italy and Sicily, about a sexual round robin, with the Mafia intervening. The hero is dead serious, above a subterranean freneticism, about his cold wife in Sicily and his Cranach-faced mistress in Turin and Catania. His wife vengefully gets pregnant by a tax officer; the hero makes love back to the tax officer's mountainous wife, who already has five children before this sixth one by him. The Mafia plants a murder on him, and he emerges from a jail sentence to find even his mistress and their beloved growing son disappearing into the distance. In Italian. (6/24/74) (Olympia; starting July 30.)

The Servant (1963)—A gentleman's gentleman reduces his gentleman to a state of squalid servitude. Dirk Bogarde is the brilliant star of the picture, which Joseph Losey directed. (Bleecker St. Cinema; July 28-29.)

Shampoo—Warren Beatty, as a Beverly Hills hairdresser, in a sex roundelay set in the Beatles sixties of miniskirts and strobe lights. The way it has been done, the joke expands the more you think about it. The people whirling in and out of bed include Julie Christie, Goldie Hawn, Jack Warden, Lee Grant, Tony Bill, and Carrie Fisher. Hal Ashby directed this sophisticated farce from a script by Robert Towne and Beatty (who was also the producer). (2/17/75) (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ Gramercy, 72nd Street East, and Embassy 72nd St.; starting July 30.)

Sherlock Junior (1924)—The title of this Buster Keaton comedy doesn't do justice to what the movie is about: Keaton plays a projectionist who, while running a movie—"Hearts and Pearls"—enters the screen and becomes involved with the characters. Directed by Keaton, it's a marvellously imaginative film, full of extraordinary tricks that are so immaculately executed that they look simple. It's an example of native American surrealism. With Kathryn McGuire as the heroine, and Keaton's father, Joe Keaton, as the heroine's father. (D. W. Griffith.)

The Sicilian Clan (1970)—Henri Verneuil's efficient thriller, which has flashes of humorous bile that are a little like Hitchcock's. There is a fine piece of hijacking in the plot, with a jet making a landing on a New York highway under construction. Jean Gabin, Alain Delon. In French. (New Yorker; through July 29.)

Singin' in the Rain (1952)—This exuberant and malicious satire of Hollywood in the late twenties is perhaps the most enjoyable of all movie musicals. Gene Kelly, Donald O'Connor, and Debbie Reynolds are the stars, assisted by Jean Hagen as an imbecilic movie queen, Millard Mitchell as a producer, Cyd Charisse as a dancer, and Rita Moreno as a flapper-actress. Kelly and Stanley Donen directed the Comden and Green script. With music by Nacio Herb Brown, lyrics by Arthur Freed. (Murray Hill; starting July 25.)

Smiles of a Summer Night (1955)—Ingmar Bergman's exquisite carnal comedy—a boudoir farce that becomes an elegy to transient love. With Eva Dahlbeck, Gunnar Björnstrand, Harriet Andersson, and Jarl Kulle. In Swedish. (Bleecker St. Cinema; July 27-28.)

Stavisky—Alain Resnais's death song for thirties elegance. The film seems to be a reverie on façades and contrasts, in which the swindler-charmer Stavisky (Jean-Paul Belmondo), who hides his past, is paired with his friend Baron Raoul (Charles Boyer), whose character is enriched by his background. Resnais directs as if vitality would be a sin against art. This is an icy, high-minded, white-telephone movie. The script is by Jorge Semprun. In French. (1/20/75) (Olympia; starting July 30.)

Straw Dogs (1972)—Dustin Hoffman plays a weakling mathematician who finds his manhood when he learns to kill, and the gifted young Susan George is his snarling, pouty wife—a little beast who wants to be made submissive. Machismo, sold under the now fashionable guise of the territorial imperative, and directed by Sam Peckinpah in a way that apparently affects many men at a very deep level. Probably one of the key films of the decade. (St. Marks Cinema; through July 29.)

Sunday Bloody Sunday (1971)—John Schlesinger directed this complex, remarkably modulated study of the breakup of two love affairs, from a screenplay by Penelope Gilliatt. An unusual film—perhaps a classic. With Glenda Jackson, Peter Finch, and Murray Head. (Quad Cinema.)

Take the Money and Run (1969)—Woody Allen as a sweetly incompetent gangster with gentle manners and an inability to write holdup notes that anyone can read. (8th St. Playhouse; through July 29.)

Thieves Like Us (1974)—This story of young lovers in the thirties is the most quietly poetic of Robert Altman's films. Keith Carradine is the boy who escapes from prison with two bank robbers (John Schuck and Bert Remsen), and Shelley Duvall is the girl he meets. Adapted from a neglected 1937 novel by Edward Anderson, which also served as the basis of the 1948 Nicholas Ray picture "They Live by Night." (2/4/74) (Elgin; July 25-26. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; starting July 30, tentative.)

The Thin Man (1934)—Directed by the whirlwind W. S. Van Dyke, the Dashiell Hammett novel took only sixteen days to film, and it turned out to be one of the most popular comedies ever made. However, new audiences aren't likely to enjoy it as much as the public in 1934 did, because new audiences aren't fed up, as that public was, with what the picture broke away from. It started a new cycle (as well as a "Thin Man" series) by demonstrating that a murder mystery could also be a sophisticated comedy, and that a married couple—Nick and Nora Charles (she was based on Lillian Hellman)—could drink together, exchange insolent remarks, and have a good time. William Powell and Myrna Loy were the pair, and they delighted the country. A married couple, Albert Hackett and Frances Goodrich, wrote the script; James Wong Howe did the shooting. The cast includes Maureen O'Sullivan, Cesar Romero, Minna Gombell, Harold Huber, Edward Brophy, Nat Pendleton, Edward Ellis (in the title role), and a famous wirehaired terrier, called Asta here. (Regency; starting July 31.)

Three's a Crowd (1927)—James Agee wrote that Harry Langdon looked "as if he wore diapers under his pants." This was fine as long as Langdon was doing slapstick, but when he sought pathos the results were horrible—sickly whimsical. He directed himself in this Chaplin imitation. He plays The Odd Fellow, who lives by himself and longs for romance and a happy home. On a stormy winter's night, The Girl he has loved, who has married another, comes to his shack and has her baby there. On Christmas Eve, just as happiness begins shedding its tender rays, The Girl's husband arrives and takes her and the child away. Having prepared for the role of Santa Claus, The Odd Fellow is left with torn heartstrings—and a box-office calamity. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 23.)

The Time Machine (1960)—Entertaining George Pal sci-fi, loosely derived from the H. G. Wells novel and set at about the time the book was written—1895. The plush Victorian furnishings in the home of the time-travelling scientist (Rod Taylor) are contrasted with the catacombs of the cannibalistic future, where Yvette Mimieux is a dainty morsel on the menu. The machine itself is a beauty, with a red velvet seat and gadgets made of ivory and rock crystal, and the time-travel effects help to make this film one of the best of its kind. However, it deteriorates into comic-strip grotesqueries when the fat, ogreish future race of Morlocks torments the effete, platinum-blond, vacant-eyed race of Eloi. With Alan Young, Sebastian Cabot, and Whit Bissell. (Regency; July 29-30.)

TOMMY—The famous rock opera composed and sung by The Who, turned into a clamorous film by Ken Russell. With Ann-Margret and Roger Daltrey. (4/7/75) (Little Carnegie.)

TOP HAT (1935)—Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers dancing to Irving Berlin's music. This is the one with "The Piccolino," as well as "Isn't This a Lovely Day?" and "Cheek to Cheek," and it's a lovely movie. (Bleecker St. Cinema; July 25-26.)

EL TOPO (1971)—A spaghetti Western in the style of Luis Buñuel, and tinsel all the way. The writer-director-star, Alexandro Jodorowsky, plays with symbols and ideas and enigmas so promiscuously that the confusion may be mistaken for depth. He has some feeling for pace and for sadistic comedy, but the principal appeal of the movie is as a violent fantasy—like head comics. (Elgin; July 29.)

THE TOWERING INFERNO—Disaster blockbuster, with each scene of someone horribly in flames presented as a feat for the audience's delectation. Paul Newman and Steve McQueen mutter heroic sentiments, and Faye Dunaway manages to look goddessy-beautiful through it all. John Guillermin directed, Irwin Allen produced, Sterling Silliphant wrote the series of bloopers that make up the script. (12/30/74) (Embassy 72nd St.; through July 29.)

WALKABOUT (1971)—Edward Bond, the remarkable English playwright who wrote "Saved," did the screenplay of this intelligent and vivid story, which shows representatives of a rundown English class of sophisticates in collision with the natural élite of the Australian aborigine. It is nominally about three children—an English brother and sister, expensively school-trained, and a young Abo, who piteously kills himself for love of the sometimes rather prim but intoxicating English schoolgirl. Taken from the novel by James Vance Marshall, directed by Nicolas Roeg, who has been a very talented cameraman. (Elgin; July 27, one performance, at noon.)

WEEKEND (1968)—Jean-Luc Godard's extraordinary poetic satire on modern life—a powerfully charged but deeply flawed film. With Mireille Darc as the bourgeois cannibal. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 28.)

WHAT'S UP, TIGER LILY? (1966)—Woody Allen provides dubbed dialogue for a chopped-up Japanese sexy-spy thriller; the jokes get rather desperate, but there are enough wildly sophomoric ones to make this pop stunt fairly amusing. (Elgin; July 27.)

THE WOMEN (1939)—Clare Boothe Luce's ode to wisecracking cattiness, given the full, expensive M-G-M treatment in its first movie version, with Rosalind Russell, Joan Crawford, Paulette Goddard, Joan Fontaine, Mary Boland, Marjorie Main, Hedda Hopper, Margaret Dumont, Virginia Grey, and noble Norma Shearer, weeping, weeping. George Cukor directed. (Regency; through July 26.)

WOODSTOCK (1970)—Michael Wadleigh's three-hour account of the Woodstock Festival, with half a million good-humored kids up there on screen. Wadleigh has a kind eye and an exuberant style; the triple-image editing is particularly effective on such groups as The Who. Jimi Hendrix makes "The Star-Spangled Banner" sound like an air raid. (Elgin; July 27.)

THE WORLD'S YOUNG BALLET—A film of the 1969 international ballet competition held in Moscow, with Baryshnikov glimpsed in his prize-winning solo "Vestris." Helgi Tomasson, Peter Schaufuss, the Japanese star Hideo Fukagawa, and Ludmila Semenyaka (in a Soviet-style "jazz" ballet) are among the other competitors, and some additional color footage shows the young prodigy Nadezhda Pavlova making her début, in "Giselle," in 1974. (Bijou; through July 29.)

W. W. AND THE DIXIE DANCEKINGS—With Burt Reynolds, directed by John Avildsen. (Loews Tower East.)

ZABRISKIE POINT (1970)—Antonioni's enervated view of American youth. A lifeless movie with a zombie romance, but with a very pretty apocalyptic finish. (Elgin; July 29.)

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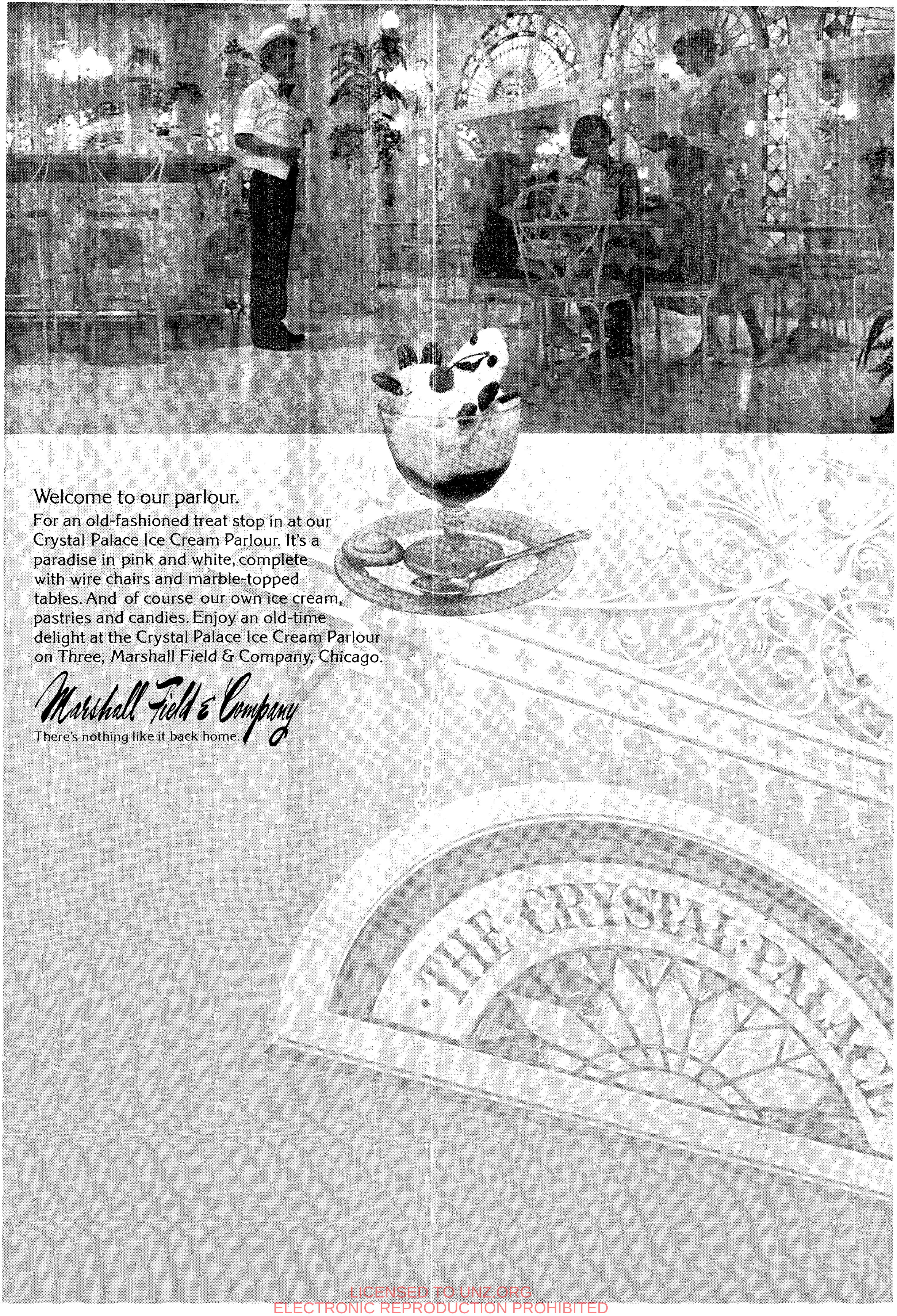

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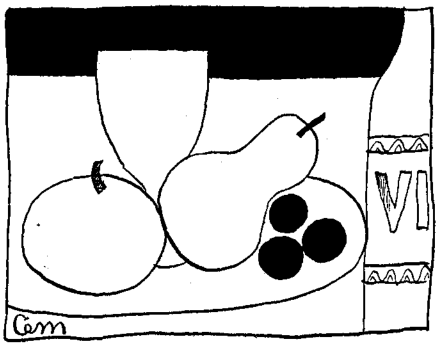
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

OF all the words to become fashionable in the nearly two years of global economic difficulty that have followed in the wake of the Arab oil embargo in the fall of 1973, probably none has achieved a more stunning success than "interdependence." Political people of every persuasion have taken up the word, and just about all of them are strong advocates of what it stands for. The left favors interdependence, and the right favors it; President Ford is for it, and so is Secretary Brezhnev; most businessmen seem to want it, and so do most environmentalists. There is hardly a single world problem for which interdependence is not said to be the answer, and praising it has become the leading piety of the new era. More often than not, interdependence is mentioned as though it were an ideal, such as selflessness or brotherhood, that everyone is now compelled to measure up to. Actually, interdependence is not an ideal at all but a neutral condition. And when one turns one's attention away for a moment from one's hopes of what interdependence may become in the future and examines what it is here and now, interdependence begins to look like the source of nothing but trouble. In fact, a large number of the crises of the last few years could be described as crises of interdependence. The oil crisis, which launched the idea on its spectacular career, is the prototype. As long as the nations of the world could obtain the oil they needed from a variety of sources, there could be no oil crisis, because no oil cartel could form that would drive prices up through monopoly control or threaten the world with an embargo. It was not until much of the world began to rely upon a single source—the Middle East—and thus became dependent for its economic health upon decisions by the governments in that part of the world that the conditions for an oil crisis were created. It is often debated whether the causes of the oil crisis are fundamentally political or fundamentally a matter of dwindling resources. They are, at bottom, neither. The crisis is what happens when many nations come to rely on the natural resources of a few nations for their economic survival. It is a crisis of interdependence. What can be said of oil can also be said of food. At the point where some poor nations came to rely upon the rich nations to supply them with a substantial portion of their food, the conditions for the food crisis were created, for at that point the people of the poor nations came to depend for their survival on unpredictable and haphazard fluctuations in the world economy. At that point, owing to interdependence, it became true that the grain fed to the cattle to provide the steak for American and European tables was taken out of the mouths of starving people in poor countries.

Interdependence has shown its face in local situations, too. Unions in many countries—especially in Great Britain—have discovered that, owing to the interdependence that has long existed within each nation's economy, they are often in a position now to place the very economic survival of their countries in jeopardy. They have discovered on the national level what the OPEC nations have discovered on the international level: that modern economies are fatally vulnerable and are an excellent target for blackmail. An altogether different sort of actor on the political scene—the terrorist—has learned to make use of the pressure points of modern society in another way. The terrorists have discovered the uses of that much celebrated component of interdependence: modern communications. They have learned how to play upon the world's sentiments of indignation and on its hunger for sensational stories to get live coverage from Beirut, live coverage from Munich, live coverage from Berkeley. Instead of holding the economies of the world hostage, they hold innocent persons hostage and coerce the world with moral blackmail.



What may be most dangerous of all is that interdependence makes every crisis in every part of the world the business of everybody. Since this situation bears a resemblance to a sort of Christian utopia, in which every person on earth would assume responsibility for the suffering of every other person, some observers have taken heart from it. They see blind events pushing the species in the direction of moral perfection. But while the world awaits the evolution of a morality commensurate with its predicament, the dark side of the situation asserts itself. For when every small crisis in the world—so many of which seem to be entirely impervious to solution—becomes the business of everybody, then each small group that has a role to play in the functioning of the whole can hold the whole for ransom. One day, a planned interdependence may develop that will resolve these difficulties. For the moment, the unplanned interdependence that is actually with us seems only to multiply the dangers the world faces.

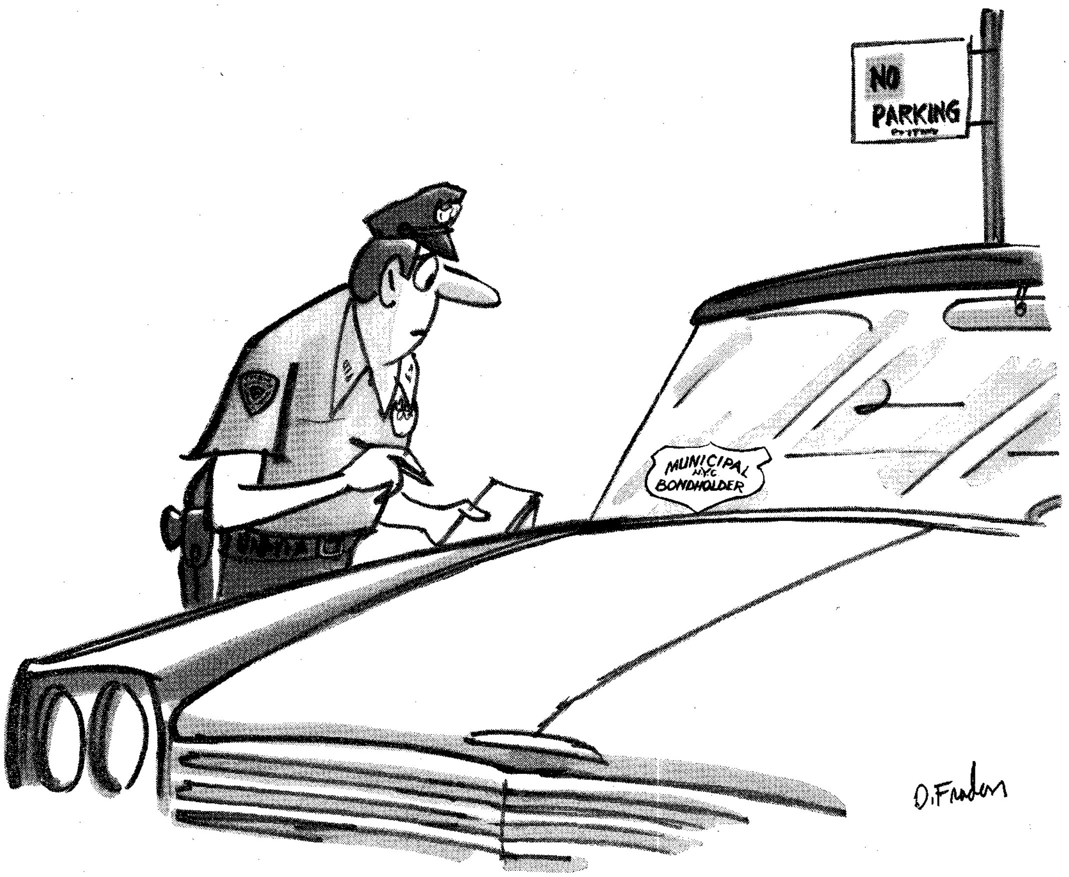
WE have received another letter from New Delhi, this time from a disgruntled official well placed in Indira Gandhi's government. It reads:

> My question to you, my friend, is why, in the face of what looks to be more like a coup by Mrs. Gandhi every day, your government has adopted a policy of "no comment"? The silence is really dangerous. People here are already ascribing it—

of course, falsely—to the "fact" that the C.I.A. has helped engineer that coup. The silence may even succeed in lending an air of legitimacy to Mrs. Gandhi's new regime. Her wish for legitimacy may be the reason she has been pressing your President to go through with his planned visit to India. But beware of the old carrot and stick. Just the other day, Lewis M. Simons, of the Washington *Post*, was thrown out of the country for writing about the attitude of the Indian military. A week later, members of Mrs. Gandhi's party demonstrated in front of the American Embassy here and shouted anti-American slogans. The police just looked on encouragingly. Had the demonstrators been members of any of the "Opposition" parties, they would have been clubbed down for defying Mrs. Gandhi's ban on free assembly. Her main political ally now—besides her twenty-eight-year-old son, Sanjay, about whose business dealings there has been much scandal for the last year—is the pro-Moscow Communist Party of India, which is the only party, including Mrs. Gandhi's own, whose members have all escaped arrest. While I wait eagerly for your government to speak out, every day there are reports about how the Soviet Union supports Mrs. Gandhi's new regime all the way. Not long ago, we all here used to criticize your government for seeing everything in terms of a struggle between freedom and Communism. Now that we are in the middle of a struggle for our own freedom, I must do an about-face—remember, every seventh person in the world is an Indian, so loss of freedom here is no small matter to the world. I am availing myself of the opportunity of our mutual friend's flying to New York to get my *cri de cœur* across to you. Like everything else here, the mail has been affected, and if this letter were to fall into the hands of my colleagues or superiors, not to mention my subordinates, I would lose my job. No one here trusts anyone anymore, and everyone and his uncle has become an informer. Within a matter of a few weeks, we have slid into a totalitarian way of life. The newspapers are quite vacuous now—just a string of bland, official news bulletins full of misinformation. You have to lock the doors, draw the blinds, turn on the radio, and try to get the BBC or even Radio Pakistan for any real news.

We reached a "no comment" official well placed in our government on the telephone and, after much prompting and prodding, finally got him to comment on the points raised in the letter. "The conservatives have always hated India for being neutral, sanctimonious, and a permanent basket case," he said. "The liberals have soured on India—at least, in the past year—because of the explosion of her 'nuclear device,' her recognition of the Palestine Liberation Organization, and her annexation of the Protectorate of Sikkim. As for us in the Administration, the only national interests of the United States we see at stake in India are keeping South Asia clear of superpower rivalries, normalizing relations between America and India—which have been not very good for many years now—and insuring the over-all stability of the region. Anyway, it is not our general policy to comment on the internal affairs of any country. Such comment tends to be gratuitous and often counter-productive. In no time, Mrs. Gandhi and her advisers would raise the spectre of the 'foreign devil.' A denunciation of Mrs. Gandhi might even have the effect of pushing India closer to the Soviet Union. The only possible purpose it would serve would be to make us feel good. If we have learned anything from our experience in Vietnam, it is that we can't push democracy down other people's throats. Democracy in Third World countries may be nothing more than a colonial hangover, and India, like so many of those countries, may now have jettisoned it for something more indigenous. However, in our judgment it is pretty unlikely that India will go Communist as a result of what's happened. If you look at Mrs. Gandhi's actions in recent days, she seems to be tilting more to the right than to the left. In fact, she has made nicer-sounding noises about the United States in the last few weeks than in the last few years. One of the things the Secretary of State has tried to do in his effort to build more stable relations with India is to get away from this lecturing each other, which is a kind of psychological hangup. In the past, we in our Administration have had our differences about our policy toward India, but on this occasion we are all singing from the same sheet of music."

As we listened to the official "music," we thought we detected at least one significant shift in American foreign policy between the Acheson, Dulles, and Rusk era—when American foreign policy tended to be ideological, contentious, and combative—and the Ford-Kissinger era, when it seems to be non-ideological, amicable, and pacific. In the earlier era, Third World countries were seen as spearheads in a Cold War struggle between two antagonistic camps and their ideologies. In the present era, they are seen to be mere weights on an international pair of scales, precariously held in balance by two, or perhaps three, superpowers. America's foreign policy may be, as the Administration official suggests, a reaction of overcautiousness to our follies in Vietnam, with a resultant confusion about our political values and aims. But have we become so cautious and confused, and is that balance so perilously precari-



ous, that we cannot even respond verbally to the seeming loss of democracy for one-seventh of the world? Our belief in democracy not so long ago was the hallmark of our foreign policy, as of our whole society. Of course, diplomacy, by definition, is merely an artful manipulation of governments and their symbols—the depth of a silence, the size of a smile in a newspaper photograph, the shape of a conference table, the protocol of seating—for the purpose of achieving national interests and aims. But the symbols must of necessity be an expression of the spirit and the character of the government and its people. Consequently, we would expect that the diplomacy of our own government would be an expression of our history and our Constitution. So we have reason to be dismayed when, for instance, our President declines to see Alexander Solzhenitsyn for ten minutes for fear that the meeting might upset that precarious balance between the superpowers, or when the government doggedly keeps to its policy of "no comment" on the Indian situation. It so happens that Solzhenitsyn has spent much of his adult life battling in the Soviet Union the very kind of repression that currently seems to be taking root in India. But the question now is whether those symbolic gestures—in the case of our present policy toward India, our official "no comment"s—can represent anything if they are cut off from the deeper current of our national spirit. Can our national interests and aims have any meaning outside the moral framework of our democratic society?

"Know something? It's got so I wouldn't know a good show if I saw one."

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Nights at the End

RAMBLIN' JACK ELLIOTT, the folksinger, was in town for three nights recently. He played at the Other End, the folk-rock club on Bleecker Street, which used to sell ice-cream confections and coffee and was known for years as the Bitter End. It's been only a few weeks since the club reopened (now serving liquor), and the appearance of Ramblin' Jack on the bill was taken locally as a signal from Paul Colby, the owner, that the End, though no longer Bitter, hadn't changed. It seemed by the second night that everybody in the Village knew that Ramblin' was in town. The bar was packed before midnight, waiting for Ramblin' to go on for his second show. The folksingers Rosalie Sorrells and Phil Ochs were there, and so were the folksingers Logan English and Bobby Neuwirth. All of them had played with Ramblin' at one time or another. They could all be called denizens of the Bleecker-and-Macdougal era, the assembled singers and pickers who came to hear Ramblin'. The only person missing was Bob Dylan, and he showed up one song into Ramblin' 's set.

The room buzzed. Ramblin' was alone onstage with his guitar. He sang "House of the Rising Sun," "South Coast," and "Tom Joad." He wore a blue scarf, a short-sleeved Hawaiian sports shirt, bell-bottom bluejeans, and Earth Shoes. Atop his graying, bushy hair was his trademark, an old cowboy hat one imagined was as road-weary and wise as Ramblin' himself. Then he sang "I Threw It All Away," as if to acknowledge Dylan's presence. Every once in a while, Ramblin' would leave the microphone and the stage and wander through the audience, strumming his guitar, rapping out a talking blues about some drive he'd made fifteen years ago from Washington Square to New Orleans. He stopped at tables and sang to people as if they were the only ones in the room. He wandered over to Rosalie Sorrells, and she harmonized on a verse or two. He walked by Dylan's table and sang a verse for him. Before we knew it, he was singing something about "bringing that old semi down the line," and his set was over.

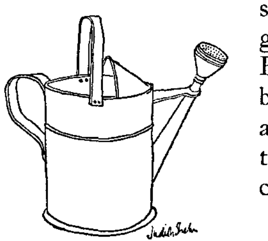
Next door, in the Other End's annex, the reunion went on until closing time. Ramblin' and Dylan sat in a corner, surrounded by friends. Dylan drank white wine, Ramblin' tequila, and everybody talked about those days, nearly fifteen years ago, when they all scuffled the coffeehouses along Bleecker and Macdougal. Most of them are closed now. The Gaslight, the Café au Go Go, the Café Wha?, the dozens of tiny coffeehouses in the basements of tenements along Macdougal, Minetta Lane, and Third Street. Now they're either cheap jewelry stores or Middle Eastern restaurants. When the bar closed, everyone poured out into the street. Ramblin' jumped in a cab and headed for his hotel. Logan English and Bobby Neuwirth took a crowd over to a place in the West Village where someone knew that an after-hours drink could be had. Dylan walked down Bleecker Street alone.

"Hey, where's he going?" a tall, comely groupie known as Kitty asked.

"He wants to take a walk through the Village," Neuwirth answered.

The next night, everyone was at the Other End early. Ramblin' began his set with "San Francisco Bay Blues." The night was magical. Everyone seemed to know it would be, and the place was packed with the same faces one had seen the night before. Soon, Dave Van Ronk was onstage singing "Salty Dog," his coarse voice rubbing the lyrics like fine sandpaper. Dylan appeared from the dressing room, strapped on a guitar, tuned up, and played rhythm for Ramblin'. Then he played and harmonized on “Pretty Boy Floyd.” A hot yellow spot fixed the two of them on the stage, and against the exposed-brick wall of the club could be seen their sharp profiles: Ramblin’ Jack Elliott swaggering in bell-bottoms and cowboy hat, strumming and singing with his head tilted back; Bob Dylan bent intently over his guitar, seated on a chair in a tight knot. Then, suddenly, Ramblin’ stepped off the stage, and Dylan stood up and sang a song Neuwirth said Dylan had written that week. Dylan stood straight and looked at the audience with intense eyes. His voice didn’t have the hard, angry edge it had last year when he toured nationally with The Band. It was a voice off one of his early albums—say, “Freewheelin’.” But the song, about trying to talk a lady into making love one more time before he goes, was closer in style and content to his last album. “Pleeeease let me in your room one more time, before I disappear,” he sang. The room was hushed but not reverent. When he finished, Bobby Neuwirth got up and sang a couple of songs; then Logan English harmonized on “This Land Is Your Land” with Ramblin’, and the set was over.

Again Ramblin’ and Dylan went next door, and drank until closing. On this night, Ramblin’ looked really tired. Dylan hardly said a thing. He sat at a table for a while, then walked around the bar, watching and listening. “He’s an audio voyeur,” someone said. And it was true. He seemed completely absorbed in the conversations and lives of others. As he munched a hamburger, groupie after groupie draped herself about his shoulders, and he never stopped chewing; he said nothing. Dawn was near when the crowd poured out of the Other End and wandered down the streets in half a dozen directions.



Aboard The Presidents

“C*’EST dur à manger sans pain,*” said Mme. Gérard Gaussen, wife of the French Consul-General, to Mike O’Neal, one of the O’Neal brothers who own The Ginger Man and O’Neals’ Baloon, as The Presidents, a yacht that was once John Kennedy’s Presidential yacht Honey Fitz, bobbed in choppy, rain-spattered water between the Statue of Liberty and Governors Island at lunchtime on Bastille Day last week. The Hospitality Industry Foundation of New York was throwing a jolly Independence Day bash for the French, featuring Mumm’s champagne and a buffet of poached salmon, ham mousse (with pistachios), strawberries, and zabaglione, provided by O’Neal and Stuart Levin, who operates the Top of the Park Restaurant, on Columbus Circle, used to own the Pavillon, and is president of HIFNY, which is a group of prominent restaurateurs who boost the Apple.

Angier Biddle Duke was there, and so was M. Gérard Gaussen; Francis T. P. Plimpton, president of the Fédération des Alliances Françaises; and La Comtesse Guy de Brantes, the sister-in-law of the President of France, and a fund-raiser for the New York City Ballet; and Vice Admiral William F. Rea III, of the Coast Guard, who pointed out his house and the Coast Guard commissary and liquor store, all on Governors Island; and Alfred Jodry, an officer of the French War Veterans and of the Association of the Free French in the U.S.A., a Somme and Marne veteran, who was the foreman of repairmen at the Ford Motor Company in Detroit for thirty-two years. Gérard Gaussen was a captain of paratroopers in the Free French forces and met his wife after he injured his leg when he parachuted onto her estate during the Second World War. She nursed him back to health. In one corner of the forward cabin of the craft, our pal the old curmudgeon sipped champagne and engaged La Comtesse Tauni de Lesseps in conversation. La Comtesse de Lesseps, who is a sculptor, is the granddaughter of Comte Ferdinand de Lesseps, builder of the Suez Canal and the man who presented the Statue of Liberty to this country, in 1886.

“I have never been to the Statue of Liberty,” the curmudge commenced, “because the city has given the Circle Line an exclusive franchise to the place, and their boats are somewhat less roomy than the Honey Fitz. I will swim out there one evening.”

“I have never been higher than her shin, myself,” said La Comtesse de Lesseps. “The Egyptian government invited me to represent the family at the reopening of the Suez Canal, and we sailed the length of the Canal, all the way down to Ismailia, where my grandfather lived while he was building it. Ships, flags, twenty-one-gun salutes, music, shrieks of joy, the whole route covered with people. Very festive. It was out of sight.”

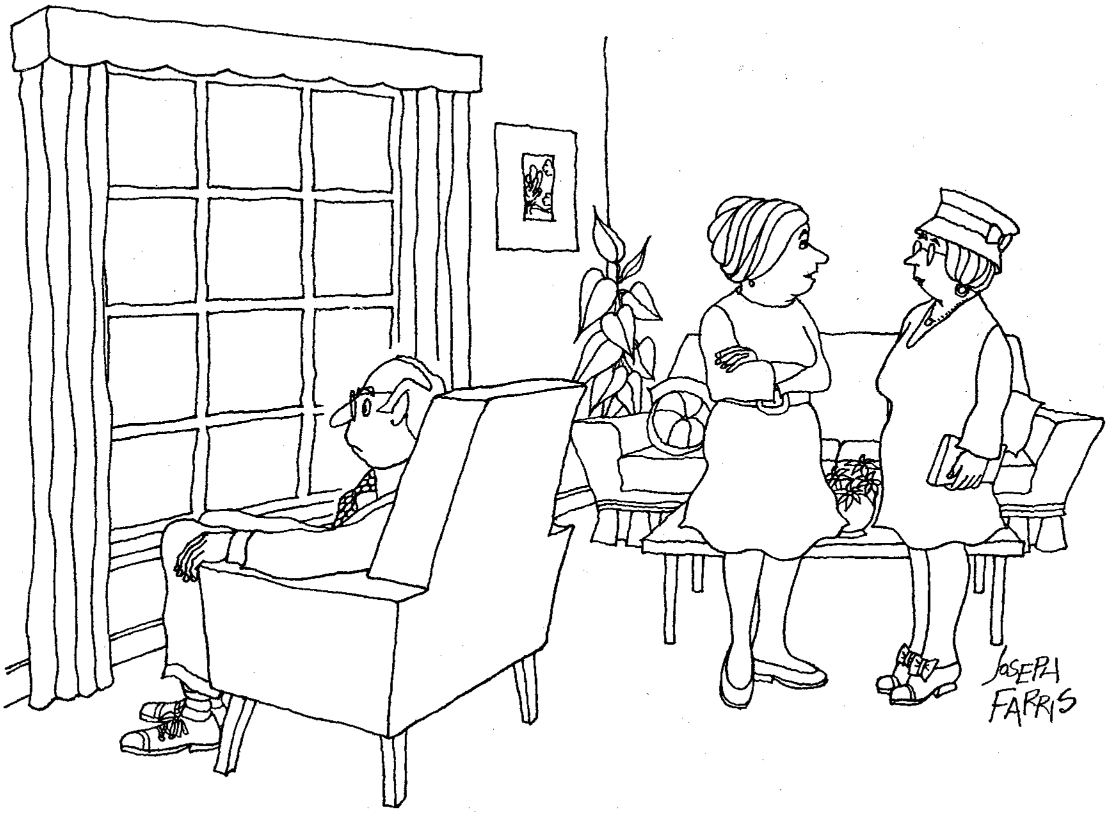
“Many of the new tankers can’t get through the Canal,” said the curmudgeon.

“I think I have to differ with you,” said La Comtesse de Lesseps. “The depth and the width of the Canal are being increased by two-thirds, and it will probably be able to accommodate the quarter-million-ton tankers, though not the half-million-ton ones. On the Canal, I felt as though I were slowly turning the pages of history that really matter for the family.”

Angier Biddle Duke read a proclamation from the Mayor; the Consul-General thanked him; La Comtesse de Lesseps photographed the Statue. The o.c. took us aside for a briefing. “The Maritime Company of the Suez Canal still exists,” he said. “It has nothing whatever to do with the Canal, which has become an Egyptian proposition. The company has turned itself into a very profitable investment and holding operation, and at one point it thought of helping finance the aborted English Channel Tunnel. Where there’s a will, there’s a way. You have to admire anything that can survive nowadays. This vessel originally belonged to Sewell Avery, chairman of Montgomery Ward, the man who was carried out of his office bodily by federal troops during the war when he wouldn’t renew his union contract. The next week, President Roosevelt commissioned Avery’s yacht as part of the Coast Guard, and it became Vice-President Truman’s ship. Truman kept the ship after he became President; Eisenhower named it the Barbara Anne, after one of his granddaughters; Kennedy called it the Honey Fitz, and Nixon called it the Patricia for four months before deciding that a larger yacht would be more suitable. So he took over the Sequoia, which became the Tricia, or the Trivia, or whatever, and the Honey Fitz returned to private hands, in which it now rests. I have been on many yachting parties, and most of them have turned out to be some hideous form of promotion. You suddenly find yourself being asked to sample Auntie Mame’s Selected Philippine Self-Destruct Anchovies, and, worse, to comment on them. This Bastille Day outing is the kind of yachting party there should be more of. And instantly!”

Mott Street in July

IN 1925, when Lorenz Hart wrote the lyrics to Richard Rodgers’ music for the song “Manhattan,” the borough had 1,945,029 inhabitants—or 504,829 more than it has fifty years later. Other differences: There were no food blenders, ball-point pens, transistor radios, glitter-rock singers, Zip Codes, Area Codes, Bay City Rollers fans, nude encounter groups, microwave ovens, Hare Krishna kids, Volkswagens, Hondas, Frisbees, Baggies, flip-top cans, Jets, Mets, Nets, Sets, or telecasts of Soviet-American space linkups. There *were*, however, open-air vegetable markets, clotheslines on fire escapes, flowerpots on windowsills, and kids looking for things to do. Hart wrote, “And tell me what street compares with Mott Street in July/ Sweet pushcarts gently gliding by.”



“Ed used to be an incurable optimist, but now he’s cured.”

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On a hot July afternoon, we went down to Mott Street to see how much it had changed. We started walking at Bleecker Street, at Mott Street’s northern end. The first block, from Bleecker to East Houston, looked partly dismal and partly cheerful. Puddles from a recent rain reflected a red brick building on one side of the street and a yellow brick building on the other. Three boys were kicking a beat-up soccer ball. A woman’s print blouse hung next to some towels on a fire-escape clothesline. Several windowsills were lined with flowerpots. We crossed East Houston Street and spotted three men in white shirts seated on folding chairs outside a storefront on which the Italian flag had been taped. As we passed La Strella Spanish-Amer. Restaurant and Old St. Patrick’s Cathedral (erected in 1809), we saw two girls of about five trying to jump over two ropes at the same time. We had crossed Prince Street before we saw our first pushcart. It was being guided by a man in a T-shirt, and it offered Sabrett frankfurters. Then we came to La Placita Grocery Store, the Principe Barber Shop, more kids playing in the street, an old man walking with a cane, a young man using pieces of broken pavement to repair a ragged hole in the sidewalk. Across Spring Street, at No. 196, on the east side of Mott, signs on a nameless novelty store read “CLOSED JULY 3TH OPEN 14TH” and “KEEP DOG OUT.”

We continued across Kenmare Street and saw more laundry on fire escapes. Signs with Chinese lettering began to alternate with those that bore Italian names. We passed several buildings whose walls were covered with graffiti made with the aid of aerosol paint cans. (There were no aerosol paint cans in 1925.) On one brick wall we read “MAX PIP 74 SPORT HARRY EARS.” Across the street, we saw several more references to “EARS,” and, in fact, we were to count seven more repetitions of the word before we were through. We crossed Broome Street, where we noticed another Sabrett pushcart. In the doorway of Fat Kee Fruits, Vegetables & Eggs, at No. 167A, a young Chinese girl sat with her chin in her hands. Outside Caruso’s Fruit Exchange, at No. 152, sidewalk stands were filled with red and green peppers, bananas, apricots, grapefruit, lemons, stringbeans, lettuce, corn, cherries, grapes, eggplants, onions, scallions, potatoes, tomatoes, and carrots. We crossed Grand Street and saw roasted ducks and chickens hanging in the window of Kim Kee Meat Market, at No. 143. About a dozen people milled in front of the Kimse Company, at No. 137, inspecting fresh fruits and vegetables. At Canal Street, the city’s street signs began to bear legends in both Chinese and English, and the crowds began to grow thicker. Just past the Chemical Bank, bilingual banners suspended across the street advertised “Old Master ‘Q,’ ” at the Sun Sing Theatre. Traffic had become clogged, and horns had begun to honk. We smelled incense. We made our way past the Golden Dragon Restaurant; the Mon Sing Restaurant; the Eastern States Buddhist Temple of America, Inc.; the Mee Sum Mee Tea House & Pastry; the Cheung Fat Company; and the Cathay Hardware Corporation. At the intersection of Park Street, a group of about thirty tourists were listening to a guide who was pointing westward, saying, “That building down there is the Federal Courthouse, and that’s where Maurice Stans and John Mitchell were tried.” Several of the tourists snapped photographs.

We followed Mott Street to its southern end, at Chatham Square, and headed back the way we had come. Between Grand and Broome Streets, outside Benny’s Market, at No. 168, we paused to study a Found Poem that had been painted on a wall, apparently by two people. It read:

Snails * Lobstertails
Live * Eels * Oysters
If You Do Not See, What You Want,
Ask For It *
Pulpo * Seppia *
Ears

PASSIONS

"WHEN a man persists he can do things which one might think can never be done," Zalman the glazier said. "In our village, Radoszyce, there was a simple man, a village peddler, Leib Belkes. He used to go from village to village, selling the peasant women kerchiefs, glass beads, perfume, all kinds of gilded jewelry. And he would buy from them a measure of buckwheat, a wreath of garlic, a pot of honey, a sack of flax. He never went farther than the hamlet of Byszcz, five miles from Radoszyce. He got the merchandise from a salesman from Lublin, and the same man bought his wares from him. This Leib Belkes was a common man but pious. On the Sabbath he read his wife's Yiddish Bible. He loved most to read about the land of Israel. Sometimes he would stop the cheder boys and ask, 'Which is deeper—the Jordan or the Red Sea?' 'Do apples grow in the Holy Land?' 'What language is spoken by the natives there?' The boys used to laugh at him. He looked like someone from the Holy Land himself—black eyes, a pitch-black beard, and his face was also swarthy.

"Once a year a messenger used to come to Radoszyce, a Sephardic Jew. He was sent to collect the alms that were given in the name of Rabbi Meir the Miracle Worker, so that he should intercede for them in the next world. The messenger wore a robe with black and red stripes and sandals that looked as though they were of ancient times. His hat was also outlandish. He smoked a water pipe. He spoke Hebrew and also Aramaic. His Yiddish he had learned in later years. Leib Belkes was so fascinated by him that he went with him from house to house to open the alms boxes. He also took him to his home, where he ate and slept. While the messenger stayed in Radoszyce, Leib Belkes did no work. He kept on asking questions like 'What does the Cave of Machpelah look like?' 'Does one know where Abraham is buried and where Sarah?' 'Is it true that Mother Rachel rises from her grave at midnight and weeps for her exiled children?' I was still a boy then, but I too followed the messenger wherever he went. Where else could one see such a man in our region?

"Once after the messenger left, Leib Belkes entered a store and asked for fifty packs of matches. The merchant asked him, 'What do you need so many matches for? You want to burn the village?' And Leib said, 'I want to build the Holy Temple.' The storekeeper thought that he had lost his mind. Just the same, he sold him all the matches he had.

"Later, Leib went into a paint store and asked for silver and gold paint. The storekeeper asked him, 'What do you need these paints for? Do you intend to make counterfeit money?' And Leib answered, 'I am going to build the Holy Temple.' The messenger had sold Leib a map, a large sheet of paper showing the Temple with the altar and all the other objects of ritual. At night, when Leib had time, he sat down and began to build the Temple according to this plan. There were no children in the house. Leib Belkes and his wife had two daughters, but they had gone into domestic service in Lublin. His wife asked him, 'Why do you play with matches? Are you a cheder boy again?' And he replied, 'I am building the Temple of Jerusalem.'

"He managed to build everything according to this plan: the Holy of Holies, the Inner Court, the Outer Court, the Table, the Menorah, the Ark. When the people of Radoszyce learned what he was doing, they came to look and admire. The teachers brought their pupils. The whole edifice stood on a table, and it couldn't be moved, because it would have collapsed. When the rabbi had word of it, he too came to Leib Belkes, and he brought some yeshiva boys with him. They sat around the table and they were dumbfounded. Leib Belkes had constructed out of matches the Holy Temple exactly as it was described in the Talmud!

"Well, but people are envious and begrudge others their accomplishments. His wife began to complain that she needed the table for her dishes. There were firemen in Radoszyce, and they were afraid that so many matches would cause a fire and the whole town might go up in flames. There were so many threats and complaints that one day when Leib returned from his travels his temple was gone. His wife swore that the firemen came and demolished it. The firemen accused the wife.

"After his temple had been destroyed, Leib Belkes became melancholic. He still tried to do business, but he earned less and less. He often sat at home and read Yiddish storybooks that dealt with the land of Israel. At the Study House he bothered the scholars and yeshiva boys by asking them questions about the coming of the Messiah. 'Will one huge cloud take all the Jews to the Holy Land, or will a cloud descend for each town separately?' 'Will the Resurrection of the Dead take place immediately, or will there be a waiting period of forty years?' 'Will there still be a need to plow the fields and to gather the fruit from the orchards, or will manna fall from the sky?' People had something to scoff at.

"Once, late in the evening, when his wife told him to close the shutters, he went outside and did not return. There was an uproar in Radoszyce. Some people believed that the demons had spirited him away. Others thought that his wife nagged him so much that he ran away to his relatives on the other side of the Vistula. But what man would run away at night without his overcoat and without a bundle? If this had happened to a rich man, they would have sent out searchers to find him. But when a poor man disappears there is one pauper less in town. His wife—Sprintza was her name—was deserted. She earned a little from kneading dough in wealthy houses on Thursdays. She also got some support from her daughters when they married.

"Five years passed. Once, on a Friday, when Sprintza stood over the oven and cooked her Sabbath meals, the door opened and in came a man with a gray beard, dusty and barefooted. Sprintza thought it was a beggar. Suddenly he said, 'I was in the Holy Land. Give me some prune dessert.'

"The town went wild. They all came running, and Leib was taken to the rabbi. The rabbi questioned him, and he learned that Leib had gone on foot to the Holy Land."

"On foot?" Levi Yitzchok asked.

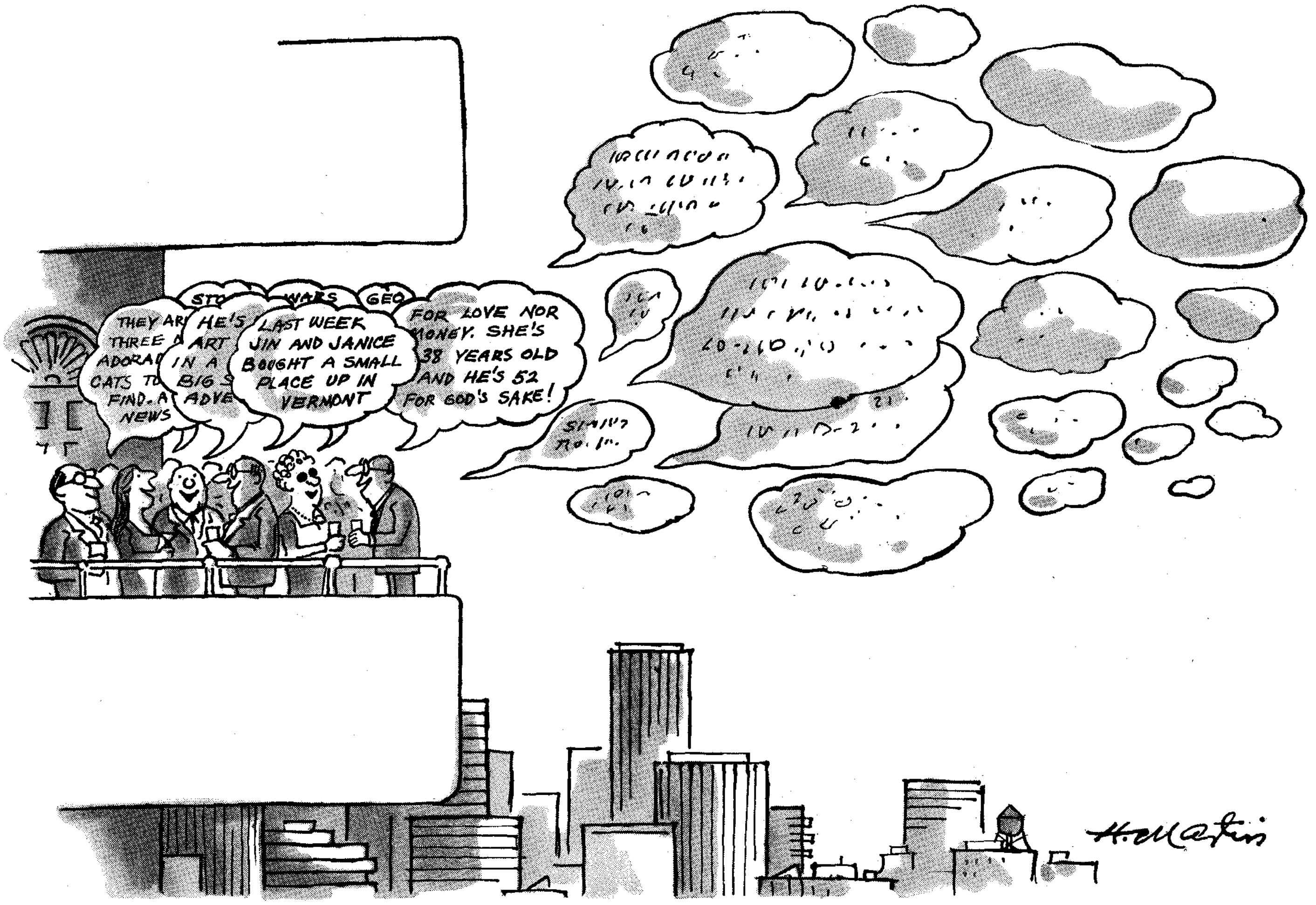
"Yes, on foot," Zalman said.

"But everyone knows that to get to the Holy Land one must travel by ship."

Meyer the Eunuch clutched his chin where a beard should have grown and said, "Perhaps he lied?"

"He brought letters from many rabbis, as well as a sack of holy earth that he dug himself at the Mount of Olives," Zalman said. "When someone died he placed a handful of it under the corpse's head. I saw it myself; it was as white as crumbled chalk."

"How long did the trip take him?" Levi Yitzchok asked.


STO
WARS
GEO
THEY AR THREE ADORA CATS TO FIND. A NEWS
HE'S ART IN A BIG S ADVE
LAST WEEK JIM AND JANICE BOUGHT A SMALL PLACE UP IN VERMONT
FOR LOVE NOR MONEY. SHE'S 38 YEARS OLD AND HE'S 52 FOR GOD'S SAKE!
H. Martin

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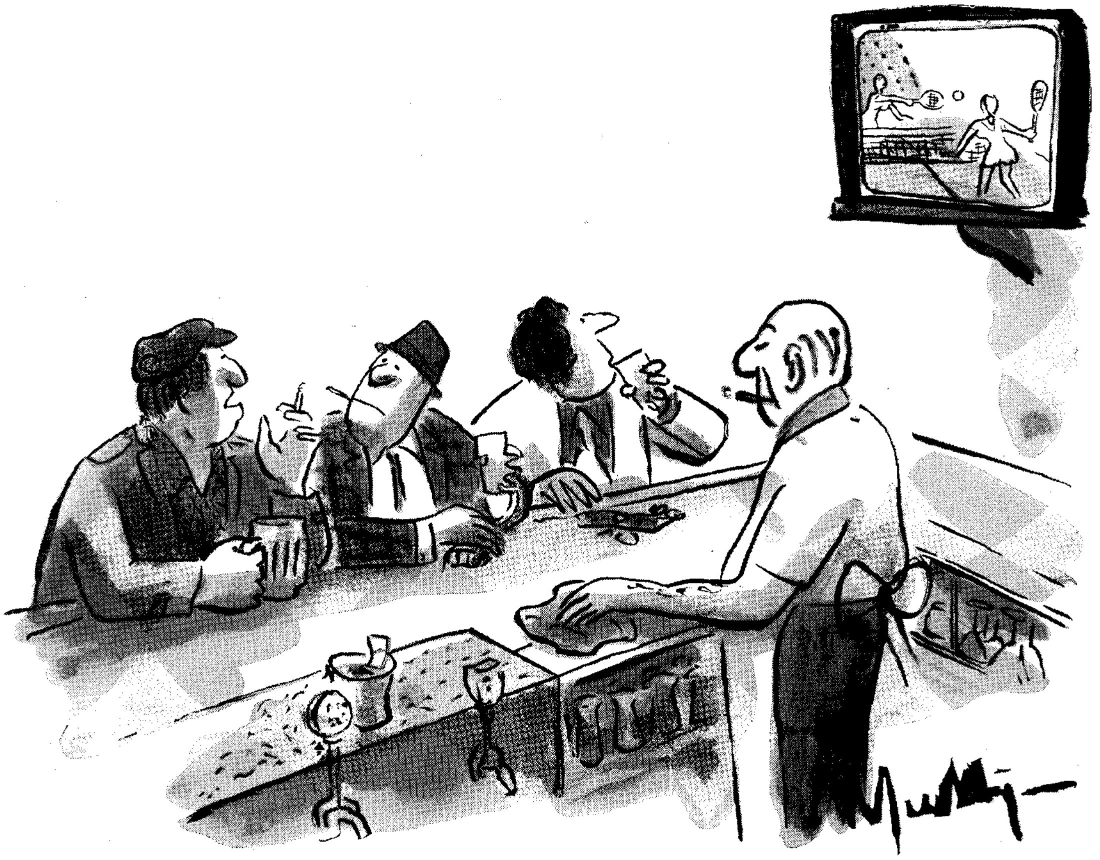
"Two years. The way back, he went by boat. The rabbi asked him, 'How can a man do a thing like that?' And he answered, 'I yearned so much that I could not bear it anymore. That night, when I went out to close the shutters and I saw the moon running among the clouds, I began to run after it. I kept running until I reached Warsaw. There, kind people showed me the road. I wandered over fields and forests, mountains and wasteland, until I arrived at the land of Israel.' "

"I am astonished that the beasts did not devour him," Levi Yitzchok half asked, half stated.

"It is written that the Lord preserves the simple," Meyer the Eunuch said.

FOR a while all three were silent. Levi Yitzchok took his blue glasses off his nose and began to wipe the lenses with his sash. He suffered from trachoma. One of his eyes was milky white, and he could not see with it at all. Levi Yitzchok owned a cane that once belonged to the preacher of Kozienice. Levi Yitzchok never parted with it, even on the Sabbath. He limped, and a crutch is not forbidden. For a long while he rested his chin on this cane. Then he straightened himself and said, "Stubbornness is a power. In Krasnystaw there was a tailor by the name of Jonathan. He sewed for women, not men. As a rule, a women's tailor is a frivolous person. When one sews a garment for a female, one has to take her measurements, and sometimes she may be in her unclean days. Even if she is in her clean days, it is not proper to touch a woman, especially if she is married. Well—but there must be tailors. You cannot make certain garments by yourself. This Jonathan happened to be a pious man but uneducated. However, he loved Jewishness. On the Sabbath he read the Yiddish Bible with his wife, Beila Yenta. When a book salesman came to town, Jonathan bought from him all the tomes and storybooks in Yiddish. There was in Krasnystaw a congregation of psalm reciters and a society of Mishnah students. Jonathan belonged to both of these groups. He listened to the lectures, but he was afraid to say anything, because whenever he uttered a word in Hebrew he mangled it, and the scholars made fun of him. I see him before my eyes: tall, lean, pockmarked. Gentleness looked out from his eyes. It was said that one couldn't find a better tailor even in Lublin. When he made a dress or a cape, it fitted like a glove. He had three unmarried daughters. When I was a boy I used to see him often, because a friend of mine, Getzel, an orphan, was his apprentice. Other masters mistreated their apprentices, beat them, and did not give them enough to eat. Instead of teaching them the trade, they sent them on errands, and ordered them to rock the babies or to carry the slops so that they should never learn the skill properly and have to be paid a salary. But Jonathan taught the orphan the trade, and from the day he learned to make a buttonhole and to sew on a button Jonathan paid him four rubles a year. My friend Getzel had studied at a yeshiva before he became a tailor's helper, and Jonathan used to ask him all kinds of impossible questions—like 'What was the name of the mother of Og the King of Bashan?' 'Did Noah take flies into the Ark?' 'How many miles between Paradise and Gehenna?' He wanted to know everything.

"Now, listen to this. Everyone knows that on the day of the Rejoicing over the Law the honored citizens, the learned, the affluent are called to carry the Scrolls first—before the laborers, the simple people, those of little income. This is the way it is all over



"How could I root for the Mets, the Jets, the Nets, or the Sets? I was an old Brooklyn Dodger fan."

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the world. But in our town the head of the synagogue was not a native. He knew very few people, and someone had to give him a paper listing the order of those to be called. There was another Jonathan in town—a scholar, a rich man—and the head of the synagogue confused the two men, and he called Jonathan the tailor first. In the Study House there was murmuring and giggling. When Jonathan the tailor heard that he had been called first, along with the rabbi and the elders, he couldn't believe his own ears. He realized that it was a mistake, but when a man is summoned to carry the Scroll he dare not refuse. Among the workers and the apprentices praying at the west wall there was laughter. They began to push Jonathan and to pinch him good-naturedly. It was in the time before the government took over the sale of vodka, and vodka was cheaper than borscht. In every half-decent home, one could find a keg of vodka, with straws for drinking, and over it hung a side of dried mutton, to munch afterward. On the day of the Rejoicing over the Law, people allowed themselves to take a sip before prayers, and almost everyone was tipsy. Jonathan the tailor came over to the reading table and was given the Scroll. Everybody stared, but only one person said anything—Reb Zekele, a usurer. He exclaimed, 'Who calls up an ignoramus to carry the Scroll first?' And he returned his own Scroll to the beadle. It was beneath his dignity to carry the Scroll with Jonathan the tailor.

"In the Study House a commotion arose. To give back a Scroll was sacrilege. The head of the synagogue was bewildered. To shame a person in the presence of a whole community is a terrible sin. No one sang and danced with the Scrolls this time. The same simple people who had laughed at Jonathan and the honor given to him now cursed Reb Zekele and gnashed their teeth. When the ceremony was over, Jonathan tailor approached Reb Zekele and said in a loud voice that all could hear, 'It is true that I am ignorant, but I swear by God that in a year from now I will be a greater scholar than you are.'

"The usurer smiled and said, 'If this happens, I will build you a house in the marketplace for nothing.' Reb Zekele the usurer dealt in lumber. He owned mortgages on half the houses in town.

"Jonathan stood for a while in perplexity. Then he said, 'If I am not a greater scholar than you are, I will sew for your wife—and for nothing—a fox-fur coat reaching to the ankles, lined in velvet and with ten tails.'

"What went on in the town that day is indescribable. In the women's section of the synagogue they heard about the bet and there was bedlam. Some women laughed, others cried. Still others quarrelled and tried to snatch the bonnet off each other's head. There were many poor people in town and a few rich ones, but in those times no one scrimped on a holiday. Every third citizen invited guests to his house for a drink. There was dancing in the marketplace. The women had cooked huge pots of cabbage with raisins and cream of tartar. They had baked strudels, tarts, all kinds of fruitcakes. The burial society gave a banquet and mead was poured like water. One of the elders who had special merit in the eyes of the community was honored by having a pumpkin with lighted candles placed on his head, and being carried on the shoulders of the people to the synagogue yard. Bevies of children, the holy sheep, ran after him baaing. There was in town a he-goat that was not allowed to be slaughtered because he was first born, and urchins put a fur hat on his horns and led him into the ritual bath.

"On that particular day, there was only one topic of conversation—Jonathan tailor's oath and the usurer's promise. Reb Zekele the usurer could easily afford to build a house for nothing, but how could Jonathan become a scholar in one year? The rabbi immediately announced that such an oath was not valid. In times of old, the rabbi said, Jonathan would have been hit thirty-nine times with a belt for breaking the commandment 'Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain.' But what could be done today? The town became divided into two parties. The scholars maintained that Jonathan should be fined and that he must come in his stocking feet to the synagogue to repent in public for giving a false oath. And if he refused he should be excommunicated and his shop should not be patronized. The rabble threatened to burn the usurer's house and drive him out of town with sticks. Thank God, there are no Jewish robbers. In the evening of the holiday everybody became sober. It began to rain, and everyone returned to his bundle of troubles."

"Did they forget the whole thing?" Zalman glazier asked.

"Nothing was forgotten. Just wait," Levi Yitzchok said.

Levi Yitzchok took out his wooden snuffbox, opened it, sniffed, and sneezed three times. His snuff was famous. He put into it smelling salts used on the Day of Atonement to revive the fasters. He wiped his red nose with his large kerchief and said, "If Getzel the apprentice had not been my friend I would not have known all the details. But Getzel boarded at Jonathan's, and he told me everything. When Jonathan came home that evening, the moment he opened the door he exclaimed, 'Beila Yenta, your husband has died! From today on you are a widow! My daughters, you are all orphans!' They began to cry, as on the ninth day of Ab, 'Husband—Father—how can you leave us?' And Jonathan answered, 'From today until the day of the Rejoicing over the Law next year you have no provider.'

"He had hidden behind his Passover dishes a nest egg of one hundred guldens saved as a dowry for his eldest daughter, Taube. He took the money and left the house. There was in town a man called Reb Tevele Scratch-Me. Scratch-Me was of course a nickname. In his young years he had been a Talmud teacher. Like all teachers, he had in front of him on the table a hare's leg attached to a leather thong. Yet he did not use it to whip the children but to scratch himself. He suffered from eczema on his back. When it began to itch he handed the hare's leg to one of his pupils and ordered, 'Scratch me.' That is how he got his name. In his old age he gave up teaching and lived with his daughter. His son-in-law was a pauper, and Tevele Scratch-Me lived in dire poverty. Jonathan tailor went to Reb Tevele and asked him, 'Do you want to earn some money?' 'Who doesn't want money?' Tevele asked back. And Jonathan said, 'I will pay you a gulden a week and you teach me the whole Torah!' Tevele burst out laughing. 'The whole Torah—even Moses did not know that! The Torah is like tailoring, without an end!' They spoke a long time, and finally it was decided that Tevele would teach Jonathan for a whole year and make him a greater scholar than Zekele. Jonathan calculated that if one studied seven pages of the Talmud each day of the year, all the thirty-seven tractates would be learned. It was said that Zekele had not gone through even half of this. Well—but the Talmud isn't enough. One had also to study Midrash, the Commentaries—why draw it out? Jonathan tailor became a yeshiva boy. He sat at a table in the Study House day and night and studied with Tevele. In the middle of the week, when the women's section was empty, they carried their volumes up there in order not to be disturbed. If I tell you that they studied eighteen hours a day, this is no exaggeration. All week long Jonathan slept on a bench in the Study House. He went home to sleep only on the Sabbath and holidays."

"What happened to his family?" Zalman asked.

"What happens to all families when the provider goes? They did not die of hunger. The girls all went into service. Beila Yenta was a seamstress, and she accepted light work. My friend Getzel slowly became the master. Jonathan did one thing—he studied. Such diligence the world has never beheld! Two or three nights a week he didn't sleep at all. The story soon spread to neighboring villages, and people came to stare at Jonathan as though he were a miracle worker. At the beginning, Reb Zekele laughed at the whole business. He said, 'If this simpleton can become a scholar, hair will grow on the palms of my hands.' Later on, toward the end of the year, people began to tell wonders about Jonathan's acquired knowledge. He recited by heart whole sections from the Gemara. He could anticipate the questions of such commentators as Rabbi Samuel Tollish, Rabbi Meir of Lublin, and Rabbi Solomon Luria.

"Now Zekele the miser grew frightened. He too began to burn the midnight oil to overtake Jonathan. But it was already too late. Besides, he was up to his neck in business, and he was in the middle of a lawsuit to boot. His wife, Pesha, a greedy creature with a big mouth, was terribly eager for Jonathan to make her a fox coat with ten tails without cost, and for the first time in her life she drove her husband to study. But it did not work. I will make it short. On the eighth day of Succoth, the seven elders of the town and a number of other scholars gathered at the house of the rabbi, and they examined Zekele and Jonathan as if they were yeshiva boys. Zekele had forgotten a lot. For years he had studied only on the Sabbath—and there is a proverb that says 'He who studies only on the Sabbath is only a seventh part of a scholar.' As for Jonathan, he remembered almost all of the Talmud by heart. His teacher, Tevele, had remarked that in teaching Jonathan he himself became erudite. Not only did Jonathan show knowledge but he showed astuteness as well. The rabbi's house was jammed with people. Others had to stand outside to hear Jonathan discuss the Law with the rabbi. At the beginning, Zekele tried to discover flaws in Jonathan's answers, but soon the tables were turned and

JAWS
W Miller

Jonathan corrected Zekele. I wasn't there, but those who saw Zekele wrangle with Jonathan tailor about some difficult passage of Maimonides or about the meaning of an obscure sentence of Rabbi Meir Schiff swore that it was like the fight between David and Goliath. Zekele screamed and gasped and scolded his opponent but to no avail. No, Jonathan tailor did not swear falsely. The rabbi and the seven elders unanimously gave the verdict that Jonathan was more of a scholar than Zekele. Jonathan's wife and daughters were sitting in the kitchen, and when they heard the verdict they fell upon each other wailing. The town seethed like a kettle. The synagogue was full of tailors, shoemakers, combers of pig bristles, coachmen, and such. It was their victory.

"The next day, Jonathan was called to take the Scroll first—not by error this time. The most honored people invited him for a drink. There was talk that now Jonathan could become a rabbi or an assistant rabbi or at least a ritual slaughterer. But Jonathan let it be known that he was returning to his scissors and press iron. Zekele tried to avoid the payment by contending that he did not swear but only promised and a promise does not have to be kept. But the rabbi ordered him to build a house for Jonathan, quoting from Deuteronomy: 'That which is gone out of thy lips thou shalt keep.' Zekele procrastinated as long as he could, but after the Feast of Shvuos the house already had a roof. Only then did Jonathan make it known that he didn't want the house for himself but as an inn for yeshiva boys and poor travellers. He signed a document giving away the house to the community."

"He remained a tailor, eh?" Zalman glazier asked.

"To the end."

"Did he marry off his daughters?"

"What else? There is no Jewish cloister."

ALL the time Levi Yitzchok was speaking, Meyer the Eunuch was making gestures. His yellow eyes filled with laughter. Then he closed them, lowered his head, and seemed as though he was dozing. Suddenly he straightened up, clutched his beardless chin, and asked, "How did the village peddler know the road to the Holy Land? Most probably he asked the way. I guess he wandered over the Turkish lands, Egypt, and Istanbul. How did he manage to eat? Most probably he begged. There are Jews everywhere. Most likely he slept in the poorhouse. In warm countries one can even sleep in the streets. As for Jonathan the tailor, I assume that from his childhood he craved for learning, and the power of will is strong. There is a saying: 'Your will can make you a genius.' When you are idle, a year is nothing, but if you study day and night with diligence, you sop it up like a sponge. He did well not to accept the house from Reb Zekele, because it is forbidden to make a spade for digging from the Torah. As it was, he gained in addition the virtue of hospitality. Leib Belkes and Jonathan were both simple people—though not completely so. But it also happens with great men that they get an obsession in their minds. There is a saying: 'Greatness too has its share of insanity.'

"In Bechtev there was a Cabalist, Rabbi Mendel. He was descended from the renowned Hodel, who used

FIVE LIES ABOUT THE MOON

1

THE FULL DAYTIME MOON

She is a bald-headed woman. When someone
shouts "Fire!" she rushes from the building
without her wig. She becomes confused
in the crowd and turns down the wrong street.
We try not to look at her, pale and fragile
as a lost button in search of a shirt.

2

THE WANING CRESCENT MOON

She is young and elegantly thin. She goes
to many parties but does not dance,
preferring to drape herself across a couch
where she is always surrounded by men.
Any of them would gladly place his neck
beneath her delicate foot. She is in love,
nobody knows with whom, and it is hopeless.
When she smiles sadly, they are overcome.
She goes home early and alone.

3

THE HALF MOON

She loved her husband. The day he left her
for another woman, one side of her face
became paralyzed. Now she turns that side
away and faces the world bravely in profile.
It is unfair that she, of all women,
should have a Roman nose and a weak chin.

4

THE GIBBOUS MOON

She has lost both her money and her figure
and is defenseless, wearing secondhand light.
Still, she does the best she can to keep up
appearances, and goes from place to place
as she did in the past. Often when she
arrives at the proper address,
perspiring and late, nobody is home.

5

THE FULL HARVEST MOON

She wears gold carelessly, because it is
expected, but she glows from within. Although
she has pressing duties to perform, she moves
through the crowd in the palace hall as if
there were no hurry. The men gasp at her beauty
and the women turn pale with chagrin. Without
slowing her progress toward the door, she offers
a sincere word and a special look to each of them.

—RICHARD SHELTON

• •

SUN OF A GUN
20
BORN TO ROAM

"Oh, what a shame! We were on a voyage of self-discovery, too."

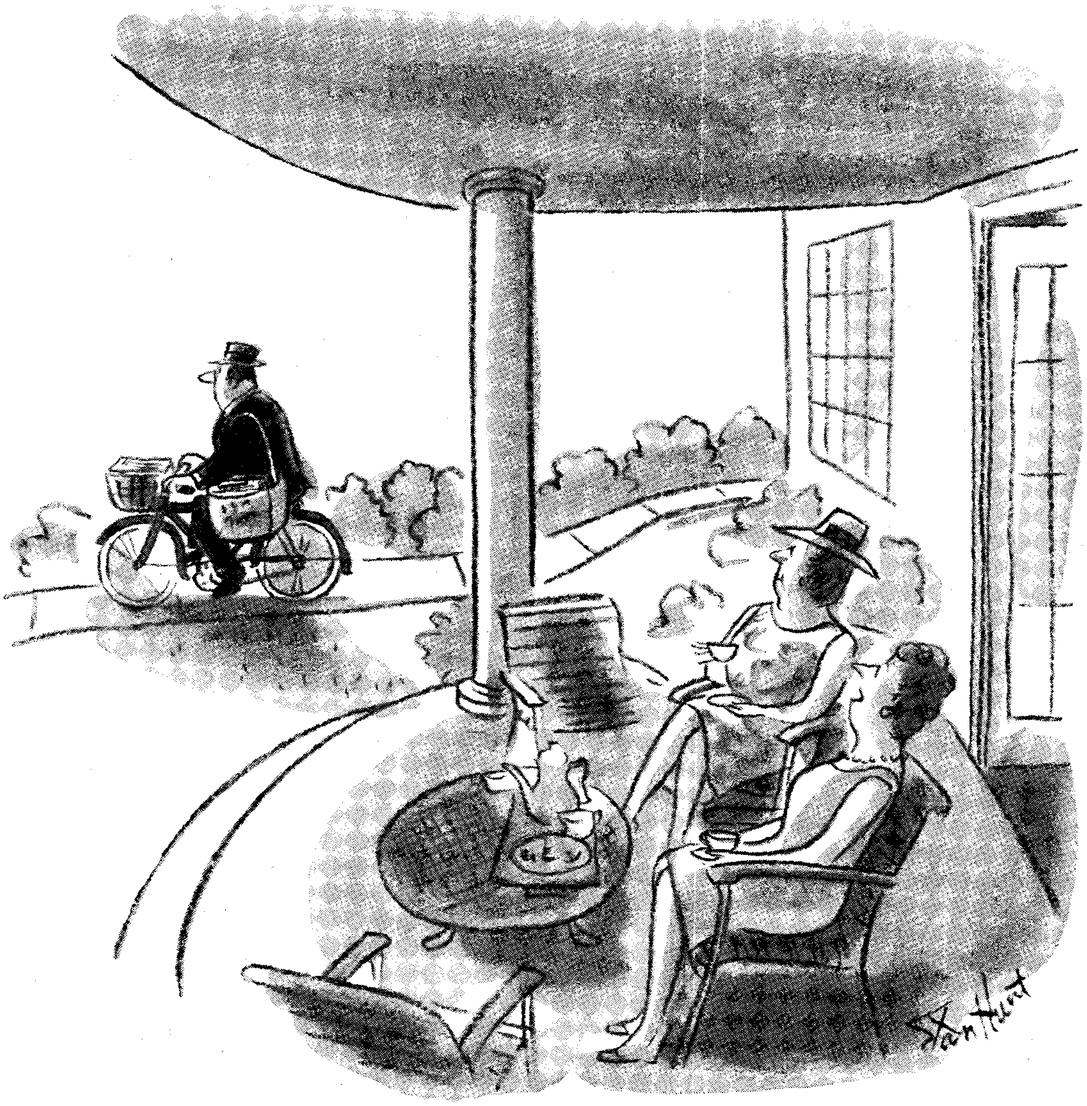
• •

to dance in a circle with the Chassidim. She did not, God forbid, hold directly their bare hands. She kept a kerchief over each hand, and the Chassidim held on to the kerchief. Rabbi Mendel could have had a large following, but he disliked crowds and discouraged them. Even on the High Holy Days he didn't get more than a few score in his Study House. His wife died young, and she didn't leave him a child to take his place after his death. Many matches were proposed, but he refused to remarry. His followers argued with him. What about the commandment 'Be fruitful and multiply'? But the rabbi answered, 'I am going to get so many whips in Gehenna that a few more won't matter. Why are they so afraid of Gehenna? Since the Almighty created it, it must be Paradise in disguise.' He should forgive me, but he was a devious kind of saint—but a great spirit just the same. There was much gossip about him, but he didn't care a fig. It even happened that he uttered sharp words against the Lord of the Universe. Once when he was reciting the Psalms, he came to the passage 'He that sitteth in the Heavens shall laugh.' Rabbi Mendel exclaimed, 'He shall laugh—but I am crushed!' When those who opposed him heard of this blasphemy they almost managed to have him excommunicated.

"The disciples of the Baal Shem did not believe in fasting. Chassidism was exhilaration, not sadness. But Rabbi Mendel indulged in fasting. He began by fasting only on Mondays and Thursdays. Then he started to fast from one Sabbath to the next. He also immersed himself in cold baths. He called the body the enemy, and he would say, 'You don't have to appease an enemy. Of course, you are not allowed to kill him, but neither are you obliged to pamper him with marzipans.' His old Chassidic followers died out gradually. The younger men joined the courts of Gora and Kotzk. There remained in Rabbi Mendel's court only twenty or thirty persistent followers, in addition to a few hangers-on who stayed with him all year and ate from the common pot. An old beadle, stone deaf, cooked porridge for them every day. A charitable woman went from house to house for them and collected potatoes, groats, flour, buckwheat, and whatever else she was offered.

"One Rosh Hashanah the rabbi had no more than twenty people in his Study House. The following Yom Kippur he had only a quorum, including himself, the beadle, and the hangers-on. At the pulpit, Rabbi Mendel recited all the prayers—Kol Nidre, the morning prayer, the midday prayer, and the closing prayer. It was already late when they finished the night prayer, and they blessed the New Moon. The beadle offered the fasters some stale bread with herring and some chicken soup. None of them had any teeth left, and their stomachs had shrunk from undernourishment. Rabbi Mendel was older than any of them, but his voice remained young. His hearing, too, was good. The rabbi sat at the head of the table and spoke: 'Those who run after the pleasures of the world don't know what pleasure is. For them gluttony, drinking, lechery, and money are pleasures. There is no greater delight than the service of Yom Kippur. The body is pure and the soul is pure. The prayers are a joy. There is a saying that from confessing one's sins one does not get fat. It's completely false. When I confess my sins I become alive and vigorous. If I could have my say in Heaven, every day would be Yom Kippur.'

"After the rabbi said these words he rose from his chair and exclaimed, 'I have no say in Heaven, but in my Study House I do. From today on for



"Thank goodness, Winant has got himself a paper route, so we have a little something coming in."

• •

me it will be a perpetual Yom Kippur—every day except for the Sabbath and Feast Days!' When the people of the village heard what the rabbi was about to do, there was pandemonium. The scholars and the elders came to the rabbi and asked, 'Isn't this breaking the Law?' And the rabbi replied, 'I do it for purely selfish reasons, not to please the Creator. If they punish me high up, I will accept the punishment. I also want to have some pleasure before I go!' The rabbi called out to his beadle, 'Light the candles; I am going to recite Kol Nidre.' He ran over to the pulpit and started to sing Kol Nidre. I wasn't there, but those who were present declared that such a Kol Nidre had not been heard since the world began. All of Bechtev came running. They thought that Rabbi Mendel had lost his mind. But who would dare to tear him away from the pulpit? He stood there in his white robe and prayer shawl and recited 'It shall be forgiven' and 'Our supplications shall rise.' His voice was as strong as a lion's, and the sweetness of his singing was such that all apprehensions ceased. I will make it short. The rabbi lived two and a half years more, and those two and a half years were one long Yom Kippur."

Levi Yitzchok took off his dark glasses and asked, "What did he do about phylacteries? Didn't he put on phylacteries on weekdays?"

"He put them on," Meyer the Eunuch answered, "but the liturgy was that of Yom Kippur. Toward evening he read the Book of Jonah."

"Didn't he eat a bite at night?" Zalman the glazier asked.

"He fasted six days of the week unless a holiday fell in the middle of it."

"And the hangers-on fasted with him?"

"Some left him. Others died."

"So did he pray to the bare walls?"

"There were always people who came to look and wonder."

"And the world allowed something like this?" Levi Yitzchok asked.

"Who was going to wage war against a holy man? They dreaded his irritation," Meyer the Eunuch said. "One could clearly see that Heaven approved. When a man fasts so long, his voice grows weak, he doesn't have the strength to stand on his feet. But the rabbi stood for all the prayers. Those who saw him told how his face shone like the sun. He slept no longer than three hours—in his prayer shawl and robe, with his forehead leaning on the 'Tractate Yoma,' exactly as it did at Yom Kippur. At midday prayer he kneeled and intoned the liturgy concerning the service in the Holy Temple of Jerusalem."

"What did he do when it actually was Yom Kippur?" Zalman the glazier asked.

"The same as any other day."

"I never heard this story," Levi Yitzchok said.

"Rabbi Mendel was a hidden saint, and of those one hears little. Even today Bechtev is a forsaken village. In those times it was far away from everything—a swamp among forests. Even in the summer it was difficult to reach it. In the winter the snow made the roads impassable. The sleighs got stuck. And there was the danger of bears and wolves."

It became quiet. Levi Yitzchok took out his snuffbox. "Nowadays something like this would not be permitted."

"Greater transgressions than that are allowed in our day," Meyer said.

"How did he die?"

"At the pulpit. He was standing up reciting, 'What can man attain when death is all he can gain?' When he came to the verse 'Only charity and prayer may mitigate death's despair,' the rabbi fell down and his soul departed. It was a kiss from Heaven—a saint's death."

Zalman glazier put some tobacco into the bowl of his pipe. "What was the sense of it?"

Meyer the Eunuch pondered for a while, and then said, "Everything can become a passion—even serving God."

—ISAAC BASHEVIS SINGER

(*Translated, from the Yiddish, by the author and Dorothea Straus.*)

THE GEOLOGIST'S MAID

STAND outside his house any morning and you will see her opening the curtains—an energetic, middle-aged black woman hauling on the tasselled cord like a bell ringer. She wears a gray uniform. Her face is so dark that it appears to have no features. Behind her, Dr. Johnson is a mountain of light propped against the pillows, facing the picture window—a large white face and a spray of white hair, pale pajamas, white stringy hands resting on the blankets. This is the living room, though Dr. Johnson's high-crowned mahogany bedstead has ruled it for the last six weeks. Through this window it is possible to see everything: all the columns of roses on his wallpaper and the clutter of get-well cards, geology textbooks, and ungraded papers; the furniture clumped hastily together to make way for the bed. It is possible, without even spying, to observe how Maroon bends to offer a pill, or perhaps a choice of breakfasts, and how Dr. Johnson raises his pale, blind-looking eyes to her face. Maroon straightens up. Dr. Johnson's hair flashes silver, sending glints of light across the room. Here, if nowhere else, care is being taken.

BENNETT JOHNSON waits in an armchair after breakfast this morning while his sheets are changed. Cold white domes billow over his mattress, settle and collapse. Maroon slogs around the bed in shoes from the late fifties with needle-sharp toes, spindly heels worn down to the wood, and slits for her bunions. Her body is boardlike, wide and flat and sparse, and her gray hair is boardlike, too, from all the straightener she has used. Her ankles, however, are small and curved, delicate as wineglasses, a continual surprise to Bennett. He ponders them, disconcerted. Maroon pats and tucks and smooths.

She is talking about her sister, the one with asthma. Violet. All her sisters were named for colors, all her brothers for Presidents. Bennett feels he knows every one of them, though most are dead. Cancer has swept that family like an epidemic, eating them alive. First her mother, then two sisters, then a brother, then another brother. Never, not in even a single case, did the doctors tell them ahead of time. They patched them up, handed out pills much too small and round for the pain involved, and sent them shuffling out of the clinic still bent over and clutching at liver, breast, or stomach.

Now Maroon wonders if Violet's asthma could be cancer also. Bennett knows very well that Violet's asthma dates from her childhood, forty-odd years ago, but he says nothing. He rests on the curve of Maroon's rich voice, her habit of croaking upward suddenly at the end of each sentence. Last night, she says, she was in the emergency room for five and one-quarter hours just soothing and calming Violet, waiting on some doctor to take the time to notice them. In the end, she had to go on home. She needed her rest; there was Dr. Johnson to see to in the morning and you *know*, she said to Violet, how Dr. Johnson is so particular about people being on time. She had to leave Violet all alone there on a bench just hunting up the oxygen for one last breath. And if Violet dies, who will Maroon have left? Her father fell off a construction job eighteen years ago, her last remaining brother lives in New York City with a light-colored wife, her many nieces (all named Cherie, it seems to Bennett) have no time for grownups. Sunday nights now, when she and Violet send out for Chinese, they ask for the smallest order the restaurant will deliver and still it is too much for them. Used to be their family would crowd the dining room and flow on into the parlor and there was never enough Chinese to go round, but not anymore.

When Violet dies, Maroon will be left all alone in her dark rowhouse in downtown Baltimore. She will be, she says, at the mercy of the neighbor boys whose parents never raised them right, no-account niggers strung out on dope and glue and Pam, idling under her street light disturbing her rest, scuffing her stoop, bouncing a basketball beneath her window and nobody daring to complain for fear of worse. She would like to see them locked up forever, she says, tortured, starved, put to death in electric chairs. (She slaps the pillows hard, with a flat yellow palm.) She would not mind, herself, twisting the knife in their innards. She is a hardworking, churchgoing woman who has feared the Lord all her life, reads her Bible daily, minds her own business, and she cannot stand to see how some worthless, shiftless bastards will get to take everything like they have it coming to them.

Bennett eases himself between the cool sheets, guarding his heart. He has become all pulse; he is aware, every second, of the beating of his blood in his ears; he weighs it and judges it. But Maroon talks on, and leaves still talking, and does not think to ask him if he can make it through the day.

THIS morning is so long, and so blank, that Bennett wonders if he has already died and gone to Purgatory. He has nowhere to look but out his picture window: a postcard scene of other people's landscaped ranch houses, occasional glimpses of women in slippers and curlers and raincoats departing and returning in station wagons. Later they will appear wearing very short tennis dresses, looking as perky as the little girls he went to grammar school with; later still, just around lunchtime, in pants suits that turn them square-hipped and bossy. He is measuring out his days with women's clothing. Sometimes he thinks the irritation of it will make him grind his teeth down to a fine, gritty powder. He lifts himself to slam his pillow around, hunting coolness, and then remembers his heart and thinks: calm, level; and sinks back and takes a slow deep breath.

He hears Maroon's radio from the kitchen. She is listening to a revivalist preacher with a voice like a cough. If you send in two dollars, the preacher will mention your name on the air and the name of your affliction; for five, he will mail you a miraculous printed prayer that has solved the problems of countless thousands. But Maroon never settles for second best and she is going to send him not two dollars, not five, but *ten*, as soon as she gets it saved up. She wants the prayer in its parchment version—embedded in Lucite—which will double as a paperweight. What problem does she need solved, Bennett wonders. Her sister's asthma, her brother's light-colored wife? Will she tell God to strike all the neighbor boys dead? Bennett has asked her, but she will not answer. She has her secrets. Today she sits in the kitchen, no doubt thumbing through her Bible—a de-luxe version with a ribbon marker, the *last* thing she saved up for, eight ninety-eight reduced from ten ninety-five at Cut-Rate Drugs and Beauty. (It is written in modern language, she says; perhaps now she will understand the stories better.)

On Sundays, Maroon teaches Sunday school, a class of sullen teen-agers; on Mondays, she comes in and complains about them to Bennett. (She asks them who was Jacob and they answer, What do *they* care who was Jacob?) When she tells him this, Bennett feels that he is drowning in despair. He issues loud angry instructions that are bad for his heart: she mustn't teach that class anymore, mustn't keep buying newer and bigger Bibles, must cease believing in that redneck preacher on the radio. But there she sits in the kitchen with the radio turned full blast. The preacher ends and the hymn begins—"In the Garden," sung by the ladies' choir. Their shrill, mournful voices make him suddenly sad. He would expect Maroon to sing along (she does have a voice, of sorts; she often hums something unrecognizable when she is washing the dishes), but today she is quiet, respectfully quiet, silent and no doubt motionless, perhaps even bowing her head—a fact that makes him sadder still.

BENNETT is capable now of going to the bathroom by himself, and at eleven o'clock he does so—the major event of his morning. He rises by degrees and creeps across the corridor, patting each piece of furniture he comes upon. It is amazing how far away and white his feet appear. He has been horizontal for so long—first in the hospital, tented, and now here at home. The doctors keep referring to his heart attack as "massive"—a word that surprises him. He is reminded of "massif." (He is a geology professor.) He thinks of mountainous rock, unveined, uneroded: the very opposite of this heart of his, which must surely be in tatters. Weren't its jagged edges the cause of the pain he first felt? (He was carrying his lunch tray across the cafeteria when fragments suddenly crumpled in his chest and nudged each other. Then broken crockery lay on the floor around his head.) He has been sickly all his life—a pale, rheumatic child desperately dependent upon his mother; it is no news to him that his heart is fragile. Now even his skin seems cracked, his hands transparent, as if everything in him has leached out. He feels weak and pure and helpless. He wonders why Maroon cannot leave her fool radio program long enough to come assist him here. As a self-indulgence, he neglects to raise the toilet seat, although Maroon has spoken to him about that more than once.

LUNCH today is chicken noodle soup, unsalted, and fresh fruit and a glass of skim milk. Bennett eats from an enamelled tray, Maroon from a card table set up in the corner. (She will not take a meal alone.) Constantly he cranes his neck to see what she has on her plate, for Maroon is a greedy woman. Also, her taste is surprisingly good. She demands the best—no junk food, nothing canned, everything top quality and natural and *real.*

ZERO

Stupid tranquillity, to be most sure
in the abstract, the zebra
raising its head from the river, the clock
wound to the usual multitude, the junco bird
appearing as a miracle on the blind magician's
balcony. A thing among things,
the magician is there as an absolute, his
long sleeves an attitude of sight
that amounts to seeing, the morning steady

in the orange grove. To sit with him
is to sense the luminous sides
of objects making a finite path
to an infinite doorway. See how he multiplies
himself like the doves in his hat
not flying away into the village
but resting in the white brocade
on the crook of his arm.

He walks the promenade, a procession
of explicit consequences, the funeral
climbing the hill with its tub
of roses. Magic powder clings
to his tongue, alum and ginger. A mild
contraction in the landscape, his reticence
to prove himself. Doesn't the sun

look as if it got there again
over the handkerchief snake
in his palm? This knot could make you cry,
how it slips past itself, now a
bracelet, now a white stem
drawn in the serious air of your breath,
letting itself down, the careful
ballerina closing the halo
of her partner's arms.

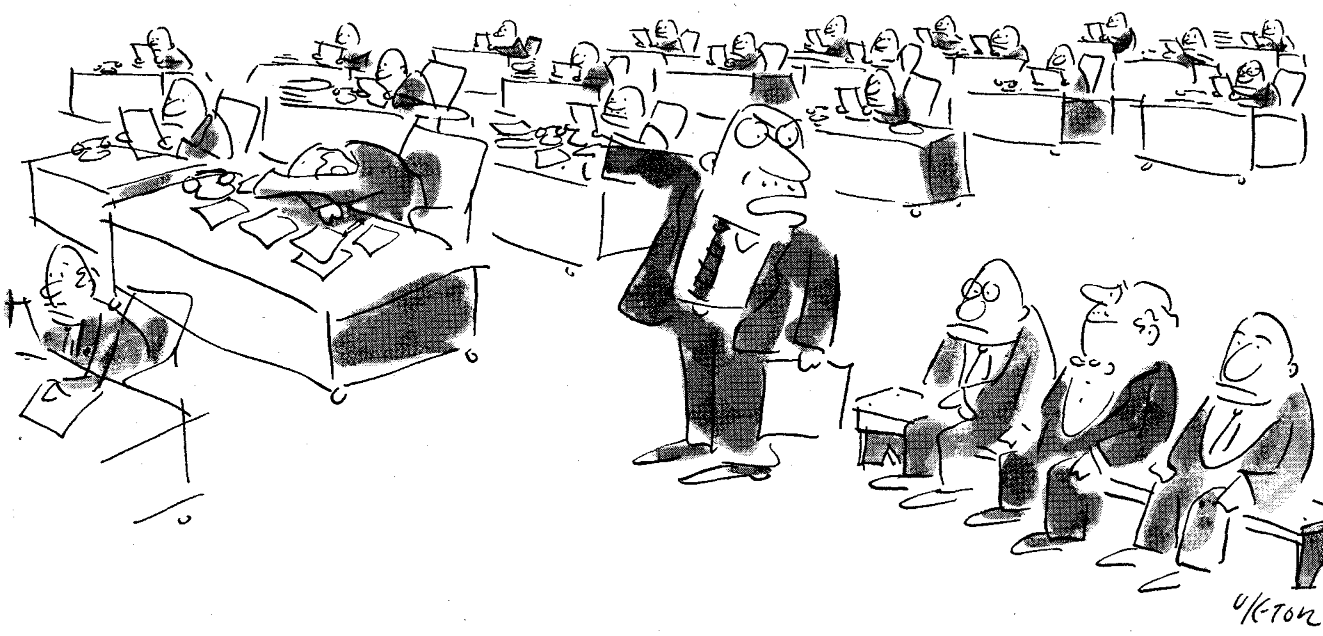
—TESS GALLAGHER

• •

Real butter and cream, real percolated coffee, double-rich French vanilla ice cream for dessert, while his doctor keeps him on margarine, Cremora, weak tea, and D-Zerta. He wishes she would eat in the kitchen. He notices that after finishing each dish she pounds her chest with her fist, bringing up a burp. Her nails are opaque and yellow and too long. If there were any decent help in this city, he would not have her around for another day.

When he asks for his tea, she shoves her chair back and goes to fetch it, still chewing. Now that the radio is off he can hear every slam of cupboard doors and rattle of silver, and he strains his ears to find out if it is tea-bag she is using or Twinings. No use to ask outright for Twinings; she will pretend not to hear. He must simply wait, enduring her tyranny, tasting Twinings on the center of his tongue (Earl Grey, the taste of comfort). Is she taking so long on *purpose*? He feels that he has never been so thirsty in his life: he is *racked* by thirst; even the soles of his feet are parched. And when she returns, sloshing hot water into the saucer from the cracked blue cup, the little tea-bag banner fluttering in the breeze she makes, he is ready to smash her face in; but he only takes his tea and nods.

IN the period after lunch that is supposed to be Bennett's nap, Maroon chooses to straighten his room. She stacks sheaves of paper already stacked, moves books an inch to the right or left, picks up a get-well card to stroke its flocked flower basket, which she has already worn nearly bald. As he watches, Bennett wonders what she wants of *him*, personally—what besides her pay, her meals, and the leftovers she sneaks out of the kitchen every night in a string-handled shopping bag. Maybe she has some question that only he can answer, or some



"Peterson, go in for Hopkins!"

• •

dark admission she is bracing herself to make to him. Perhaps she is considering settling slowly, weightily upon his bed, looming closer and closer until her face connects with his like a shadow. His toes curl. But Maroon merely sets the card down, gives the table a swipe with the dustcloth, and moves on. She retrieves a torn envelope from the floor and lays it upon a bookcase. Are maids trained specifically to throw nothing away, to humor their employers' fondness for old matchbooks, scraps of paper, and ticket stubs? Are maids trained at *all*? Presumably not. Like wives and mothers, they are supposed to just know. He watches her turn a flattened cushion in a cane-bottomed rocker. He listens to her ramble: Violet again, then Cherie's graduation, then the boy who shot her windowpane out. In *her* day, when *she* was that boy's age . . . and on about how hard she worked, a little skinny rag of a girl (he can see her, smaller but just as old), scrubbing white folks' white marble stoops at fifteen cents a throw. Then when she was twelve . . .

He remembers when she was twelve. He remembers every blessed minute as clearly as if he has lived it himself, he has heard it so often. How she worked for Mrs. Jeffrey Simpson-Jones out in Roland Park for seventeen years straight—an admirable record. (Yes, but he is tired of it anyway, and has never understood why some people insist on having hyphenated names.) How she was called in one sunny day with no warning at all: they reckoned she had noticed that for a long time now Mrs. Simpson-Jones had been sleeping in the guest room. Fact was they were getting a divorce, putting the house up for sale, taking away the children that Maroon had raised like her own; they hoped it was no inconvenience.

Bennett's head nods. His eyes droop. He is not so much sleepy as *exhausted*, worn down to the bone, and, for a wonder, Maroon sees it and stops her chattering. She rustles one last thing on the table and then goes to close the curtains. He hears her careful, obvious tiptoeing, and the rasping sound of her stockings, which are so thick and serviceable that they constitute a reproach. He catches her scent of gray scrubwater as she passes. She withdraws herself like a question she has regretted asking, leaving him wide-awake again and staring at the ceiling.

He knows Mrs. Simpson-Jones. (Or might as well.) He knows Violet, whom he has never seen and never wanted to. Also the Cheries: one, two, and three, and four if there is a four. He knows Maroon's husband, now dead—a white lady's chauffeur who did not like fatback in his beans or peas in his potato salad. Who was so house-proud that he would not even have children but must spend his salary on white carpeting and then clear plastic runners for the carpet, white couches and then clear plastic slipcovers for the couches, and a glittering icy chandelier for the dining room, which Maroon spends every Saturday polishing, prism by prism, with newspapers dipped in vinegar. She will polish it until she dies, old and childless and quarrelsome, or until the neighbor boys shoot it down with their .22s. And when the chandelier is polished there is the curly-maple curio cabinet full of dime-store figurines, which she has described to Bennett a thousand times. He is confused by her economic inconsistencies: she will haggle over a fifty-cent crab in Lexington Market and go home without it, shaking her head, but just recently she purchased an overpriced table lamp in the shape of a Greek temple, with a Japanese doll in a real silk kimono standing inside it holding a parasol while twisted strands of catgut shimmer all around her, giving the effect of rain. (At least, Maroon *says* it is catgut. Bennett has never seen it.) He finds her thirst for possessions disturbing; he dislikes the way she sometimes fingers the fabric of his bathrobe while hanging it, or strokes the mottled, jewel-like centers of the agates on his bookshelf. Though he is an intelligent man, and reminds himself daily of all she has been deprived of.

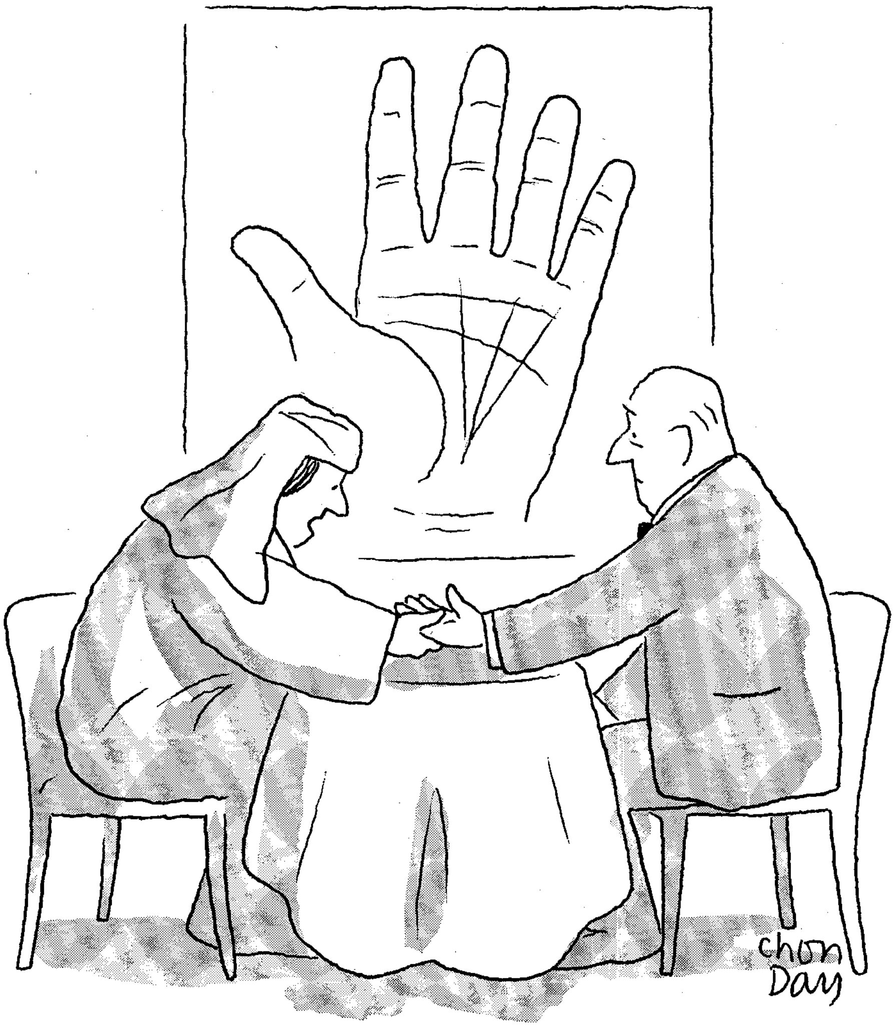
This woman, who until his illness was a mere shadow dusting his study, or a supper left in the oven when he came home at night, has somehow woven all her memories into his so that now it seems he has led *two* lives, not merely one. His own memories—his sickly childhood, sisterless, brotherless, his mother's death, his settled, tranquil bachelor's existence—seem, if anything, less clear to him than Maroon's. Maroon's voice threads in and out of his head, complaining and protesting and discussing. He would like to sleep. Maroon will not let him. He is forced to recall that her husband died of overwork, driving his white lady to a North Carolina hunt club too soon after a minor stroke; that he left no insurance; that his four uppity sisters publish a memorial for him in *Afro* once a year but make no mention of his wife, as they are light-skinned and she is dark. *But,* Bennett wants to say, fighting her with the weapons she has handed him herself. He would like to remind her of the fancy parties she attends, given by friends in church who have risen in the world; those Saturday-night affairs she bores him to death with on Monday morning—every crumb of food described in detail, the potatoes tinted pink to match the carpeting and the pink champagne, and the Chinese carry-out, floral centerpieces costing one hundred and twenty-four dollars, leather-covered bars at each end of the room and an extra one in the basement. He would like to remind her of Cherie's graduation, at which Maroon and Violet cried for joy (the first diploma in the family) and Cherie wore nylon net and had more girl friends than anyone else, some of them white, all of them turning her class ring for her, which was the custom: to turn your class ring a hundred times and make a wish. He does silent battle with her and wins, and sinks back on the pillow to sleep. Then Maroon comes to open his curtains and asks if he has had a good nap. No doubt she is puzzled by the weary way he turns his face from her.

BENNETT gathers his strength and makes another trip to the bathroom, after which he tries to grade a few papers. It seems very strange to him that he should ever have been interested in the basalt magma of the Mid-Ocean Ridge. Nevertheless he works steadily, managing to correct four papers before discouragement creeps up on him. Also he answers three telephone calls—neighbor women, returning from their luncheons, dutifully checking to see if he needs anything. He tells them he is fine. He has no needs whatsoever.

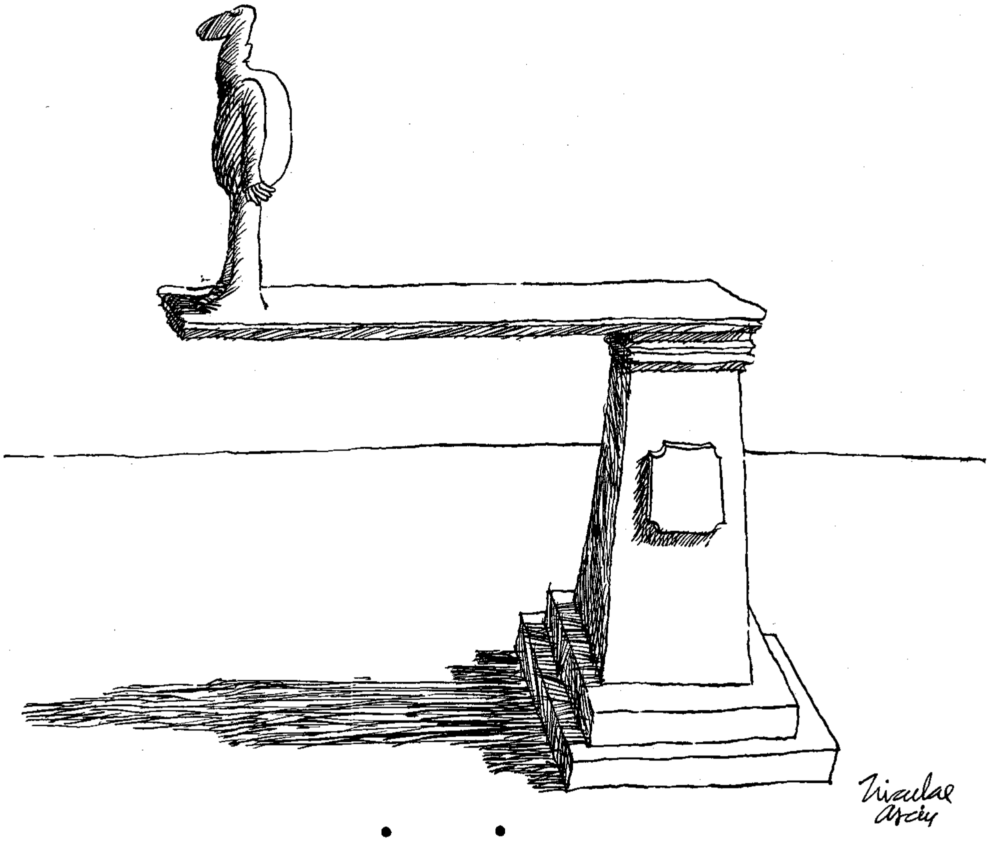
At four o'clock two colleagues drop by with his mail and bank papers, their classes over for the day. One is a widower and one divorced. They have plenty of time to spare for him. They make themselves short drinks from the liquor cabinet near his bed—Scotch, neat, no ice because it would trouble Maroon. They settle in armchairs and discuss the new department chairman, then a recent field trip, then a book that one of them is writing. Bennett would like to bring up Maroon (sometimes he lets off a little steam that way, grimaces toward the kitchen like a schoolboy), but it is too late. She has entered the room, carrying two trays. One is for Bennett: toast and frozen orange juice, bland as hospital fare. The other is for her, something hot and meaty. Bennett has never figured out why he needs a snack at this hour, or why she must eat hers while his friends are here, or what excuse she could have for helping herself to what is obviously supper when she is supposed to be *home* by suppertime. He has considered asking her outright, but something stops him—perhaps his friends' stiff, embarrassed expressions as they stare down into their drinks. The only sound now is the clinking of Maroon's silverware upon her plate. Her steady munching and swallowing. A fist thumping her chest. He wishes it were *his* fist. The clinking resumes, louder than he would have thought possible. He cannot tolerate the way she dabs at the corners of her mouth with a napkin like a dustcloth. Most of all he despises her *hunger,* this endless reaching, grasping, chewing, gulping. But all he does is crumble his toast, silently, upon his plate. After a while, his friends make their excuses and leave.

NOW the sky is darkening and Maroon closes the curtains again. Bennett's life has become a continual opening and shutting of curtains. She stacks the whiskey glasses and alters, very slightly, the position of the chairs his friends were sitting in. Meanwhile she is talking about last weekend: a neighbor lady said she would pay Maroon good for staying with her little girl. Then what did she pay but a quart of beer gone flat and half a broiled chicken, and here Maroon had already eat and would rather, anyway, have had a dollar or two to make up the cost of the reverend's prayer. She would willingly starve, she says, if she could just get her hands on that prayer, for the radio said it answered all questions and solved all problems and would double as a paperweight. Bennett is still angry with her, too angry to talk, but the professor in him stirs and sits up and he nearly makes her an offer: she could ask *him* her question. He holds his tongue, though. He lies flat, injured and bitter. Maroon lets loose a yellow pool of lamplight and leaves with the trays.

Each distant clatter in the kitchen cuts another notch in Bennett's soul. He wishes to write someone a letter of protest about her name, that



". . . and your car will throw a rod two days after the end of the warranty period."



ugly, awkward name so unfortunately suited to her face. Her smallest action is a crime: her toast burned black around the edges; her thoughtless hauling upon the fragile curtain-pull; the uncared-for, dismal look of this room with the furniture shoved every which way and the afghan slapped crooked across the foot of the bed. There is nothing satisfactory about her. He cannot name one thing.

Still, he is forced to remember that she lives huddled up in musty dark rooms, fearing for her life. That her Sunday-school superintendent accuses her weekly of stupidity and her one last sister sucks air aloud like someone strangling; that the gas man stole five dollars from her bureau—or so she says—and an electrician promised to rewire her home for safety but left with her deposit and not even his wife knows where he is. That her burial insurance has lapsed, though she swears she has paid her quarter every Saturday of her life. That some time ago, while taking her salary home, she was beaten and robbed by two young men whom she could not identify, and still has a yellow swollen patch below one eye if you look closely. That she does not sleep well, has not for years, but now since the beating has nights when she never even closes her eyes, and at the clinic they made her stop taking paregoric and sent her to a psychiatrist, who asked if she was depressed.

Depressed? (Her voice echoes now in Bennett's memory.) No, she wouldn't say she was depressed. She tries to keep busy, she goes out a lot, she goes to a lot of parties, lot of church affairs. She wouldn't say she was depressed. The psychiatrist prescribed Valium, which does not make her feel as fine as paregoric. Also group therapy. Five dollars an hour—more than she can afford—and anyway she doesn't understand these things. She went only once. There were a lot of people discussing their own affairs, which she didn't see the point of on her five dollars—white girl brooding on suicide, white man saying he don't relate to women, oh she just didn't have *time* for this, so she opened a magazine and read till they took notice of her and then she spoke up. She couldn't sleep, she said. She would lie awake all night, remembering that first blow of the fist just below her eye and then her husband dying alone in North Carolina, before she could find the money to get to him, and it didn't seem fair when she had never done a soul any harm and only tried to live right—wouldn't even drink beer on Sundays, though her guests might have wished she would offer them some. But the other patients just looked at her (white folks, mostly) like they didn't understand. She has never gone back.

Bennett tosses on his bed, and lays his forearm across his eyes to shut the lamplight out. It seems to him that years have passed since morning.

At five-thirty, the doctor comes—an old friend, hearty and artificial now that Bennett is his patient. He neither listens to Bennett's heart nor takes his pulse but sits on the edge of the bed analyzing a football game that Bennett has not seen and never wanted to see. Nevertheless, it is annoying to have Maroon come stand in the doorway. Is nothing private? The doctor, perhaps jolted into action by her presence, drops the football game and starts probing into details of Bennett's life. He asks about constipation, chest pains, mental attitude, diet. He wants to know if Bennett is still suffering those empty dizzy spells in the night. Also, if he is avoiding eggs, if he needs more sleeping tablets, if he notices any adverse symptoms after drinking tea. Bennett replies carefully, weighing every word before he speaks.

Halfway through the visit, both men are startled by the sudden, eye-batting explosion of the door as Maroon slams off to the kitchen.

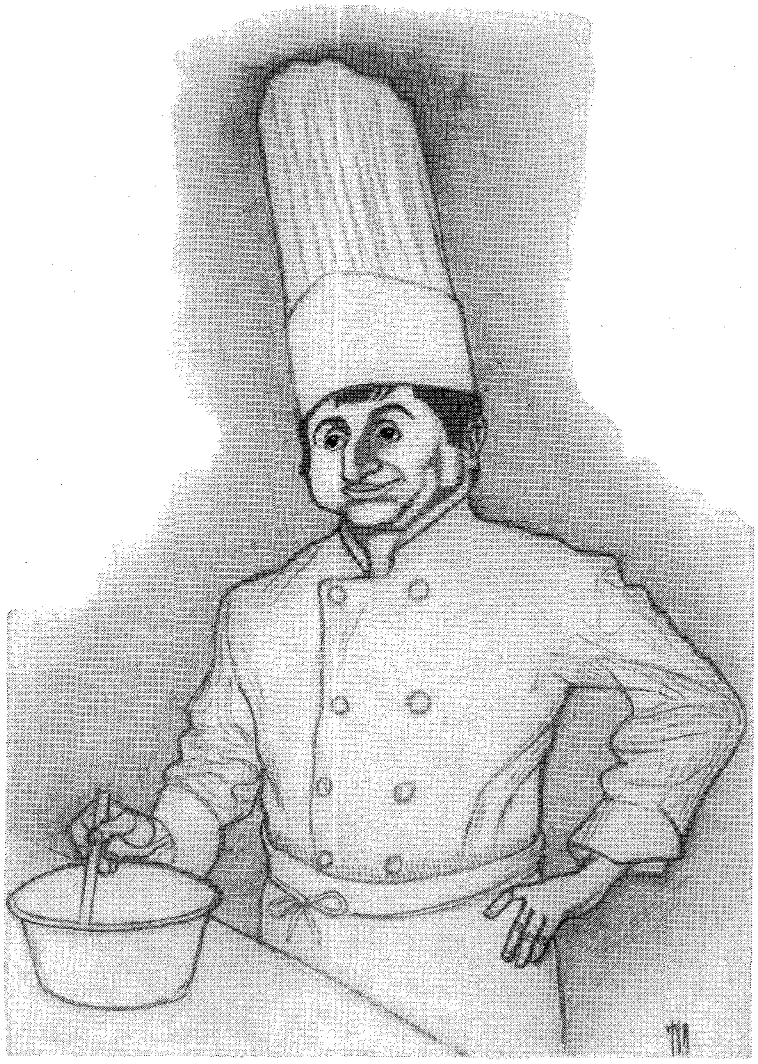
Her last act of the day is to bring him his supper. She lays it on his knees and props his pillow. Already she is set to go, wearing a faded dress, a string of pink pearls, and a crocheted hat. Her linty black coat will be waiting in the hall along with her string-handled shopping bag. She is always in such a hurry. But today she pauses, stepping back and swinging her arms from the shoulders in that awkward way she has, almost clapping, which means she is embarrassed. He remembers: it is payday. He sets down his fork and opens the drawer beside him, where he finds the bank envelope his colleagues brought him earlier. He hands it to her, and she accepts it while gazing off at a wall. Not until he has picked up his fork again does she look inside the envelope. She takes a dollar from the sheaf of bills and holds it up. For the prayer, of course: a dollar a week for the prayer in the Lucite paperweight. He has no idea how close she is to her goal. He watches how she purses her lips to study the bill, as if it has somehow turned into a prayer on its own. Her face is furrowed, her invisible eyebrows crinkled. She asks the dollar, "Now, how come things goes so wrong for me and so right for the wicked?"

Then she turns, as she always does, leaving him to his meagre supper. As always she lays a hand on his pillow when she passes, wishing him good night—rough skin catching on the linen, smell of gray water, dress so worn it hardly rustles when she moves, unanswered questions echoing on and on long after she has departed.

—Anne Tyler

PROFILES

LA NATURE DES CHOSES



Michel Guérard

TEN years ago, Michel Guérard opened a modest bistro called Le Pot au Feu, in Asnières, a grimy industrial suburb northwest of Paris. The event caused no excitement among the serious eaters of the capital, and the Paris food writers, a powerful group in the country that gave gastronomy to Western civilization, paid little attention—although back in 1958 Guérard had won the title of Meilleur Ouvrier Pâtissier de France, an award that is given by a jury of chefs in a government-sponsored competition and is sometimes a springboard to fame. As time went on, however, Guérard attracted to Asnières a growing number of admirers, some of whom claimed that he stayed in that unlikely spot on the mountain-to-Muhammad theory; Guérard himself now says that he just couldn't afford a better place—that in the early years quite a few tables remained unoccupied and he had trouble paying his bills. In any event, last year, when he closed Le Pot au Feu, because its building was being torn down, the bistro had been awarded two stars in the *Guide Michelin*—an unheard-of honor for such a modest establishment—and Guérard had been told unofficially by the *Michelin* people that if he had not closed Le Pot au Feu would have become the first three-star bistro in the *Guide's* history. Guérard, at forty-two, is even more pleased by his "*standing*"—to use a now fashionable Franglais word—among his peers, the celebrated chefs of France. Paul Bocuse, for many years a three-star practitioner of gastronomy at his restaurant near Lyons, and the unofficial spokesman of a select group of younger culinary artists more or less contemporaries of Guérard's, known as La Grande Cuisine Française, says, "Michel Guérard is the most imaginative of us all," and other members agree. To win such accolades, Guérard first had to display an exceptional mastery of classic French cuisine, and this was evidenced by the fare at Le Pot au Feu, as it has been at other places with which he has been associated; but then he went on to show an exciting ability to set off in new gastronomic directions. The latest of these, expressed in a novel approach to cookery which he calls *la cuisine minceur*—a term derived from the adjective "*mince*," meaning "slim"—promises to be the most exciting, for it encompasses both an array of delicate new dishes and an assault on the twin modern enemies of the dedicated trencherman: calories and cholesterol.

The continuous evolution of classic French cooking has gone from riches to, if not rags, at least modest ragouts, from ornate extravagance to comparative simplicity. The feasts created by the noted eighteenth-century chef Vincent La Chapelle, who once served three hundred and twenty-two different dishes to a banquet of a hundred people, were orgies of gluttony. Antonin Carême, the chef who is now revered as the founder of *la grande cuisine*, codified its strict laws in the five volumes of "L'Art de la Cuisine au Dix-neuvième Siècle" (1833), which contained, among other things, recipes for over two hundred sauces that have long remained the glory of French cooking. But his gargantuan banquets were an *embarras de richesses*—a score of courses served at the same time, *à la française*. Jean Anthelme Brillat-Savarin, who was his contemporary, remains immortal for the elegance of his writing, but some of the menus described in his "La Physiologie du Goût" now seem rather vulgar extravaganzas. The great reformer Georges-Auguste Escoffier introduced harmony and a sense of order. His "Le Guide Culinaire," of 1921, containing two thousand nine hundred and seventy-three recipes, is still the bible of the culinary art. But *his* banquets, though served *à la russe*—separate courses in an ordered sequence—were still lavish gastronomic symphonies, for people with extraordinary appetites. He would tell his cooks, "*Surtout faites simple*"—"Above all, make it simple"—yet what they achieved was not simple by present-day standards. That kind of simplicity was introduced only by Escoffier's greatest immediate successor, Fernand Point, who presided between 1931 and 1955 over the Restaurant de la Pyramide, in Vienne, some three hundred miles southeast of Paris. By the time of Escoffier's death, in 1935, Point was known among the great French chefs of his day as *Le Roi*. (Today, Bocuse is sometimes called *L'Empereur* by his friends, but these are inflationary times.) Point, a student of the classics, evolved his own culinary philosophy. He understood that man's appetite had steadily declined in the preceding two centuries, while man's taste had become more refined: our eyes had become much bigger than our stomachs. Point's finest dishes had an exquisite texture and, though they looked simple, were the result of complex work and supreme technique. Since his death, in 1955, the School of Point has dominated *la grande cuisine* in France. Of the sixteen three-star restaurants listed in the 1975 *Guide Michelin*, no fewer than seven are managed by prominent disciples of Point, and at the Pyramide his creations are still faithfully reproduced by chef Guy Thivard, under the dedicated surveillance of his widow, Mme. Marie-Louise Point.

In the past few years, some chefs who remember Point with genuine admiration have been going their own way, toward even greater simplicity. Being artists, and hence somewhat ahead of their time, they understand how the pace of modern life must change *la grande cuisine*. Even in France, few of its devotees now feel like spending two or three hours over lunch, as was more or less the rule for them when Point was alive. Even dedicated gastronomes may have afternoon appointments, or perhaps must drive the three hundred miles back to Paris over France's dangerous *autoroutes*. Inevitably, the great chefs today, who range in age from the mid-thirties (Guy Thivard at the Pyramide, Alain Chapel at Chez la Mère Charles, in Mionnay) to the late forties (Bocuse), are experimenting with a lighter style of cooking. Why shouldn't people eat better even while they eat less, these men ask. In their new approach, they emphasize the search for what they call *la nature des choses*—the innermost flavors of foods—which they try to serve with no camouflage. But, with one exception, they are still more or less followers—one might say prisoners—of the traditions and laws of *la grande cuisine*, which stipulate that most things must be meticulously executed within certain prescribed limits. The exception is Michel Guérard, who, after years of tormented thought and experiment, is trying to create an entirely new form of *la grande cuisine*. This takes courage in a country where cooking is considered one of the arts, and there are violent arguments about Guérard. Some call him a revolutionary who wants to ruin one of France's great cultural heritages. Others say that he has started a renaissance in French gastronomy which was long overdue. Guérard not only dares to mention calories—a subject hitherto taboo in any discussion of classic French cooking—but says that lavish abandon in the use of rich ingredients is no longer the foundation of *la gastronomie*. Actually, Guérard insists, he is only continuing the historic quest for simplicity. He cites Escoffier's "Above all, make it simple" and what Point called his "cuisine of simplicity" (although Guérard does not claim to be a disciple of Point). However that may be, Guérard has gone further in his search for *la nature des choses* than his competitors—many of whom are his friends, for the younger chefs keep in close touch with each other, forming a fraternity that is troubled by almost none of the jealousies and intrigues that flourished among the previous generation of eminent chefs.

"IN order to get the innermost flavors, I employ the method known as *étuver à sec*, which means cooking many things without added water, in tightly closed containers," Guérard told me recently. "All foods contain a certain amount of moisture. I cook them in their own liquid. This means not just buying fresh vegetables and fruit but seeking out the freshest, full of their own aroma, harvested at the moment of their peak. Such produce is hard to find and is often expensive. Salt-water fish is either grilled—something that is done everywhere—or steamed under fresh seaweed. This was a specialty at Le Pot au Feu. Freshwater fish is steamed in a closed pot in the vapor of fresh wild herbs—white nettle, heather, wild mint, trefoil, chicory, and pine needles—and is served with a light sauce made of a julienne of fresh vegetables, cooked *à sec*, sometimes *déglacée* [liquid added to the residue in the cooking pan] with a little port and a little fish *fumet* [stock] from which all fat has been separated. Once you perfect the method, you can make many things—ragouts, for instance, the meat steamed *à sec*. For *bœuf miroton* [a type of

"Jack, this is Mavis Langham. And let me warn you—expect the unexpected."

stew], the meat is mixed with small onions, *déglacée* with red wine. *Jarret de veau* [veal knuckle] is made with sweet oranges. The lightly sautéed veal knuckles are left overnight in a mixture of orange and lemon juice, and cooked in a closed pot for an hour with onions, tarragon, a little garlic, a few drops of water. The sauce is made with the strained cooking liquor, and the dish is served with slices of lemon and orange. In seasoning, I use more pepper than salt. One must be very exact, both in the measurement of the ingredients and in the techniques of seasoning; it took a long time to find out exactly how and how much."

Having learned to extract the natural juices of fish and of meat (*fumet* and *fond*, as they are traditionally known) and having learned to steam fish and meat in the aromatic vapor of herbs and vegetables, Guérard broke a sacred rule of classic cooking by not finishing the sauces with butter and cream but instead serving purées of vegetables mixed with herbs, the whole beaten with a large whisk (*fouet*), or sometimes in a blender, into a sort of mousse. Though flavors were artfully preserved and enhanced, these dishes contained few calories, compared to similar classic creations. Guérard's next experiments involved blends of vegetables and fresh fruit. Instead of making creamed spinach, he mixed one pound of very fresh spinach with one very fine pear, both cooked separately and finely chopped, into one of his purées. The soufflélike foam of the two ingredients, whipped together in a blender, expressed both the flavor of the spinach and the flavor of the pear. Guérard also discovered that fine things could be done with what he calls *les herbes de la prairie*—herbs growing wild in the countryside. None of this is cooking for beginners, he points out, for everything is readily discernible, and the slightest mistake is very apparent.

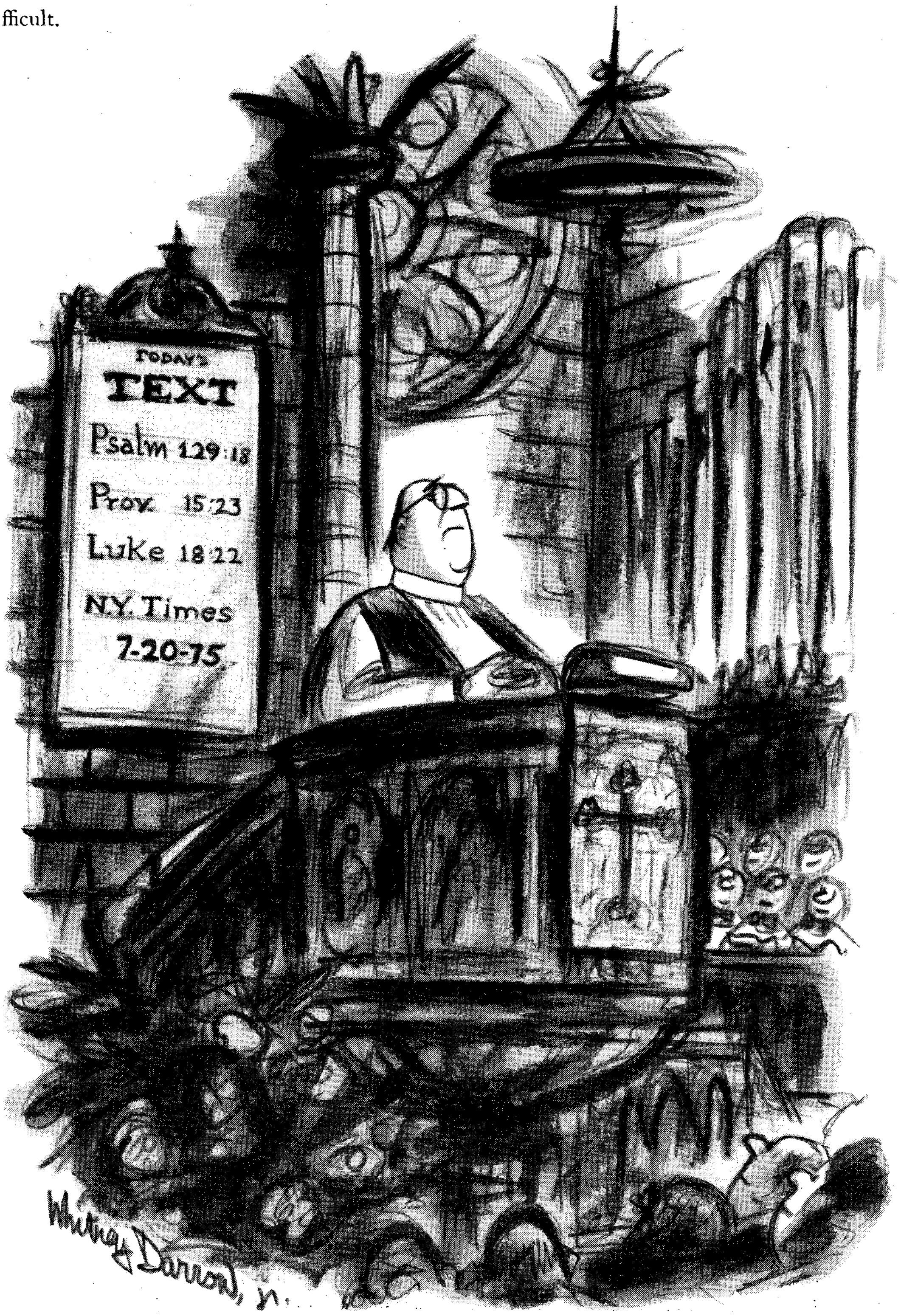
Despite the lightness of some of his creations, Guérard dislikes the word "*régime*," or "diet." "*Régime* means regulation, restrictions, doing without," he says. "You think of fruit juice, grilled steak, salad leaves, of commercial fads and 'wonder' cures. I don't want my cooking to become just another fad. My *cuisine minceur* is built on classic principles—it is an extension of *la grande cuisine*. No butter, no oil, no cream. No sugar except the sugar content of fresh fruit. No starches, no flour. Wine used for the *déglaçage* has been heated until its alcohol content has evaporated. Only the perfume remains. In short, I'm going back to purity, to the distilled quintessence of the ingredients. Since the conventional techniques are not sufficient, we have to develop new ones as we go along. This takes ingenuity, time, and patience. There are difficulties that we haven't overcome yet. Let me give you an example. I wanted to make a *minceur* version of a *blanquette de veau*, a fine old French dish—a white veal ragout traditionally bound by a liaison, or *velouté*, containing the juice of the meat, butter, flour, egg yolks, and cream. Delicious, but heavy, even if the *velouté* is carefully reduced. I wanted to make a genuine *blanquette* without butter, flour, egg yolks, or cream. My friends said 'Impossible.' I might wind up with some kind of ragout but not with a *blanquette*—which has a very special meaning for many French people, who probably had it first at home, made by Mother. After all fat was removed from the meat, the pieces were placed on a strainer, which we put into the pot. A patchwork of vegetables—carrots, watercress, celery roots, and small mushrooms—was put on the bottom of the pot, with no liquid. In the closed pot, the meat is steamed in the aroma of the vegetables while its juice seeps into them. The sauce is made by mixing the cooking liquor with a little of my *fromage blanc* [a special white cheese, resembling a cross between feta and cottage cheese] and lemon juice. White cheese of a particularly dry quality has very few calories and may be whisked into a light foam. A portion of my *minceur blanquette* contains less than two hundred and fifty calories, compared to a thousand in a traditional *blanquette*. I served both versions to some finicky experts. They agreed that the *minceur* had a finer, truer taste. No wonder, since the flavors of the meat and the vegetables are not concealed by the taste of egg yolks and cream. But some people think it's heresy."

It is easy to imagine what Michel Guérard is up against in France, where there is a group of famous affiliated restaurants called Traditions et Qualité. (Guérard is not a member.) Only a quarter of a century ago, Fernand Point defined for me the secret of great cooking: "*Du beurre, du beurre, du beurre, et beaucoup de temps*"—"Lots of butter and lots of time." Guérard has devised dozens of three- or four-course meals using not an ounce of butter and totalling no more than five hundred calories apiece.

THE great chefs of France are as famous in their homeland today as film stars and soccer players are in other countries. Some appear on television, are asked for advice concerning both culinary and unrelated matters, make lecture tours abroad, and are honored guests in the homes of the high and mighty. Guérard keeps close to his kitchen, where he feels he belongs. He is a short, boyish-looking man, with brown hair, which he wears combed down over his forehead, and thoughtful hazel eyes. He was born on March 27, 1933, in Vétheuil, a village in the Val d'Oise, northwest of Paris. "That's not far from Giverny, where Claude Monet spent the last forty years of his life painting the water lilies, wisteria, and roses in his garden and the reflection of the light on the pond," Guérard says, adding that he often thinks of colors in his cooking. Some of his dishes are almost Impressionist still-lifes. There were no prominent cooks in his family, but this is not unusual; Carême came from the slums of Paris, and Escoffier's father was a village smith in Provence. Many great chefs acknowledge their debt to their mothers or grandmothers, as does Guérard: "I remember the kitchen in my grandmother's house, where I lived when I was four or five," he says. "Grandmother had a small *épicerie*, and, among other things, sold homemade pâtés and fruit preserves. She worked long hours in the store, but she always took plenty of time to prepare her meals. Sitting down at the table was always *une petite fête de famille*, and the meals remain a pleasant memory. When I was seven, my parents moved to Normandy, but I stayed with Grandmother. Other boys were playing soccer, but I always played cuisine with a few friends, and I was the *cuisinier*. We set up a 'kitchen' in a garage. Everybody was seated around a 'table,' and I served sardines that Grandmother had contributed, or a piece of cheese. In summertime, we had fresh berries and fruit that we picked ourselves. It was *la fête* again, Amphitryon and his friends eating and drinking. Later, I joined my parents, and went to the Lycée Corneille, in Rouen. I finished the first part of the *baccalauréat*, and at home they began to talk about my future. I wanted to be a *cuisinier*, but they thought I had better chances as a *coiffeur pour dames*." Guérard laughs at the very idea. "I suppose I was independentminded even then," he says. "A *coiffeur* must adjust to the temperaments of his clients. Also, I was always *très gourmand.* I love to eat. Then my brother became a butcher, and it was agreed that I would learn the métier I had chosen. I started as an apprentice at Alix Kleber's place in Mantes-La-Jolie, in the western Paris suburbs. It was a good apprenticeship. Alix Kleber was an old-fashioned *traiteur* catering to the *banquiers* and rich people living in the Yvelines area. We prepared everything—soups, snails, fish, meat, poultry. We made our own noodles and vol-au-vents and pâtisserie. We would transform half a calf into *quenelles de veau.* The clients were difficult. They ate at the leading restaurants in Paris. The *patron* had a small vineyard on a slope, and we made our own wine. Occasionally, we got up at night and distilled our own brandy—which was against the law. It was a good, hard school. It taught me to depend on myself, to buy the right products, to use them as they should be used."

After Guérard finished his apprenticeship, in 1952, he worked for a year in a small hotel in Tôtes, between Rouen and Dieppe. The chef did regional cooking, using the products available in the countryside, and that gave Guérard more good ideas. He was drafted and served two years in the Marine Nationale, most of the time as chef in an officers' club. The officers, who liked his cooking, left him alone, and he spent his free time studying the classic works on great French cooking, from those of the man who used the nom de plume Taillevent (Guillaume Tirel) to Carême and Félix Urbain-Dubois (who popularized service *à la russe*). Upon his discharge, in 1956, he became *chef pâtissier* at the Crillon, in Paris. It was there that he was elected Meilleur Ouvrier Pâtissier, two years later. For several years thereafter, he drifted around, "working in various places." He remained interested in pâtisserie. Many great chefs began as *pâtissiers.* As a young man, Carême spent several years with Bailly, the most famous pastry chef of his day in Paris, and later Carême began designing his famous architectural *pièces montées,* some for the table of Napoleon.

"Pâtisserie teaches you to study the physical and chemical reactions in the kitchen," Guérard says. "The average *pâtissier* learns to do the usual things, but to become a good *pâtissier* you've got to think. Take a *mille-feuille,* made from flaky pastry—using a method that is said to have been invented by Claude Gelée, a seventeenth-century painter, or else by a certain Feuillet, chief pastry cook to the noble house of Condé. Most *pâtissiers* make it almost automatically. The dough is rolled into a ball, left standing for about an hour, then rolled out into a sheet. Kneaded butter is spread on it. The dough, with the butter, is folded like an envelope. Next, the dough is rolled out into a rectangle and folded in three, and after that it is given several more turns, as we say. After six turns, the *feuilletage* is ready. In Paris, we cut it into individual portions of several layers, with a creamy filling sandwiched in between, and then put it in the oven, where it will rise and acquire its delicious lightness. The average *pâtissier* cannot explain exactly what makes the dough rise and become fluffy. Very simple: the butter, enclosed



"Paula, how many times have I told you not to bother me when I'm on the way up?"

• •

in the dough, gets warm and makes the dough expand. At the same time, its aroma gives the dough the fine buttery taste. Those are the physical and chemical reactions, not explained in the recipes. But unless you understand the reactions, you don't understand your technique, and you don't know why you do certain things in a certain way. And you must be master of your technique if you want to expand your private universe. Your technique enables you to go further than others, but it must always be the means only—never the end in itself. If people notice your technique, something is wrong. By analyzing the things I had learned to do automatically, I discovered some very surprising things in the kitchen. Again, let me give you an instance. All cooks learn to make a sauce béarnaise. Some make it better than others, though they all use more or less the same recipe. You begin with a reduction of wine vinegar with shallots, tarragon, chervil, thyme, bay leaf, seasoned and cooled. You mix egg yolks with a little water and beat the yolks into the liquid with a whisk over very low heat. As the yolks begin to thicken, you add butter, possibly a little more tarragon. You keep whisking. The books tell you that the egg yolks create the liaison, the binding element—which is the truth but not the whole truth. The béarnaise is a sauce *émulsionnée*. The disintegration of the butter into its molecules is caused by the mechanical process of whisking. Consequently, it's the rhythm of the whisking that makes the quality of the béarnaise, naturally assuming that the ingredients are first-rate. If you analyze the process, there is no mystery left. I've seen able cooks ruin a béarnaise because they didn't understand the sequence of chemical and physical reactions. Unless you understand them thoroughly, you will never be able to *create* something in the kitchen. I was never satisfied until I had an answer to everything. I always asked myself, Why am I doing this and that? Once I knew, there seemed no point in more reading. I closed all the cookbooks. I crossed the border and went my own way. This was the genesis of my new cooking, which I could do only after I had my own restaurant. Also, I like to do things that I love to eat myself. That, too, is very important. I do these things hoping that enough people will like them to keep me going. Many things we make seem simple and easy now, but it wasn't easy during the years of experimenting and failing and trying again. The kitchen of Le Pot au Feu became a sort of alchemist's laboratory, but we didn't always make gold. I had five young assistants, who were loyal and intelligent and learned all the *astuces* [tricks], but the real problem was to give up consciously all preconceptions and traditions. I had to forget much of what I had learned. Actually, I had always liked lighter cooking, but often we had to start from scratch. Meanwhile, we had to make money, so we had to give the customers what they wanted—which often meant what they were used to. Some were no help at all; they didn't understand what we were trying to do with new dishes. Perhaps not everything new that we served was completely thought through and finished. Yet I refused to compromise. I can be quite stubborn. Today, I know I couldn't have stuck it out without the help of a few devoted friends. Among them were Paul Bocuse, Pierre and Jean Troisgros, Roger Vergé, and Jean Delaveyne."

The Troisgros brothers, like Bocuse disciples of Fernand Point, have long been respected three-star chefs in Roanne, near Lyons. Vergé recently received a third *Michelin* star for his cooking at the Hostellerie Moulin de Mougins, near Cannes. Delaveyne, who is the owner of the two-star Le Camelia, in Bougival, near Paris, is also a Meilleur Ouvrier Pâtissier, and has often discussed difficult technical problems with Guérard. "They came to Le Pot au Feu and saw what I was trying to do," Guérard says. "We talked a lot, and discovered that we were all going in the same direction, though each had to find his own way. They had their established restaurants, and their clients expected certain specialties. Perhaps I could afford to experiment a little more, because I had such a small place. Today, I know that some very good chefs will never be able to follow this new concept of cooking, because they cannot conceive of doing something that the books don't sanction. One needs imagination. One must develop new techniques to find new solutions, and there are bound to be mistakes. Some don't dare to endanger their prestige. Some just cannot change their way of thinking. Bocuse can. The Troisgros brothers can. Vergé can do it. Nowadays, several of us sometimes spend our vacations together, experimenting with new dishes. Everybody loves doing it. Pierre Troisgros had always made his fine *saumon à l'oseille* [salmon with sorrel] with butter. After many experiments, he learned to make the dish without butter in an iron pan. The salmon is just as fine and pink, and the taste is truer."

GRADUALLY, as Le Pot au Feu became known, the professional gastronomes, the serious eaters took notice of Michel Guérard and went out

Alexander the Greats.

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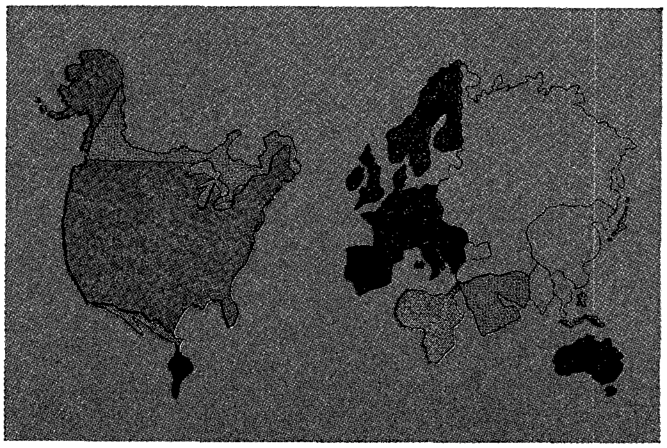
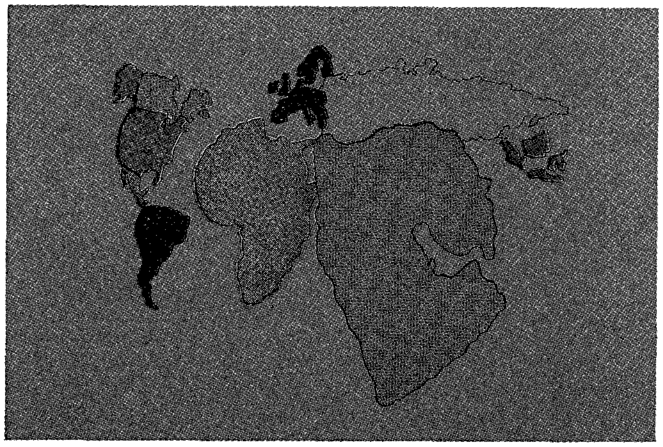


The world of coal. The map above shows what the world would look like if the size of each country were in proportion to the coal reserves under its land. America—with nearly half the free world's coal—dwarfs Europe and the Middle East. Experts estimate that at the rate the United States uses coal today, these reserves could help keep us in energy for the next two hundred years. This could help supplement dwindling supplies of U.S. gas and oil—and more importantly, provide our country with an energy source that's right here at home.

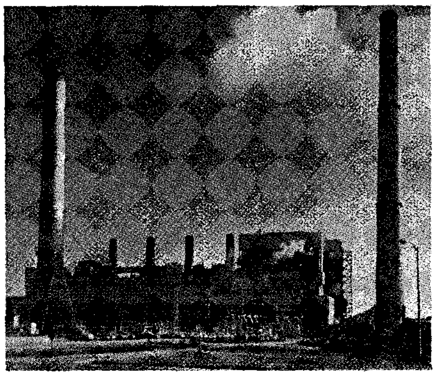


The world of oil. This map shows where the world's oil is located. Most of it is in the Middle East. By comparison, however, the energy in U.S. coal is twice the amount of energy in Middle East oil. Exxon anticipated the growing demand for coal several years ago. That's why Exxon is continuing its program aimed at helping America take greater advantage of this vast energy resource. Exxon scientists and engineers are working to find better ways to mine coal, cleaner ways to burn it, and new ways to put coal to work.

An example of land reclamation. Exxon is firmly committed to reclaiming land which may be disturbed by our mining. We have no operational coal mines in the West right now. But, our uranium mine near Casper, Wyoming, is an excellent example of how our reclamation program works. Since operations began, Exxon has been continually contouring, planting and reseeding the disturbed areas with yellow clover, crested and western wheat grasses. Right now, it's difficult to tell the natural landscape from the reseeded landscape. When we've finished mining here, the land will be at least as productive as it was before we came.

mine of energy.

A new kind of coal town. To most visitors, the Court House at Carlinville, Illinois, typifies the picturesque beauty of this Midwest community. In 1970, Exxon opened a new mine near Carlinville. Today, the town is still as clean and picturesque as ever. And a lot more prosperous. Employment is up 22 percent, with over 300 new and high-paying jobs. Recently, leaders from other prospective coal towns visited Carlinville to see how coal mining and a good city can thrive side by side.



America's biggest coal users. Most coal used in America today is burned by electric power plants like the one above. These plants consumed about 400 million tons of coal last year. By 1985, this figure could jump to nearly 700 million tons. This surge in coal consumption will go a long way toward freeing gas and oil for other purposes. And it will also mean thousands of new jobs for people here in the United States.

New mines, new miners, new methods. Putting a modern coal mine into production calls for a lot more than a pick and shovel. Many years must be spent in planning and development. New mining techniques must be tested. New mining talent must be trained. New transportation systems must be set up. All so that when a new Exxon mine opens it will produce coal in the most efficient and environmentally responsible way.

TIGER
EXXON
TIGER
Traveling Industrial Gaseous Emission Research

Cleaner energy from coal. Exxon is deeply involved in pollution control research. The TIGER van—or Traveling Industrial Gaseous Emission Research vehicle—is an important part of a program Exxon is conducting for the Environmental Protection Agency. The TIGER van's job is to monitor and record emissions from coal-fired boilers and power plant stacks. The data collected is used by Exxon engineers to test new coal combustion techniques which may help bring America more energy without more pollution.

EXXON

4. Wicked curves

3. Cruel bumps

2. Twisting stairs

Every Peugeot goes through hell to get to America.

When a Peugeot 504 comes off the assembly line, we don't just drive it off to the nearest parking lot.

We take it for a little ride on a devilishly-designed test track outside our factory.

Not just a few Peugeots picked at random, *but every single one of them.*

What exactly do we test? Practically everything.

5. Nasty cobblestones

We test the entire electrical system, from the headlights to the taillights and everything in between.

We check all the gauges on the dash and test the speedometer for accuracy.

We listen for wind noise around the windows and doors. And we listen for any strange sounds rising out of the transmission.

We test the turn signals to make sure they turn off after completing a turn.

6. Fiendish ribs

We test the engine for acceleration. And the brakes for deceleration—at a speed of 50 miles an hour, with no hands on the steering wheel. (If the car doesn't stop straight, we check it out and test it again.)

We test the steering system around a few wicked curves. And the suspension system over more than a few bumps and ribs and cobblestones.

And the whole time we're testing to make sure everything works, we're listening to make sure nothing rattles.

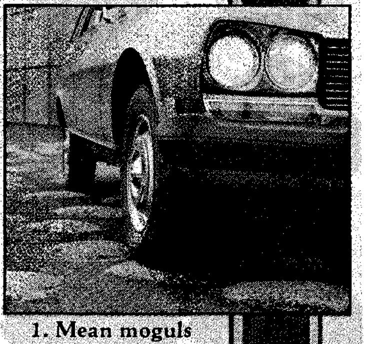
In all, a Peugeot has to pass a full hour of tests and inspections before we'll put it on the boat for America.

Why do we go to such extremes to test our cars?

Because since 1889, the year we built the first Peugeot, we've believed in building cars that can take a lot of punishment.

That's why Peugeot won the world's first recorded auto race in 1894.

And why Peugeot won the 3,075-mile East African Safari—the world's most brutal test of an automobile—in 1975.



1. Mean moguls

As a result, we're so sure any Peugeot—sedan or wagon, gas or diesel—can pass any test you put it to, we'll let you take one for a 24-hour Trial through any participating Peugeot dealer.

The Peugeot 504. We put it through hell on our test track so it doesn't put you through hell on the road.

PEUGEOT

A different kind of luxury car.

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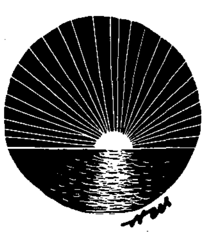
to Asnières. They didn't mind that the seats were uncomfortable and there was no *ambiance;* they cared only about what they were served. Guérard liked to use very large plates and arrange the diners' portions of food on them in the kitchen, rather than let waiters do so from serving dishes. Having learned the importance of the *présentation* (Point used to say that the appearance of a dish was almost as important as its taste), Guérard made designs laying out the exact arrangement of each course, leaving nothing to improvisation. He is often upset in restaurants where the chef creates a beautiful dish and waiters nonchalantly spread the food around without finesse.

By the early nineteen-seventies, Guérard was famous, his restaurant decorated with stars, coqs, and toques in the important guidebooks, such as Kleber and Colombe, and Gault and Millau. The tables at Le Pot au Feu were often reserved days in advance. But the alchemist's experiments in the kitchen were expensive, and Guérard's financial problems continued. Therefore, when a Paris singer known as Régine, who operated a restaurant called Reginskaïa, in the Rue la Boétie, asked him to take over the operation of the kitchen there, he agreed, and kept Le Pot au Feu going as well. It meant a lot of rushing back and forth. Then, before long, he was told he would lose his lease in Asnières. He worried, became nervous, ate too much, and gained weight. Guérard, who is five feet three and three-quarters inches tall, weighed a hundred and fifty pounds. He developed kidney trouble and painful arthritis. He was feeling particularly low one evening when Pierre Troisgros brought a young woman named Christine Barthélémy into Reginskaïa. The attraction between the two was instant. Christine is tall and svelte and bears a distinct resemblance to Eugénie de Montijo, the Spanish noblewoman who married Napoleon III. Her father, Adrien Barthélémy, owns the Chaîne Thermale du Soleil, a network of hotels in out-of-the-way spas and other resorts—among them one at a place called Eugénie-les-Bains, after the Empress, because she was very fond of the spot, near Pau, in the Landes. There Christine Barthélémy had created an inn named Les Prés et les Sources d'Eugénie—the Meadows and Springs of Eugénie. In Molitg-les-Bains, near Prades, Christine's younger sister, Biche, began in 1973 to run a hotel called the Château de Riell. (In 1957, Pablo Casals, after his marriage to Marta Montañez, moved from Prades into a cottage belonging to Adrien Barthélémy, in the park of Molitg, and the couple spent nine summers there.) Christine, who, besides being exquisitely slim, moves as though she were on the stage of the Comédie-Française, inspired Michel to try to lose his excess weight in a hurry. He started out by taking various kinds of pills; it didn't work. Then he tried not to eat at all. "But how can you do that when you spend your life in the kitchen practicing *la grande cuisine?*" he says, recalling the effort. "It almost drove me crazy." At last, he applied his principles of analytical thinking: What if he tried to make *grande cuisine* dishes that contained no butter, no cream, no starches, no sugar? Not substitute dishes but dishes as good as, and possibly better than, the great gastronomic creations he had learned to make? That was the true beginning of his *cuisine minceur*. Guérard accompanied Christine to Eugénie-les-Bains, sipped the sulphurous spa waters, walked in the beautiful park, and tried out *minceur* dishes in the kitchen. "Within two months, I had no more kidney trouble, my arthritic pains were gone, I had lost eighteen pounds, and all the time I had eaten very well." By then, with Christine's encouragement, he had decided to try to make the low-calorie dishes for other people, beginning with the *curistes* who came to the spa to lose weight. "The systematic development of the idea was an afterthought," Guérard says. A couple of days after he and Christine were married, in March, 1974, he invited his friends and fellow-chefs to Eugénie-les-Bains for a special *menu-minceur: tourte aux oignons doux*, *homard aux fines herbes du jardin*, *aiguillettes de caneton au poivre frais*, *soufflé aux poires.* His confrères agreed that it was a gastronomic occasion.



I SAW Michel Guérard for the first time one night late in 1973 at Le Pot au Feu, where I went with two friends, but I didn't see much of him. The room—small and barnlike—was crowded, and the customers all seemed to know one another; they might have been members of a secret society. We were outsiders. There was a small, carefully composed wine list, but most people had the *vins du patron* in carafes—a fresh, fruity white Beaujolais and what was called simply a Bourgogne Pot au Feu—and we ordered them, too. We started with *pâté d'anguille à la mousse de cresson*—pâté of eel with a purée of watercress—which was a poetic masterpiece of imagination and execution. The menu noted, "*poissons cuits sous les algues, suivant arrivage*"—fish cooked under seaweed, depending on arrival (of appropriate fish)—but there had been no arrival, so I settled for *merlan* (whiting) *à la julienne de légumes selon Fernand Point.* Guérard acknowledges some of Point's creations as classics. But here, like Point, he seemed to go out of his way to make things hard for himself and his customers, when instead of working with expensive fish—*loup de mer*, turbot, sole—he performed a minor miracle with the lowly whiting. "That is on the Friday menu for our staff," a hotel manager in Paris later told me. Probably so, but hardly the way Guérard prepared it—stuffed with carrots, celery, mushrooms, and truffles, and accompanied by a light sauce (no butter, and just a soupçon of cream) that enhanced the flavor of the fish.

A well-fed-looking Frenchman next to us at Le Pot au Feu that evening emitted a low whistle when he got his *ragoût fin*—listed on the menu as made with pasta shells, truffles, foie gras, and sweetbreads. I felt like whistling myself. I usually skip dessert, but after the whistling gourmand had been served an impressive-looking *feuilleté de poire caramelisé*—a hot *millefeuille* with caramelized pears—in a moment of weakness I ordered *granité de chocolat amer et brioche rôtie.* This was a sherbet consisting of finely crushed ice and bitter chocolate, and served with a hot, sweet brioche. Before we left, we had a chance for a word with Guérard. He asked, "Was it light enough?"

A few months later, Le Pot au Feu was closed, and Guérard had left Paris. Late in the summer of 1974, a friend and I were travelling through the Roussillon, a still mercifully forgotten region in the southern part of France where the pace of life is almost what it was fifty years ago (though the prices are not). We went into the old, dark church in Prades where Casals and his friends had made beautiful music in front of the baroque altar in honor of God and Johann Sebastian Bach, and we drove up to the cottage in Molitg-les-Bains where Casals had lived, and had rehearsed every morning with the windows open and people sitting in the park to listen. "Even the birds stopped singing to listen," a man there told us. At the Château de Riell, a strange turn-of-the-century pile, we met Biche Barthélémy, who had made the place into a hotel, installing a discothèque in the cellar and a tiny elevator lined with gold velvet that went up to a small swimming pool on the roof. Biche Barthélémy was tall and statuesque and seemed to have walked out of a Goya. The Catalonian-style dining room was surrounded by a garden, with large windows and a low roof blending into the landscape, and a small fireplace in the middle of the room. In the kitchen below, René Sarre, a twenty-two-year-old alumnus of Le Pot au Feu, was the chef, assisted by Didier Gallien, one of Paul Bocuse's talented young apprentices. How, we asked Mlle. Barthélémy, did one attract two such youthful culinary stars to the kitchen of this out-of-the-way place?

"Very simple—when you have a brother-in-law named Michel Guérard," she said. "His friend Bocuse sent Gallien here for the summer."

The small menu featured fine Pot au Feu specialities. *Rosée de fruits* was a fruit-and-vegetable salad: partly cooked stringbeans, carrots, turnips, and tomatoes, surrounded by peeled slices of orange and grapefruit, and topped with a very light dressing, all artfully served in a beautiful still-life on one of Guérard's large plates. It really was "a dew of fruits." The waiter, a young man in black, who placed Catalonian records on a small phonograph, said that some guests complained that the lightly cooked beans were "too hard." The dessert course, a *petit feuilleté au Roquefort*, was served with a fine sauce of Roquefort whipped with herbs and a little cream into a foamy dream. Michel Guérard's spirit was all over the place. René Sarre urged us on to Eugénie-les-Bains, where we would find M. Guérard practicing his art. "*Ça vaut le voyage*," he said, using the *Guide Michelin* criterion for a three-star place: "It's worth the trip."

It was. Eugénie-les-Bains is a charming hamlet, with an old church, a ruined eighteenth-century château, a few other houses, and a large park surrounding the hot springs, which were discovered at the time of Henri IV. (For centuries thereafter, the place was known as Les Eaux de Saint-Loubouer.) In 1861, Empress Eugénie spent the summer in the château. She clearly felt happy in the tranquil *ancien palais* not far from the Spanish border, for she returned often. Ten years ago, Christine Barthélémy arrived here and became interested in the ruins of a *belle époque* mansion next to the ruined château. She rebuilt the mansion and decorated it in Napoleon III style, with some Art Nouveau features. Les Prés et les Sources d'Eugénie is a luxurious country hotel, and for less affluent *curistes* there are studio apartments and a family *pension*. The thermal springs, like those at Karlsbad and Vichy, are said to benefit people troubled by obesity, arthritis, rheumatism, and other ills resulting from the overabundant life. Christine Barthélémy Guérard has written a little guidebook for the place, and in it she says, "In Eugénie the patient shouldn't feel as if he were in a hospital. He sips the waters and does as the doctor tells him, but he also enjoys the friendly atmosphere. He can eat very well *and* very wisely here."

The dining area is divided into several small, intimate rooms. When we arrived, the evening menu was posted across from the reception desk. It announced, "Our geese, ducklings, and *poulettes* are raised for us on a farm [nearby], fed on corn grown right there. . . . The vegetables we use grow under the benevolent protection of M. le Curé in his garden." The *menu minceur* (then priced at thirty-eight francs, or about eight dollars) was listed as follows:

Bouillon aux légumes du potager	60 calories
Lapereau sur la braise à la moutarde	285 calories
Coulis de tomates fraîches	35 calories
Sorbet aux framboises	80 calories
	460 calories

Sometimes, I discovered, the menu lists both a *minceur* and a *gourmand* version of a dish, perhaps for those who want to break the rules once in a while, or simply want to compare old and new. For instance, the desserts offered on one occasion were *fraises du terroir* (meaning, literally, "of the soil," or "local"), fifty calories, and *fraises Romanoff* (involving lots of whipped cream and liqueur), no calories listed. On that first evening, we ordered the *menu minceur*—which, the waiter told us, also included a *blanquette de veau*. We noticed next to us some *curistes* rather morosely sipping a strange-looking apéritif, which we later learned was a concoction of herbs, heather, and pine needles, with small pieces of fruit. The *curistes* were not permitted wine—naturally, the most depressing aspect of the cure for a Frenchman. The *minceur* dinner, however, must have raised their spirits. The vegetable soup, lightly whipped into a foamy broth, had the full flavor of fresh vegetables and wild herbs—all of which had been gathered, I was told, only an hour earlier, from the garden behind the house and the meadow behind the garden. The *blanquette de veau* was lighter, juicier, and better flavored than the customary version. The tomato *coulis* breathed the fresh aroma of tomatoes and herbs. The raspberry sherbet was the quintessence of raspberry. When I rose from the table, I felt I had hardly eaten.

Guérard and his wife were seated nearby, dining with friends and sharing the *menu minceur*. Looking at them, I was reminded of an interview with Christine Guérard I had seen in a French magazine, in which she said, "*Nous ne grossirons pas ensemble*" ("We will not get fat together"). I talked with her later, while her husband was immersed in a discussion with their friends. She explained that he still prepared classic dishes, for tourists and for friends who came to eat his Pot au Feu specialties, and that he had developed a growing repertoire of regional specialties from the Landes district, but that she had developed "*une véritable passion*" for the *minceur* dishes. I observed that she didn't need them—that she was *mince* enough. "Yes, but Michel's low-calorie cooking makes you feel well and clear in the mind, and it fits into the countryside," she replied. "You sleep better, you work more. And we both think that it may be the right food for our times." Even in France, she said, many people were having second thoughts now about eating great quantities of rich food while millions of people all over the world were hungry.

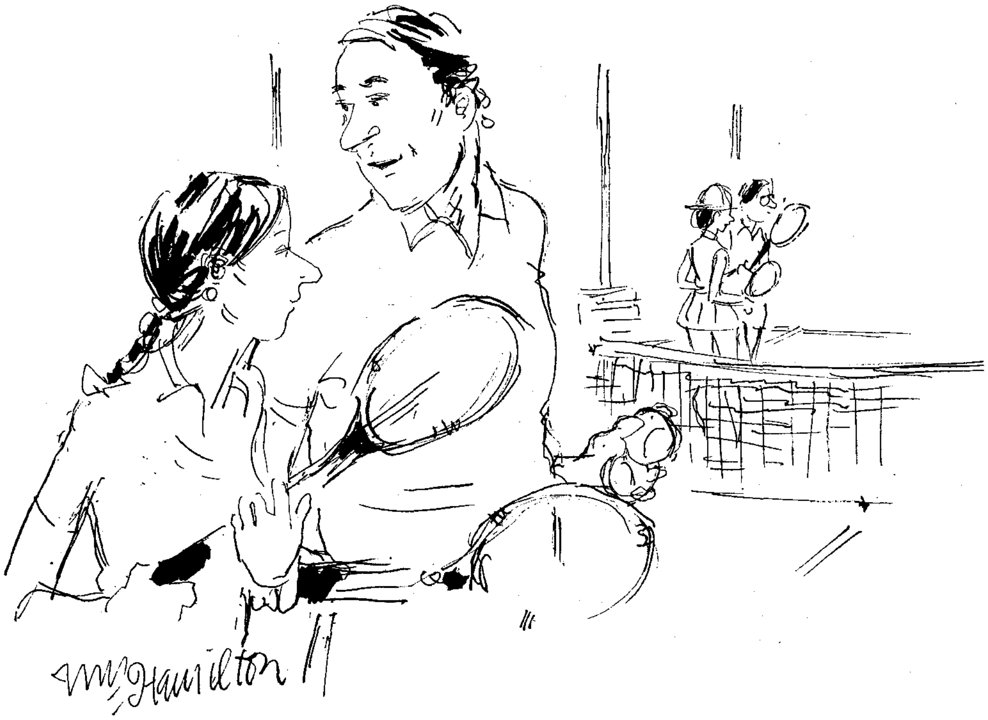
Guérard had joined us, and now he nodded. "I think the idea of what has been called my low-calorie crusade was in the air," he said. "It needed only to be formulated in exact terms. I was astonished to discover that many famous *grande cuisine* dishes can be made in *minceur* versions simply by omitting such ingredients as butter and cream and modifying the processes of cooking. Of course, there are certain tricks, but I won't talk about them. Those who are interested can find them out for themselves. I am already being imitated. One cannot protect cooking recipes by patent. I don't mind. I give people my recipes, but I remind them of my years of trial and error, and anyway I'm always trying to think of new recipes. This is the cooking of the future, not just cooking for people trying to lose weight. One eats less and lightly *and very well*—that is the point. Almost three out of four classic recipes can be made in *minceur* versions. Certain things are absolutely forbidden, of course. No foie gras, no pasta. No cassoulet, with its beans, pork, mutton, goose, duck. I haven't yet been able to make a satisfactory version of *bœuf bourguignonne*. Most pâtisserie is also forbidden—you cannot eliminate the butter, sugar, and flour. We are now experimenting with a very thin layer of dough—more illusion than substance—in the *minceur* version of *tarte aux fruits*. More *fruits* than *tarte*." Instead of using a *croûte*, *croustade*, or pie, usually made with flour, butter, and eggs, Guérard will enclose some vegetable purée in a shell of fresh spinach leaves. For his *tourte de légumes de saison*, he uses fresh cabbage leaves cooked *à sec*.

We digressed briefly when I asked whether he ever hoped to start another Pot au Feu. (Les Prés et les Sources d'Eugénie is open only in summer.) Guérard said that he definitely missed Paris, and that it was an open secret that, with the aid of some backers, he had negotiated to buy Maxim's, but the deal had fallen through. Now, he said, he could tell me only that he had "other plans."

I decided to get back to the subject of food, and asked what his first *minceur* dish had been.

"My *salade d'écrevisses*, which is a good start for a meal, and has very few calories: equal parts of crayfish and lightly cooked stringbeans. Instead of a *vinaigrette*—which, of course, contains olive oil—we made the sauce with cooking liquor, boiled down, strained, and *déglacée* with flaming Armagnac, and with a little white cheese whipped into foam, shallots, *fines herbes*, lemon juice. Some cooks say, '*La sauce fait le poisson*'—the sauce is more important than the fish—but they are wrong. *Everything* is important."

Michel Guérard's *cuisine minceur* is more difficult than classical cooking, for more than one reason. It takes more time, more technique, more understanding. The cook is dealing with delicate textures and elusive flavors, and to preserve these the cooking time should be short. The finest ingredients, which are all that Guérard uses, are expensive. The very special, very dry *fromage blanc* that is made for him in Normandy costs more money than cream. He must find suppliers who will comply with his demand for the highest quality in his products and can produce them in sufficient quantity.



"Now, don't forget what I told you about Roger's need to fail."

• •

Guérard does fascinating things with onions. It is no culinary secret that glazed onions turn sweet, but Guérard goes further when he cooks onions ("preferably the aromatic, violet-colored varieties") with no liquid in a closed pot. ("You have to shuffle it constantly or the onions get burned," he says.) After about two hours, the dark-brown onions are caramelized. Guérard blends them into a warm *marmelade* with stewed fresh prunes or with raisins—"a very healthy dish, in many variations." He has experimented successfully with wild sorrel. (Escoffier gives a recipe for a sorrel purée, but it calls for butter, flour, eggs, and cream, so it is of no help.) Guérard stews shredded sorrel *à sec*, and beats the resulting purée with a whisk into a fluffy *velouté d'oseille* with a light liaison of egg yolks; the taste of sorrel is perfectly preserved, and the dish contains a mere eighty calories. Even a partial calorie chart of Michel Guérard's *minceur* dishes is fascinating: *fonds d'artichauts Mélanie*, 122 calories; *steak de lotte* (burbot, or eelpout, rarely used in gastronomy) *au poivre*, with cucumber mousse, 211 calories; *goujonette de soles* (small river soles), 105 calories; *volaille de Chalosse* (local chicken) *grillée en salade*, accompanied by a *purée de champignons rosées* (gathered in the early morning), 260 calories; thin strips of goose breast, grilled and seasoned, with his *marmelade d'oignons aux pruneaux*, 200 calories; *gâteau de carottes*, 216 calories; leg of lamb baked in meadow grass, 240 calories; a small *contrefilet*, grilled, served with a mousse of carrots and a mousse of cauliflower, 260 calories. In Molitg-les-Bains, the young cooks had served us the *gourmand* version of cauliflower mousse, made with *beurre noisette* and fresh cream. It was delicious, but the *minceur* version, at Eugénie, was even better—sweet cauliflower whisked into a mousse and lightly seasoned, preserving the fine taste of the vegetable. (The *minceur* mousse looked rather grayish, while the *gourmand* version was white, owing to the cream. You cannot have everything.) Once, Guérard made us what he called his favorite dessert: a pear soufflé, eighty calories. "Just a very fresh, fine pear whisked into a light mousse with a third of an egg white," he explained happily.

A WHILE later, back in Paris, I had a call from Michel Guérard. He said he and Christine had just arrived from Eugénie-les-Bains. "I was rather vague about my future plans, remember?" he said. "Now I know what I'm going to do." He suggested we meet at four in the afternoon at Régine's, 49 Rue de Ponthieu—another establishment operated by the formidable singer, who had just made arrangements for Guérard to supervise the kitchen. Régine's, a private club featuring dining and dancing, is in a basement, underneath a *salon de coiffure*. As I arrived, it struck me what a good thing it was that Michel Guérard had not become a *coiffeur pour dames.* The club had a heavy iron door with a square window of red glass, and the door was locked—the whole arrangement was reminiscent of an elegant speakeasy—and it took me a while to find a small entrance leading down into a modern kitchen. Half a dozen cooks, all young, were busy with the *mise-en-place*—preparations for dinner. They worked with quiet concentration, and with no talk. Each seemed to know exactly what he was doing. On a table was a wooden box full of beautiful strawberries and another containing violet onions, the latter for a *tourte paysanne aux oignons doux*, as I later discovered from the menu.

René Sarre, who had been at Molitg-les-Bains, came over and shook hands with me. He said he was glad to be back here in Paris with the Pot au Feu brigade; all the young cooks at Régine's had worked with Guérard for several years in his alchemist's laboratory in Asnières. (The way it looks now, I said, they did learn to make gold, after all.) Sarre introduced me to a tall, blond twenty-one-year-old, a veteran of five years' service at Le Pot au Feu; he was Didier Oudill, a native of Luxembourg, and, Sarre said, in charge of this kitchen when M. Guérard was away. Oudill told me that M. Guérard had just called, saying that he might be a few minutes late, and asked if I would care to wait in the club. On the way in, I remarked that this was an unusual kitchen, with none of the shouting and noisy talk I associated with such places. Oudill laughed, and said, "M. Guérard trained us that way. He taught us to think all the time we're working in the kitchen. He is a great educator. After he makes things clear to himself, he has no problem elucidating them for us. When you condition yourself to *think*, no matter what you do, never working automatically, everything begins to make sense. Suddenly you realize that each thing must be done its own way—*cela se fait tout seul.* M. Guérard is always searching and always teaching, always sharing his experience with us. We discuss everything together. No wonder we admire him. That doesn't happen in all restaurant kitchens, as you know."

Oudill took me into a small dining room, empty and dimly lit, like a theatre an hour before the curtain goes up. A man was running a vacuum cleaner over the carpet. Behind the bar, another man was cleaning glasses. I sat down in a corner. A notice on the table welcomed club members (*"L'été est fini, vive l'hiver!"*) and announced the season's star performer (*"L'hiver nous amène des nouvelles recettes de M. Guérard et de son Pot au Feu pour la première fois en exclusivité au Régine's"*). Oudill showed me a menu listing Pot au Feu specialties, including *le pot au feu du Pot au Feu*, something called *le petit sauté aux légumes*, and *pigeonneau en bécasse*, which, I decided, had to be a small pigeon cooked inside a woodcock, inasmuch as Guérard's names for his creations are always exact descriptions of them. Dinner with wine (a Chiroubles or a Bordeaux Supérieur Duhart Milon Rothschild) was a hundred and twenty francs (twenty-five dollars). Oudill told me the restaurant would also offer a *menu minceur.* He showed me this menu, too, which offered, in addition to dishes I had tasted in Eugénie-les-Bains, a few new creations: *homard aux carottes fondues, poule au pot au cidre en vessie, fruits à la gelée d'amandes.*

"Lovely, isn't it?" said Oudill, who, I was aware, had been observing me carefully as I read the *menu minceur.* "Who would dare steam a lobster surrounded entirely by *carottes fondues*? Steaming doesn't take much longer than regular poaching, but the copper pot—or the cast-iron cocotte—must be hermetically closed. The time depends on the size of the lobster. But everything must be done fast in this kind of cuisine. Guérard has certainly revolutionized *les tables de la cuisine.* Now, take his *poule au pot.* A classic recipe, usually consisting of beef and a stuffed chicken. Guérard cooks the *poularde* for an hour and a half in its own juice in a bladder. That's not new—others have done it—but what comes next *is* new. The *poularde*, nicely puffed up in its own cooking liquor, is presented to the diner for his inspection. Then it is taken back to the kitchen and carved, and the sauce is prepared with apple cider, the reduced cooking liquor, a little grapefruit juice, herbs. The *poularde's* own gelatine serves as a liaison. Brilliant. And hard to make, because the sauce must be finished in five minutes, and the *poularde*, entirely covered with apple slices, is served with its sauce. Delicious. Very light and very fine."

"Doesn't it bother you to do both kinds of cuisine, classic and *minceur*, side by side?" I asked.

"It did in the beginning, but not anymore," he said. "You cannot work like a robot, of course. You must do some thinking all the time. Now we easily switch from one style to the other."

Michel Guérard came in. He was wearing a dark turtleneck sweater and had his kitchen whites in a small muslin bag slung over his shoulder. He looked like a very young sailor on shore leave, and he seemed fit and happy. Oudill said goodbye to me and went back to the kitchen.

Guérard looked after him thoughtfully. "A gifted young man, who will perhaps be a great chef one day," he said, sitting down across from me. "*Enfin*, good news. We shall have Le Pot au Feu again."

"In Paris?"

He shook his head. "In Eugénie-les-Bains. It's the logical solution. I'll have my restaurant again, and I can be near Christine. I suppose the décor will be more elegant than in Asnières, but the cooking will be the same. We'll do both the *cuisine minceur* and classic cooking. I hope my friends won't mind making the journey to Eugénie. People do go all over France nowadays for a special meal. By plane, Eugénie is only two hours from Paris. Besides serving classic dishes and *minceur* dishes, I want to re-create the ancient *cuisine régionale* of the district. We have all the herbs from the meadow, fine vegetables, excellent fruit, and we have fresh fish, including some little-known varieties from the nearby rivers. We'll have a nice menu—nothing but our own creations. And we'll have a chance to continue our researches. We are only at the beginning."

Guérard said he wants to experiment with seaweed. *Loup de mer sous les algues* (steamed under a bed of seaweed) was for years a speciality of Le Pot au Feu. In the Far East, the nutritional value of seaweed has been known for centuries. The Japanese make various dishes—especially soups, fish, and vegetables—with dried and powdered seaweed, called *kombu.* Guérard is trying different kinds of *fresh* seaweed, obtained from about fifty miles from Eugénie (there are still supply problems), at various temperatures. Some kinds are easier to work with than others. They must not be heated quickly, or they may become a watery, tasteless substance. Some varieties contain much gelatine and will eventually be used in the making of fine sauces, but Guérard hasn't yet found out at exactly what point these yield their gelatine.

"In Eugénie, I plan to keep in close touch with the local people," Guérard told me. "One always learns from them. Last week, some neighbors killed a pig and invited us for *la fête.* The

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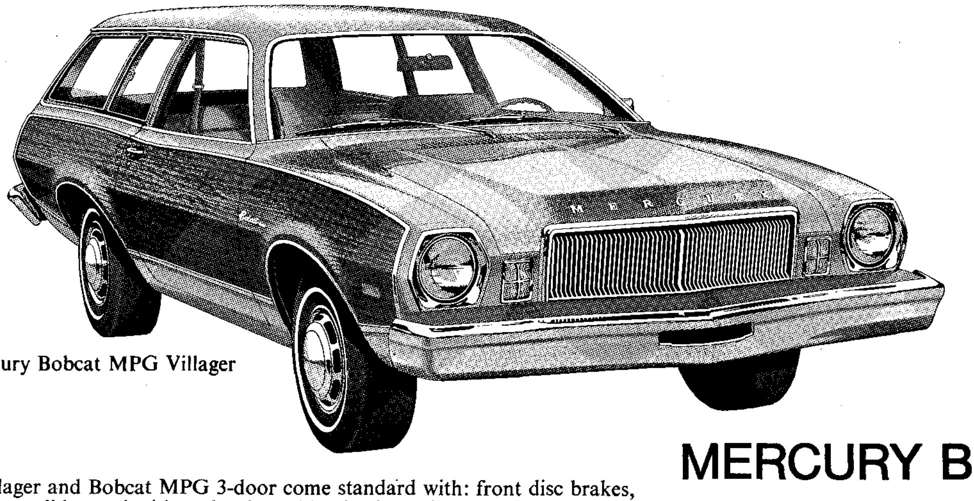

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neighbors had done fine things with their pig: *andouille* [chitterling sausage], *boudin noir* [blood pudding], *boudin blanc* [white sausage], made exactly as their parents and grandparents made them. Modern butchers in our cities wouldn't approve of their methods—though they're methods that preserve the true flavor of the pork. Now there are modern factories where these things are made 'scientifically,' hygienically—but the true flavors are lost. Many people in the cities don't even know those flavors. No one talks about them in a *charcuterie* factory. It's very sad."

Guérard shrugged. "A while ago, Christine and I travelled in Spain. In the elegant restaurants there, they do a sort of imitation of French cuisine as it was done here two generations ago—rich and heavy. That didn't interest us, and we walked through the markets and shops. They have excellent products—fresh vegetables, interesting spices, fine fruit—but they have not yet learned to make good use of them. I always tell my boys in the kitchen that seasoning is a true art. One must know the exact dosage, and the technique. I don't use much salt in *minceur* dishes, as you may have noticed, but I work with green peppercorns—lots of them. All these good things—spices and herbs and seasonings—were once very important in French cooking, but later they were often ignored in orgies of gluttony, with cream piled upon butter and flavor upon flavor. Some people call me a dilettante, even a charlatan . . ." He shrugged again, and took a deep breath. "I do things that many people can't understand. Actually, I'm trying to bring back some things that existed a long time ago. If you go back far enough, you realize that you are not an inventor, only a re-creator. In Madrid, we were looking at some Hieronymus Bosch paintings, and Christine said, '*Tiens!* Isn't that what Dali tries to do now, in his own way?' She was quite right."

A telephone rang. A voice said that Mme. Régine was calling. Michel Guérard got up. "Somewhere I read that Claude Monet once said he would like to paint the way the birds sing." He stood still, staring. "Sometimes I wish I could cook the way the birds sing." —JOSEPH WECHSBERG

•

Just as quilt making in the early days was generally a time for happy socializing, guilt collecting in 1975 is not a somber affair.—*Portland (Ore.) Sunday Oregonian.*

Ours is.

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Thoughts on Being a Child at the Movies

"WHY is the red dog letting the white dog go first down the stairs, when the red dog runs faster?" said a girl child behind me at Joe Camp's animal movie "Benji," which is billed as "a family film." A grownup of the family didn't know, because she didn't care. Another and slightly older child, a boy of about seven, explained that it was because the red dog was a man dog and the white dog was a girl dog and men were supposed to let girls go first, though he thought the rule was silly, because men could run faster than girls; and also the film was dumb, because dogs weren't people.

THE lovable ragamuffin is an inexhaustible prototype in family films. The prototype usually takes the form of a girl with a boy's haircut, or of a freckled boy with socks that fall down. In "Benji," it has been turned into a mongrel of the same name who latches onto two kids whose housekeeper gives him food. The father doesn't approve, because he is a hypochondriac and suspects the dog of being infectious. The children whine. "You can't see disease. Believe me, I've been there," the father says oratorically. To which a normally literate child would reply that chicken pox isn't a place; but these are not normally literate children—not by a long chalk. Benji and the scuttling bitch, to which Benji practically plays André Kostelanetz by candlelight, are anthropomorphically treated. The housekeeper chattily upbraids Benji as if she were joking about being sexually jealous, which is not much of a joke if you are five. "I risk my neck feeding you breakfast every morning and what do you do? You go out and find another woman!" she says to the dog. Then Benji and the white bitch romp idyllically through meadows, surrounded by butterflies, and apparently shot with a soft-focus lens, as if they were Lucille Ball in "Mame."

THE slow-motion photography in the doggy idyll passage is an error. To those of us who have been children, it suggests no idyll. It suggests sprained ankles. Fun in childhood is inseparable from being able to rush about. "Benji" gives the mind a lot of time to make associations, especially when it goes into slow motion. I was reminded hereabouts of a sentence in a recent book review that said earnestly, about the question of children whirling, "For most children, of course, the context of whirling is secular and hedonistic," which induces a picture of the surely small minority of toddlers who whirl ecclesiastically and for the sake of pain.

CONVIVIALITY is one of the things that children (like grownups) want of an outing to the cinema, but the only convivial things in "Benji" are the chases, the moments when the dogs outwit a gang of kidnappers, the occasional tenacity of Benji in being disobedient to fussy human adults, and a shot of a policeman falling on his face. As dog pictures go, "Benji" is a lethargic and clumping affair compared to "101 Dalmatians," the fourteen-year-old Disney film, now revived. If one shuts one's eyes during "101 Dalmatians," thereby missing the sight of ninety-nine appealing dalmatian puppies and some very pretty architectural drawings of Regent's Park, the sound track is curiously suggestive of nineteen-fifties English drawing-room comedy, especially in the speech patterns of the young dalmatian couple who are the central characters. They are aptly called Pongo and Perdita, and one can practically hear them talking about their herbaceous border. The supporting players are equally hallowed dramatic stereotypes, including a perky sergeant, a Blimpish colonel, a yokel of forelock-tugging loyalty, and a ring of unflappable Etonian friends, with the difference that they are played by dogs, cows, and a cat.

THE story of "101 Dalmatians" rests—like "Benji"—on the theme of kidnapping, which comes up so often in fiction for the young that it may represent a key and deep-rooted fancy of parentlessness, linked to the one about babies' being exchanged by mistake at birth, and the one about royal infants' being abandoned in a forest and brought up by wolves or woodcutters. The kidnapping scheme in "101 Dalmatians" has the intention of turning the puppies into a fur coat for a sophisticate called Cruella, who is one of Disney's typically overdressed, sexless witches. The story could easily lend itself to the mixture of sentimentality and malevolence which beset Disney's later work, but its tone, apart from the Cruella creation, is genuinely engaging, and the draftsmanship is stylish and benign.

"'EARTHQUAKE' is the best disaster movie so far," said a moviegoing friend of ten. "I liked it better than 'The Towering Inferno.' But both are scary." The word "scary" seemed to be a compliment. It didn't imply a film from which grownup protection was needed, except perhaps on behalf of other grownups. For eight-to-twelve-year-olds, apparently, the disaster-picture category has nothing alarming about it, because it isn't drama, dealing in the suspension of disbelief; it is a delayed-shock game of leaping out from comfortable red velvet curtains, dealing in the suspension of alarm. It depends on a form of fear that is better defined as enjoyable apprehension, like the prospect of being tickled, or of playing hide-and-seek in the dark, or of hearing Arthur Conan Doyle's "The Adventure of the Speckled Band" read aloud in bed.

WHEN I asked my young adviser about "Jaws," I said it had made me want not to swim in the sea for a while. She said she would probably have felt like that herself if she were still seven and frightened of water and of things like having her hair washed, but that she thought the reason I hadn't enjoyed it was that I kept forgetting that the shark was plastic. A friend of hers had thought it was rubber, she said, but she had checked and found out it was plastic, though it was probably also slightly metal, for the teeth, and so on. In her view, "Jaws" didn't come into the disaster-picture category. It wasn't a film you could go on and on seeing, she said. "Earthquake" was, "partly because there are such a lot more earthquakes when you think the big one is over, and partly because Charlton Heston is nice, and partly because the sound makes everyone jump."

I ASKED her to invent her ideal disaster picture for when she was fed up with "Earthquake." She thought for a while and said it would be about a giant tidal wave rushing toward a very narrow beach and all the children and all the grownups swimming to get away from it. I asked if anyone would be washed away, and she said that seven would be. Three ladies and four children. And they would all be strangers, and get friendly, and swim to an island. When I wanted to know about the rest of the story, she explained that it wouldn't

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really be a story, it would just go on. Details count for much more than narrative until quite late in life. She said that a lot of bad things would happen on the island but that the people would "all be all together."

"ISN'T it nice to be all together?" said a seven-year-old girl in a slightly frightened voice while she was squashed onto a bench with a dozen friends at a vast beach party on the night of the Fourth of July. Beautiful fireworks, but going off unexpectedly near; strange faces suddenly lit up by Roman candles; the noise of invisible waves breaking, and has anyone in command noticed that it's getting closer?

TO pursue the difference between "scary" and "frightening": "Dumbo" is directed to children, but the desperate scene in which Dumbo's mother is parted from him has always seemed to me terrifying; so has the witch in "Snow White." So does a film called "The Red Tent," which played as family entertainment at the Radio City Music Hall a while back. It tells the story of a party of stranded Arctic explorers who gradually die of cold and starvation one by one, until finally there is just a huddled group watching a rescue plane fly directly overhead without noticing their last-ditch signals or the bright-red tent they have put up in the snow to attract attention.

TO be ignored, not to be seen, not to be understood, not even to be heard, is truly frightening. It reminds us of babyhood, perhaps, and of the frantic longing then to master speech, which is a frustration that must have marked everyone, though it led to an achievement of such intellectual splendor that we were all geniuses when we were two.

THE fear caused by a film like "The Red Tent" is a fear as strong as the one that something bad can go on forever, both of which are fears that movies needn't arouse. No movie flourishes, for child or adult, if it toys with a scene like the one that I saw long ago in which a buried miner's endless tapping on a wall was never heard by a rescue party eight feet away. And no disaster movie can succeed without the balm bestowed by one's knowledge that films end.

A CHILD responds profoundly to a movie that holds out comfort. It may be the comfort of sibling friendship, as in the love relationships in the Tracy-Hepburn and Bogart-Bacall movies, which children often like so much. It may be the camaraderie of a picture like "The Apple Dumpling Gang," a new Disney film that has nothing much but the spirit of closed ranks to commend it. It is certainly often the reassurance of rhythm: the repeated jokes of "Young Frankenstein" seem to be one of the film's marvels if you are four. Even the reiteration of the words "Frau Blücher," which are followed always by the neighing of an alarmed horse, for some reason makes a very young child laugh, even though they are incomprehensible. "Mouths are onomatopoeia that land up as language," says the Belmondo character in Godard's "Pierrot le Fou;" here, the arcane sounds are onomatopoeia that land up as funniness.

ONE of the reasons the wolf scene in "Little Red Riding Hood" isn't as frightening as it could be is that the echo cadences in it make mounting fear assimilable and drain away some of the words' meaning. "The better to see you with. . . . The better to hear you with. . . . The better to *eat* you with." Most adults contemplating taking children to "Young Frankenstein" will wonder whether even a parody of a horror story is going to frighten a small child, but generally this one seems not to, which I believe to be because of the pacifying returns of signal phrases and gags.

"YOUNG FRANKENSTEIN" is like many movies made for grownups in being more engrossing for children than most of the desultory films designed for them. Rather than to "Benji," take them to the revival this week of "Pygmalion," with Leslie Howard and Wendy Hiller. The scene of Eliza's being forcibly bathed is young joy. So is the diction lesson in which Eliza learns to talk elegantly with the help of some marbles in her mouth. She swallows one, and Professor Higgins tells her not to worry because there is a whole boxful more.

—PENELOPE GILLIATT

•

Dr. Hatem Ishaq Hussaini, from the League of Arab States, Washington, D.C., will address the meeting on the subject:

"The Prospects for Peace in the Middle East—An Arab Perspective"

He is an affluent speaker and we are pleased to have him on the 24th.—*Notice from the Foreign Policy Association of Harrisburg, Pa.*

Did all right in oil, probably.

THE RACE TRACK

Forego Goes On

BY far the most important and most welcome event at Belmont Park last week was the victory of Mrs. Martha Gerry's Forego in the Suburban Handicap on Saturday. The big fellow ran as he usually does, beginning slowly, then mowing down the opposition in the stretch, but this time he was going a mile and a half and carrying 134 pounds, giving from sixteen to twenty-six pounds to the six other starters. From its first running, at Sheepshead Bay in 1884, the Suburban had been at a mile and a quarter until this year. I suppose somebody in the New York Racing Association wanted it to be the climax of the Big Three for handicap horses—the others being the Metropolitan, at a mile, and the Brooklyn, at a mile and a quarter—and it was. After Forego swung into the stretch, he had a lively set-to with Arbees Boy, to whom he gave sixteen pounds, but he pulled ahead to win by what the chart called a quarter of a length. It wasn't a fast race—the time by quarters was 0:24⅖, 0:48⅘, 1:13⅖, 1:37⅗, 2:02⅘, 2:27⅘—but it was Forego's best effort this year. Sherrill Ward rates full marks for training him, and so does Gustines, for a well-judged ride. Incidentally, Forego's share of the purse, $66,840, brought his lifetime earnings to $1,037,278; he's the seventeenth thoroughbred to earn a million.

Richard E. Bailey's Dearly Precious started the week at Belmont by stretching her winning streak to five straight, four of them stakes, in the Astoria, making short work of Old Goat, Free Journey, and four other two-year-old fillies. I was surprised that she was even money in the betting, but I was more surprised that a crowd of 24,297 turned out in the rain for the Sunday card.

SCORE one for the East. John Russell, who trains the Phipps horses, shipped Ogden Mills Phipps's Intrepid Hero to the $150,000 Hollywood Derby, and the big bay colt—he's by Forli, who is also the sire of Forego and Forceten, the new star out there—obligingly led from start to finish of the mile and a half on the grass to win by three-quarters of a length. Mrs. Marjorie Lindheimer Everett's Terete was second, and Mrs. Howard Keck's Sibirri third; both were saddled by Charlie Whittingham. Only seven ran. Forceten, winner of the recent $200,000 Swaps Stakes at Hollywood Park, is getting ready for Saratoga; Avatar, winner of the Belmont, who ran sixth in the Swaps, will be out of action until the winter meeting at Santa Anita; Master Derby is having a breather since his defeats in the Omaha Gold Cup and the American Derby; and Diabolo is playing with his volleyball until a race to his liking turns up at Del Mar. Sid Martin, his trainer, racked his brain trying to find something to put in Diabolo's stall to keep him quiet when he has a touch of nerves, and finally hit on a volleyball, which he hung up near the colt's feed pan, like a punching bag. Now, when the spirit moves him, Diabolo knocks the ball around with his nose. Before Desert Vixen retired, she used to keep a couple of goats for company, and they had a volleyball they loved to butt around the barn.

MANY of the trainers hereabouts were in Lexington for the yearling sales at Keeneland early this week, but they will be back in plenty of time to ship to Saratoga Springs for the meeting that opens there next week. The long meeting at Belmont Park will end on Saturday with the Lexington Handicap for three-year-olds at a mile and a quarter. Wrong Horse Harry has no selections. —AUDAX MINOR

•

LONDON (AP)—Angry British poultry farmers hijacked a truckload of French eggs Monday night and smashed 18,000 of them to protest cheap imports they claim are ruining them.

They warned that they will smash any other consignments they can get their hands on, Egg Producers' Association Secretary Keith Pulman said.

The ambush near the southwest port of Plymouth came after militant farmers besieged the docks at Southampton and Plymouth to stop shipments.

At Southampton, 70 farmers defied police orders and drove trucks onto the docks. Souffles broke out, but no arrests were reported.—*South Bend (Ind.) Tribune.*

And, of course, for a souffle there's no egg like a French egg.

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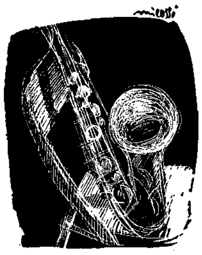
JAZZ

New York Notes



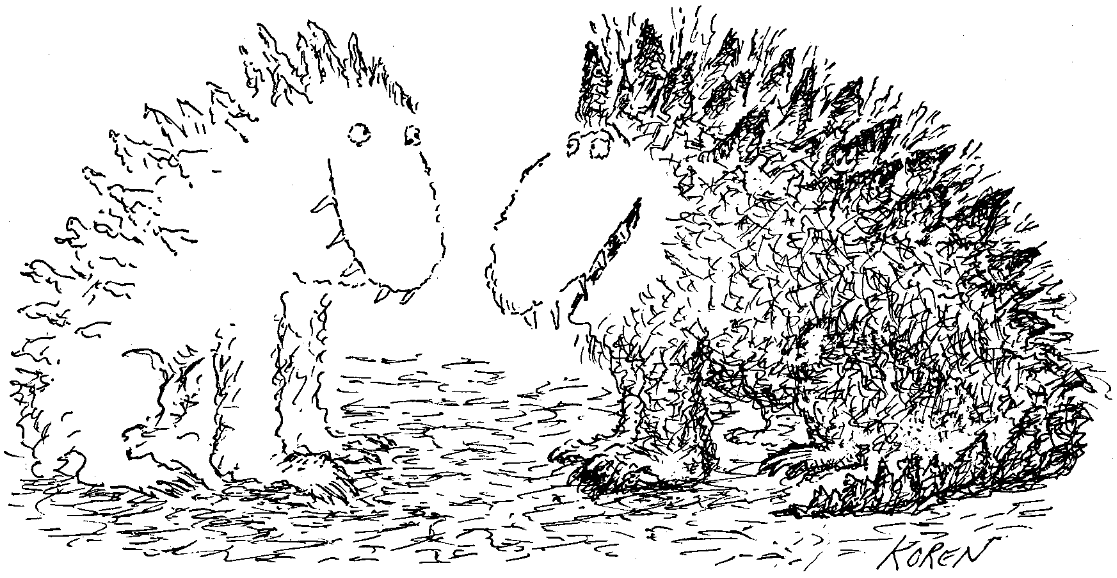
FRIDAY, JUNE 27TH: The first day of the twenty-first Newport Jazz Festival (and the fourth Newport Jazz Festival-New York) consisted of a repeat of the Bix Beiderbecke concert given on April 3rd by the New York Jazz Repertory Company and a jam session by a dozen members of the company's orchestra. These last included Patti Bown and Billy Taylor (piano), Chris White and Lisle Atkinson (bass), Alphonse Mouzon and Freddie Waits (drums), Zoot Sims, Eddie Daniels, and Cecil Payne (saxophone), Jimmy Owens, Chet Baker, Charles Sullivan, and Waymond Reed (trumpet), and Garnett Brown and John Gordon (trombone). The session, held in Carnegie Hall at eleven-thirty tonight, was discursive and showy. Payne and Daniels offered more notes than the ear could hold, and so did Brown and Atkinson, whose solos had a look-at-me ferocity. But there were corrective efforts. The drummers, alternately and in tandem, were often funny, Chet Baker took a graceful, light-boned solo on "Softly as in a Morning Sunrise," and Patti Bown was a mischievous wonder throughout. She is an intense, moon-eyed performer whose constant motions suggest an almost spent top and who is as much at home within the solos of others as she is within her own. Her accompaniment forms a secondary, self-effacing solo—a set of cheering and cautionary notes that push and steer the soloist. Her own improvisations are unique. They are hard-swinging précis of longer, more elaborate statements that she edits in her head. Her single-note passages are short and hustling, and her chordal passages duck in and out of Cecil Taylor's clanging boiler room. In her solo on "Oleo," she managed to suggest a parody of stride piano, limning and applauding its outlines and rhythms without ever quite stating them. She worked so hard, in fact, that she provoked Billy Taylor, who followed her, into the strongest solo I've heard him play in twenty years.

The Beiderbecke celebration, offered earlier in the evening at Carnegie, was widely overpraised its first time around. Two bands, representing the Wolverines and Jean Goldkette, caught much of the gentleness and clarity of his playing, but they ignored the driving, almost demonic quality that countless in-person observers have testified to and that appears in his recording of "Barnacle Bill the Sailor." Jimmy McPartland, John Glasel, Franc Williams, and Warren Vaché handled his solos, in unison or separately, and only Vaché was truly on the mark. He can play Beiderbecke note for note, but he makes the notes sound as if *he* had invented them. There were other unexpected benefits. A young bassist and tubist, Vince Giordano, played Adrian Rollini's formidable bass-saxophone parts in "Since My Best Gal Turned Me Down," "At the Jazz Band Ball," "Goose Pimples," and "Royal Garden Blues" with a marvellous booting looseness, and he also appeared to extraordinary effect in two numbers in which Joe Venuti, Zoot Sims, and Bucky Pizzarelli re-created Venuti's old recording group The Blue Four. This new group, which only indirectly had to do with Beiderbecke, played "China Boy" and a blues, and it had a texture (just about gone in jazz) and drive and joy that were unmatched during the evening. Dill Jones and Marian McPartland wandered through three of Beiderbecke's curious, circular piano pieces, and for half the evening Bill Rank and Speigle Willcox, Goldkette alumni, joined in, with good results. One more cavil: the tempos were much too slow in "Goose Pimples," "Way Down Yonder in New Orleans," and "I'm Comin' Virginia."

JUNE 28TH: Gospel singing is jazz gussied up and dressed in the clothes of the Lamb. Gospel singers use jazz phrasing and rhythms and inflections, and they often use them outrageously. They bend notes almost in two, they growl like bears, they jam six syllables into a single note, and they play hob with the beat. And jazz musicians brought up on church music have returned the compliment by dipping into these marvellous excesses. (Ray Charles is *built* on church music.) But everybody borrows from gospel now, for the music has moved well out into the secular (and white) world in the last couple of decades, and is even performed in night clubs and on days other than Sunday. The gospel program put together by Tony Heilbut for the early Carnegie Hall concert tonight was almost all first-rate. A film that showed us part of Mahalia Jackson's spectacular (and final) Newport performance in 1970 was shot mainly from below, and it had the surrealistic effect of making her head seem truly in the heavens. Two of Mahalia's teachers followed—Sallie Martin, who is seventy-nine and still sings in an enormous, looming contralto, and Thomas A. Dorsey, who is seventy-six and began as an accompanist for Ma Rainey. One of Mahalia's best disciples, Dorothy Love Coates, sang four affecting numbers. But the evening belonged to a sixty-year-old singer named Claude Jeter, who was born in Montgomery, Alabama, and now lives in New York. Jeter is the most astonishing gospel singer—and one of the most astonishing singers—I have ever heard. Most gospel singers resemble white whales, but Jeter is thin and owlish and bespectacled, and he wears close-cropped hair and dark business suits. He could pass the plate easily, but his singing is deceptively housed. Jeter sings mainly in falsetto now—a rich falsetto in the area of a countertenor. His phrasing is startling. He begins a passage quietly and on the beat, pauses a beat, and abruptly shouts the next syllable, bending it half an octave and coating it with a growl that uncannily summons up the great, millennium-announcing days of Cootie Williams. Then, silent and still as a stone, he quickly searches the audience for the effects of such shocking music, and slips softly into his next phrase. His sense of time is ecstatic: it rivals Billie Holiday's, and it explains a great deal about Ray Charles'. He sang the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" slowly, and after he had broken his rending cries over us again and again, the possessed were on their feet and shouting, and the hall was rocking. And his two other numbers were equally commanding. The remainder of the evening was given over to the J. C. White Singers, who have helped Max Roach with some of his onstage sociological treatises; a good quartet, the Sensational Nightingales; and Marion Williams, who began with the late Clara Ward. Marion Williams has mastered every gospel cliché and she delivers them in sugar-coated combinations.

Mr. Suave (Benny Carter) and Mrs. Sexy (Maria Muldaur) gave the second concert at Carnegie tonight. They appeared for the first time in New York late last fall, and caused agitated talk on both sides of the popular-music fence. What was Muldaur, a thirty-two-year-old pop-rock-country singer, doing with a *jazz* band, and what was Carter, a sixty-seven-year-old monument of the music, doing accompanying Muldaur? Carter says Muldaur has tremendous potential, and Muldaur says she loves working with Pop Carter, no matter what his age. (Actually, Carter is carrying forward a minor and honorable tradition in jazz. Countless first-rate jazzmen have helped of-the-moment singers by playing behind them and have gone unscathed.) Carter began the concert by leading a ten-piece New York pickup band that included Danny Stiles, Hank Jones, Frank Wess, Bucky Pizzarelli, and Grady Tate through four instrumentals. "Doozie" had fine solos by Stiles and Pizzarelli, who, in his two choruses, unexpectedly brought Charlie Christian sailing into life. Hank Jones offered a slow, tintinnabulous "The Very Thought of You," and Carter played luxurious versions of "Green Dolphin Street" and "The Shadow of Your Smile." None of his primness was evident, and his celebrated style—the stepping, descending patterns, the bowing melodic figures, the cool sense of time—moved past with a new ease and grace. (He has been locked up in the California studios for decades, and it is only in the past year or two that he has been able to play enough to get his chops back in shape. When he appeared at one of the Radio City Music Hall jam sessions during the Festival's first year in New York, he was reportedly terrified. An equally well-known contemporary who was present said Carter even made him nervous. So much for the myth of the unfailing confidence of the masterly.)

Muldaur gave the second half of the concert. She came onstage with her ringlets and small, pretty child's face and began scaling an unending series of bumps out into the hall. One's immediate reaction was that she should be spanked and sent to bed. But she's too old for that, and too old for the way she sings. She has a light voice, a cork voice, and an intuitive, little-girl way of phrasing. One hears Mildred Bailey, and once in a while there is an attractive cracked quality in her voice, but the rest is raggedy and waifish. She puts on a good visual show, though, and it was painless to watch her bump and wiggle through "Lover Man" and "Squeeze Me" and "Gee Baby Ain't I Good to You" and "It Don't Mean a Thing if It Ain't Got That Swing." But it was far better to train the radar on Carter's arrangements behind her. Their sumptuous harmonies and marvellous roomy saxophone figures were beautiful.



"Would you scratch my back?"

June 30th: Not much has happened during the past two days. Yesterday, four members of Bob Crosby's Bobcats were reunited on several ferryboat rides up the Hudson, and during the evening, at Carnegie Hall, the big bands of Buddy Rich and Harry James formed booming parentheses around the Ruby Braff-George Barnes quartet. The four old Bobcats were brother Bob, Yank Lawson, Eddie Miller, and Bob Haggart, and the four supporting non-Bobcats were Chuck Folds (piano), Johnny Mince (clarinet), George Masso (trombone), and Ron Traxler (drums). Miller has spent little time in the East. He is a missing link who belongs somewhere between Lester Young and Bud Freeman. He has Young's balsa tone and Freeman's homemade rhythmic attack. But his ballads are singular. He got off two during the one-o'clock boat ride—"Sophisticated Lady" and "Dream"—and they were crooning marvels. He keeps his vibrato down, he hugs the melody, and he moves steadily along just this side of bathos. One slip and we would have been blubbering.

Buddy Rich opened the concert last night with eight blasters and a heavy, subaqueous drum solo, and it was closed by Harry James, who, in the evening of his career, is turning into a wild, crazy-kid trumpet player. His solos on several blues had a drive and nerviness and swagger one used to hear in a seventeen-year-old third trumpeter who had just come on the band. The Braff-Barnes quartet is a complex of high invention, precision, and big egos, and when it is in balance there is no better group in jazz. But the mechanism was off tonight. Braff was down (his runs didn't jell and his timing seemed slack), and Barnes was up (his seesaw rhythms were in abeyance and his melodic lines were relaxed and spacious). But the group easily took the evening.

Tonight, we were offered four organists at Carnegie (Don Lewis, Jack McDuff, Rhoda Scott, Larry Young) and two bands at the Roseland Ballroom. The organ concert was a commercial for the Hammond Organ people, who subsidized it, and the dance was part concert, part dance. The concert was given by Miyami and his New Herd, a big, billowing, derivative Japanese band that played both American standards and Japanese folk material. An explanatory narrative was read before each number, which was like returning your neighbor's lawnmower with a note telling him how to work it. Count Basie, surrounded by his customary glistening bottleworks, provided the excellent dance music.

July 1st: The Festival went into gear today, and we had, as we will have through Saturday, two concerts at seven-thirty and two at eleven-thirty. The first concert at Avery Fisher was the annual celebration of American popular song, and it went askew during the beginning set, or what there was of it. Zoot Sims and Jim Hall were scheduled to play George Gershwin, and they did get through "Embraceable You," "Someone to Watch Over Me," and "The Man I Love." Then, having taken up their allotted twenty minutes, they obeyed orders and left the stage. It was the waiter removing your mousse when your head is turned. The two men are strikingly sympathetic musically, and their mutual aesthetic composure had just begun to show in "The Man I Love." It is one of those songs whose structure and harmonic pattern resist improvisation, but Hall and Sims reshaped it and reshaped it again, and the results were superb. The audience was already leaning into their next number, a sure masterpiece—and they were gone. The misdeed was unwittingly compounded by Cy Coleman, who cheerfully played and sang twice as many numbers, and by Helen Humes, who delivered six Fats Wallers and a blues sweetly and well. Johnny Hartman, struggling with his intonation, celebrated Duke Ellington by singing two Ellingtons, one Billy Strayhorn, one Kurt Weill, a blues, and "On a Clear Day." Chet Baker, in company with a five-piece group, played three Rodgers and Hart songs in an overly jazzy way. But Margaret Whiting, serene and statuesque, brought the proceedings to a proper and even lyrical close with more than half a dozen Harold Arlen songs. She is a very good singer—a straight, knowledgeable, lilting singer—and she paid Arlen graceful homage.

The second concert at Avery Fisher was taken up entirely by Miles Davis, and there was little that was new in his first number and set, which lasted close to an hour. Davis went electric years ago, and he was surrounded onstage by amplifiers and electronic instruments. He played several solos, muted and open, electrified and not, and everything was as of old—the clams, the yearning tone, the highly melodic, free-time passages, the seeming disjointedness, and the incessant effort to get through to whatever it is musically that he has been trying to get through to for the past twenty years. By the time I arrived at Carnegie to hear the solo pianists, Harold Mabern, Bernard Peiffer, and Barry Harris had slipped by and Dorothy Donegan, got up in a tight silver lamé gown that gave her a striped-bass effect, was giving "Tea for Two" what for. She was followed by Roland Hanna, Cedar Walton, John Lewis, and Eubie Blake, all of whom were strangely afflicted by concertitis.

Thunder from the musical left: The *Times* reported this morning that the avant-gardists are running a mini-festival downtown and that they are disgruntled about the Festival. Juma Sultan, a percussionist, is quoted: "In our view, Newport has never been a jazz festival. It has never shown an interest in presenting a true cross-section of the music, but has been concentrated on the popular and established musicians, excluding the community." The Festival this year appears to be conservative, but every imaginable type of jazz has been heard during its four years in New York. The new-thing jazz Sultan is pushing has never gained much of an audience (it bombed thoroughly at the Festival in 1973), and neglect has become its tradition. Barely a music, it is hard, humorless, uncompromising, and sociological, and much exposure would destroy it.

JULY 2ND: Sultan should cherish his music's isolation and perseverance. It has not, as is often the case with musical avant-gardes, withered away or degenerated into straight pop. Look at Chuck Mangione and Gato Barbieri, who split the early concert at Avery Fisher tonight. Both have had vague avant-garde reputations, but now they've become the Glenn Miller and Artie Shaw of the present. Mangione wears funny clothes—a red felt hat, a short shirt that reveals his belly button, and leather pants—and he plays trumpet, flugelhorn, and electric piano. He writes attractive, moony melodies, and plays them in a lush, moony way. Barbieri, an Argentine tenor saxophonist, wears funny clothes, too: a white suit and a black, wide-brimmed gangster hat. He uses a continually rasping tone and long-held, slowly revolving notes, and once in a while he peppers his music with chants or gaucho shouts.

Stan Getz and various associates, past and present, gave the late concert at Avery Fisher. Charlie Byrd, on acoustical guitar, set down four numbers, the best of them a graceful "Top Hat, White Tie, and Tails" and a shining, sailing "Undecided." Jimmy Rowles, preserved in his own amber, played three slow ruminations ("Poor Butterfly," "Prelude to a Kiss," and "My Buddy"), in which each note had trouble getting free of the preceding one, and was joined by Getz for three slightly jauntier efforts. Gary Burton, equipped with four mallets and his shimmering vibraharp, erect-

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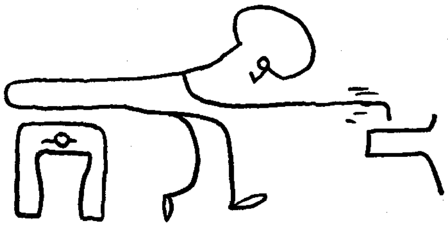
ed twin towers of sound, which were full of aluminum chords, brilliant circular phrases, and washing, ad-lib rhythms. Their motion was perpendicular, and they never stopped glistening. Getz reappeared, and he and Burton played a couple of hands of "Here's That Rainy Day." Getz brought on his present group (Al Dailey on piano, Clint Houston on bass, Billy Hart on drums) for two numbers, and then Heloisa Gilberto, the new wife of João Gilberto, did a Gilberto and "Joost Wan ov Dose Tings." Mabel Mercer, battling Getz's somewhat strident obbligatos, sang four perfect numbers. The masters of ceremonies were Marian McPartland and Alec Wilder, who, seated at a table at stage right, looked as if they were stuck in the library on a lovely Saturday afternoon.

JULY 3RD: Pedalling backward, the day went like this: Cleo Laine and Johnny Dankworth gave the late concert at Avery Fisher. Dankworth, who would have made a good second alto saxophonist with Alvino Rey, played eight numbers with a New York pick-up band (Danny Stiles, Frank Wess, Jimmy Nottingham, etc.) and then accompanied Cleo Laine, who opened her sample box and offered us E. E. Cummings, Spike Milligan, Shakespeare, Bessie Smith, "My Bill," a blues, and "On a Clear Day." A quartet named Oregon started the early concert at Avery Fisher, and its members took turns on guitar, piano, trumpet, sitar, tabla, violin, French and English horn, oboe, conga drums, bass, triangle, flute, and bass clarinet. Their music is Western "classical" streaked with East Indian music. They were followed by Keith Jarrett, who played four of his magical, rolling gospel-and-blues numbers. First, as is his wont, he stood, then he crouched, and finally he sat down like this:



Thelonious Monk, for so long seemingly imperishable, has been in semi-retirement, but he brought on a quartet made up of Paul Jeffrey on tenor saxophone, Larry Ridley on bass, and Thelonious, Jr., on drums. Monk himself has worn away, and so has his playing. He is thin and gray, and he sounded as he did thirty-five years ago. All the eccentricities have vanished, leaving a straight, modern-sounding chord-based pianist. Gone are the stringy runs, the spasmodic rhythms, the splayed chords, and the nervous humor. It was almost as if Monk were telling us that he had been putting us on all these years and that he had finally tired of the joke. Jeffrey was surprisingly eloquent and forceful.

The day started with a bang. Zoot Sims appeared with a quintet at the last of the free noonday concerts that have been given this week on the northwest corner of Sixth Avenue and Fifty-first Street. The group included a revivified Jimmy Rowles, the trumpeter Marky Markowitz, the bassist Major Holley, and Mike DiPasqua on drums. Sims was buoyant, and so was Markowitz, an old big-band trumpeter who plays with a steady, graceful assurance and frequent nods in the direction of Rex Stewart and Roy Eldridge. It was a funny place for a jazz concert, perched amid the traffic and brouhaha, but the limited space was full and the music was transcendent.

JULY 4TH: On the occasion of the hundred-and-ninety-ninth anniversary of Independence, George Wein decided to open his own Hall of Fame, and here are the first lucky entrants: Bobby Hackett, Jabbo Smith, Barney Bigard, Vic Dickenson, Joe Venuti, Red Norvo, Teddy Wilson, Earl Hines, Milt Hinton, and Jo Jones. All were at Avery Fisher to play the early concert, and all were presented with plaques by John Hammond, who in turn was presented with one by George Wein. Two dozen numbers were played, and the proceedings, unlike most all-star ragbags, were orderly, intelligent, and frequently sterling. Of particular note: a 1942 film clip of the Ellington band, in which "C Jam Blues" was played by Ray Nance, Rex Stewart, Barney Bigard, Tricky Sam Nanton, Ben Webster, and Sonny Greer, the last of whom got off a marvellous racketing solo; a clip from the 1957 "Sound of Jazz" television show, in which a band made up of Stewart and Red Allen, Pee Wee Russell, Vic Dickenson, Coleman Hawkins, Milt Hinton, and Jo Jones played "Rosetta." Back to live action: two Dickenson solos on his own "I'll Cry" and "Constantly;" beautiful Norvo versions of "I Surrender Dear" and "Tea for Two" (Norvo, stationed off to one side of the stage, said later he felt as if he were playing in a side-car); Earl Hines doing his own "Monday Date" and "Blues in Thirds;"

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three superior Teddy Wilson solos, with handsome Jones brushwork; a willowy Bobby Hackett "Body and Soul," with superlative accompanying Jones high-hat (old man Jo was in superb form all evening); a stomping, burning Joe Venuti "Sweet Georgia Brown;" and a witty duet by Hinton and Jones. Unfortunately, Jabbo Smith didn't play. He appeared onstage during an ensemble and made the motions, but nothing came out. He was reportedly overcome with emotion. Never mind; better to leave undisturbed those dazzling and unique solos he recorded in the late twenties and early thirties.

Over to Carnegie Hall at eleven-thirty to catch Sylvia Syms, who was jammed into a Lionel Hampton parade. She was accompanied by Mike Abene on piano, Randy Brecker on trumpet, Jay Leonhart on bass, and Panama Francis on drums, and the best of her six songs were her anthems, "As Long As I Live" and "More Than You Know." Then back to Avery Fisher to see if Sonny Rollins would shake off the queer paralysis that stage appearances seem to induce in him. He didn't. He played very little during his six numbers, and he used a husky Gato Barbieri tone and an odd mode of repeated notes and phrases. When the audience applauded, he rocked back and forth near the microphone and uttered strings of "Thankyouthankyouthankyou." But Rollins' idiosyncracies have never fooled anyone; he remains the wizard of living saxophonists.

JULY 5TH: There will be three more Hudson River ferryboat rides tomorrow and a big soul-soap bash out at Nassau Coliseum. So, to all intents and purposes, today is the last day of the Festival. The seven-thirty Avery Fisher concert began with a dark horse named Tania Maria. She is a small-faced, strongly built Brazilian singer and pianist, and she was accompanied by Helio on bass and Boto on drums. She sings in Portuguese, and none of her five songs were familiar, but it didn't matter. She has an urgent, precise hammering voice, and her singing is unbelievably close. There are no spaces, no chinks, no chances for her phrases to stand back and be admired. Her piano playing moves parallel to her singing and then fuses with it when she scat-sings. Where did this marvellous, fiery jazz come from? One hears in it suggestions of Carmen McRae and Ella Fitzgerald and Anita O'Day, but little else. Were the Brazilians singing and playing such music a hundred years ago? Did jazz really come up the Amazon?

After Tania Maria, I went over to Carnegie to catch Woody Herman's current Thundering Herd. It was like all the Thundering Herds he's had in the last fifteen years—young (three members had just been plucked from that extraordinary musical orchard, North Texas State), strident, forceful, and good. Stan Kenton occupied the second half of the program. Vast and tired and grandeur-ridden, he sat through most of the set while his boys Wagnered their way through vaporous versions of "My Funny Valentine" and "All The Things You Are," a show-off blues, and some Latin edifices built around Candido, the rubbery conga drummer. The second concert at Carnegie started with Bill Watrous and his Manhattan Wildlife Refuge, and during the four numbers I heard Watrous demonstrated again that he is doomed for the rest of his life to try and domesticate a virtuosity that enables him to do anything on the trombone that comes into his mind and do it perfectly.

Sarah Vaughan was in residence at Avery Fisher for the late show, and during her second half she joked with Percy Heath, her bassist for the night, sang "Moonlight in Vermont" and "Poor Butterfly" and "Mean to Me" and a dozen other songs, rocketed time and again from her lowest register to her highest and from her highest to her lowest, gave lesson after lesson in melodic calligraphy, swallowed whole sets of lyrics alive, and stamped the word "rococo" on every one of our foreheads.

Earlier in the day, James T. Maher, the distinguished observer of American music, said that he was weary of the prolixity and density of so much contemporary jazz. It was becoming Brahmsian, and it reminded him of years ago, when, suddenly tiring of listening to symphonic music, he had turned with relief and pleasure to chamber music, where he could breathe again. He said that much the same thing had happened at the Hall of Fame concert. He also wondered where the plethora of notes jazz musicians play these days end up and whether the space there is unlimited.

JULY 8TH: George Wein sang his annual postprandial blues in the *Times* today. Of the thirty-one events presented during the Festival, five sold out and six had houses ninety-per-cent full. The rest fell below seventy-five

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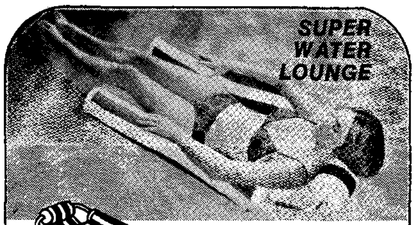

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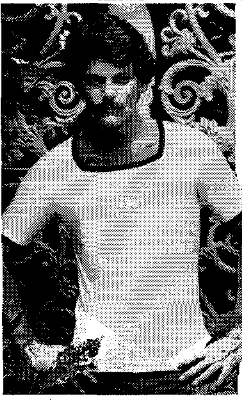

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per cent, which Wein considers his break-even figure. (Wein did not point out that half a dozen concerts were protected by various fundings.) As a result, he said, he will probably cut down the number of concerts next year, thus eliminating, one hopes, such non-crowd-drawing dross as the organ concert, Dave Brubeck, Stanley Turrentine, Jon Lucien, Ramsey Lewis, and Bobbi Humphrey. But the Festival has been shrinking since its second year in New York (it is impossible to believe that he had *two* concerts in Yankee Stadium in 1972), and he will most likely return to the format that worked so well for so long at Newport—seven concerts spread over four days. The *Times* did not mention two improvements in the Festival—the almost complete disappearance of m.c.s and the streamlining of the concerts themselves. Many presented only two attractions, and many lasted under three hours. There is a classic directness about life in New York, and perhaps Wein's Back Bay romanticism is at last bowing to it.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

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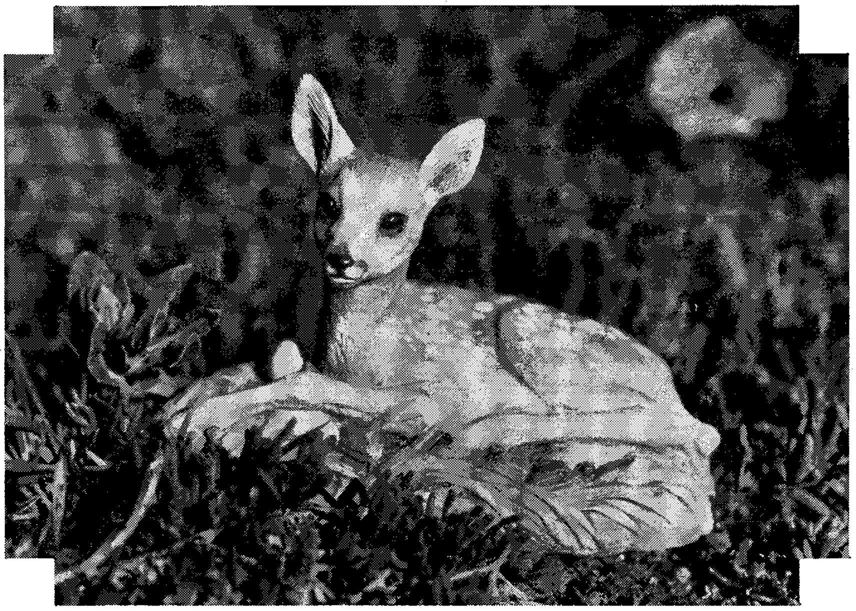

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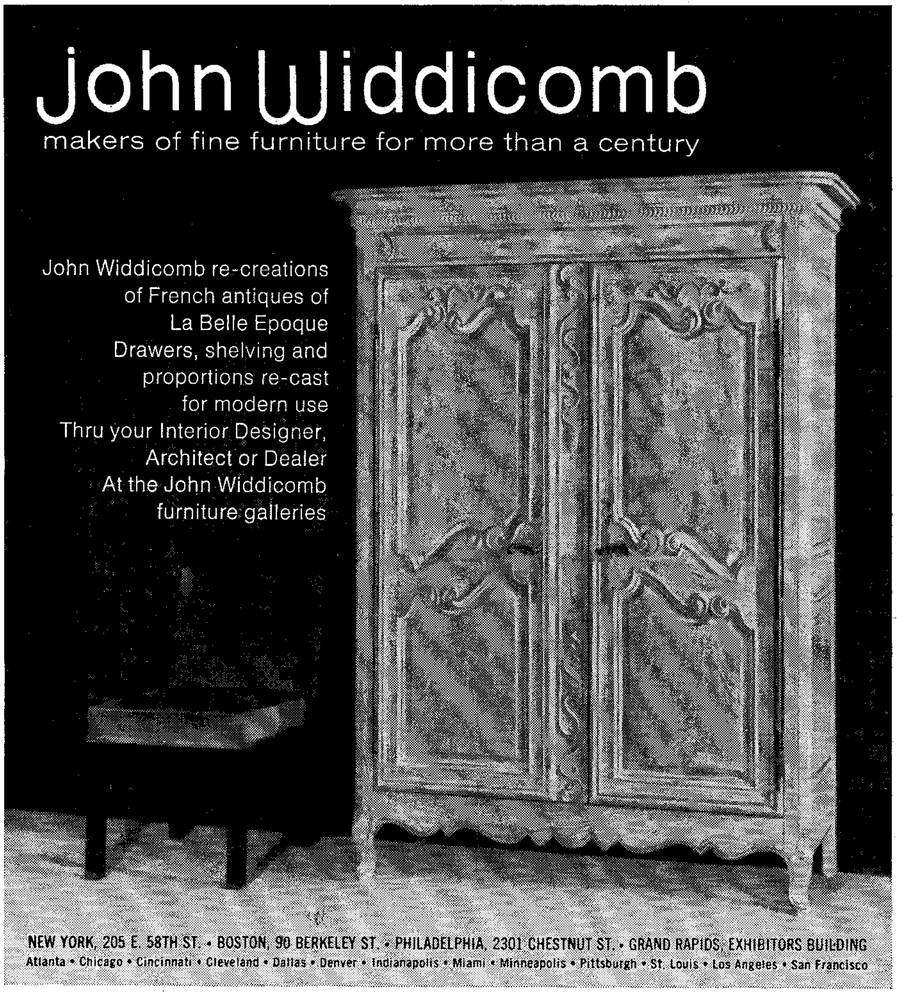

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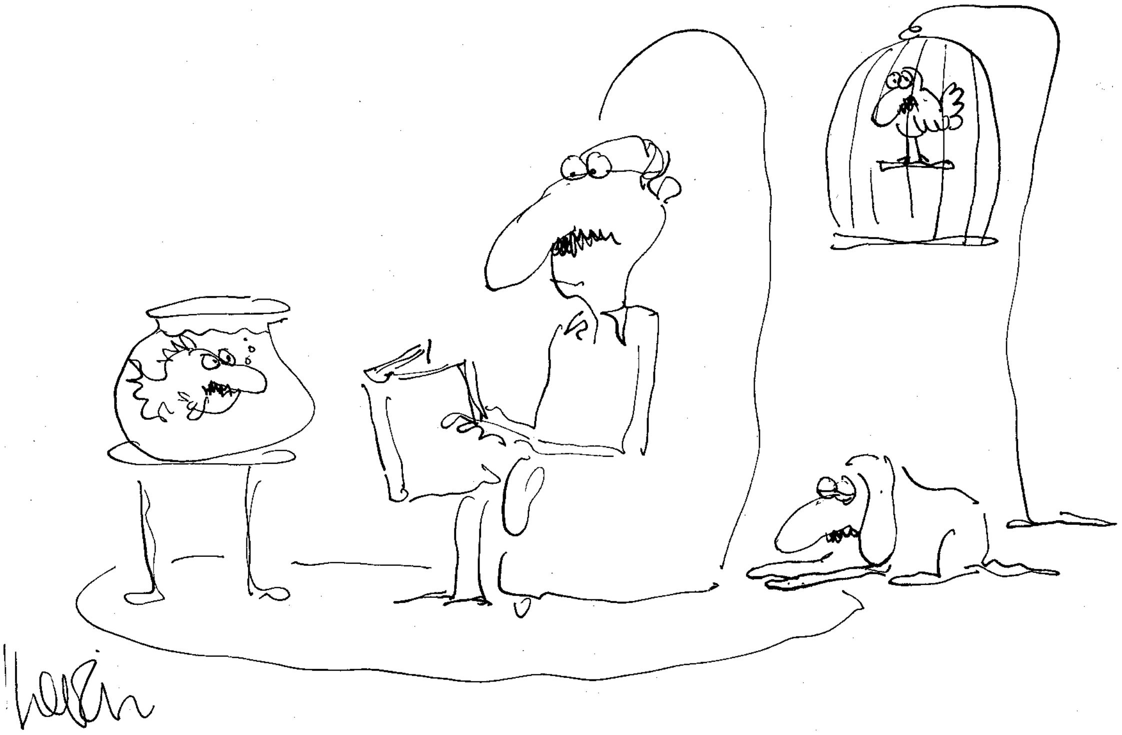
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

JULY 18

UNTIL recently, there was much talk here about the imminence of renewed armed hostilities between North and South Korea, and the inevitable involvement of the more than forty thousand American troops committed to the defense of the Seoul regime. Now, however, we have it on the authority of Secretary of Defense James Schlesinger that "the possibilities of [war in Korea] have receded in recent weeks," and also that they were "basically low" when he and others were saying otherwise. Schlesinger's present estimate is, of course, predicated on the assumption that war could come only as a result of an attempt at "unification" by the Communist government in Pyongyang, and that such an effort would not be undertaken without encouragement and support from Moscow. Most informed and disinterested observers believe that such support is at present unlikely. They cite the fact that shortly before the twenty-fifth anniversary of the outbreak of the war that came to a negotiated end in 1953, the official Soviet newspaper *Izvestia* called for unification by "peaceful, democratic" means—accompanied, to be sure, by a demand for the withdrawal of American troops. There is, however, the possibility that North Korea might go ahead without support from the Russians. Its President, Kim Il Sung, has lately shown signs of independence by visiting Yugoslavia and Rumania—Communist nations that have declined to accept Soviet leadership—and he might reason that he is as capable of acting on his own as Ho Chi Minh and his successors were in North Vietnam. Also, there is the possibility that war could be started, or at least provoked, by South Korea, whose President, Park Chung Hee, has been using rhetoric fully as bellicose as that of Kim. The leaders in Seoul might very well read the Vietnamese experience as indicating that American opinion will eventually force a withdrawal from their country, and they might therefore wish to involve us while our troops are still there in strength.

At any rate, our commitment at present is a firm one. In 1954, we concluded a mutual-defense treaty with South Korea; it has no termination date but can be cancelled on a year's notice. The Secretary of State seems satisfied with it and has said that "we are resolved to maintain the peace and security of the Korean Peninsula," and that "we will assist South Korea to strengthen her economy and defense." Schlesinger recently cited Korea as a place where we might "conceivably" employ nuclear weapons. The rationale for this, as stated by Kissinger, is that South Korea's security "is of crucial importance to Japan and all of Asia." Presumably "all of Asia" was thrown in for good measure; it is rather hard to see how China or India would be much affected by a change of government in Seoul. As for Japan, it has long been an article of faith among American policymakers that Korea is "a dagger pointed at the heart" of that country. Several decades ago, this may have had a certain validity. If a government hostile to Japan had occupied Korea, the peninsula would have been an excellent forward base for an assault, especially an amphibious one. But China and the Soviet Union are the only powers that could pose a threat to Japan now, and since both have military facilities of their own in the Pacific, they would need no part of Korea, particularly in an air war. (We managed to get at Japan quite handily in the Second World War, when Korea was a Japanese colony.) It would no doubt be economically inconvenient to Japan, as it would be to this country, if South Korea went Communist; numerous Japanese and American corporations are established there, and Japanese electronics firms have subcontracted much of their work to South Korean factories. But we have never acknowledged basing a military presence on the need to protect industrial interests; we do it in the name of national interest.

It tends now to be forgotten that the Kissinger view of the matter developed only after the war had been fought. Before that, we perceived no direct connection between Korean security and our own. And Dean Acheson, the Secretary of State in 1950, was held by many to have triggered the war by saying as much. On January 12, 1950, in a speech at the National Press Club, Acheson said that our "defensive perimeter runs along the Aleutians to Japan and then goes to the Ryukyus. . . . [It] runs from the Ryukyus to the Philippine Islands. . . . So far as the military security of other areas in the Pacific is concerned, it must be clear that no person can guarantee [them] against military attack." It was maintained at the time that Acheson's public announcement of Korea's exclusion from our sphere of interest led the Communists of the North to launch their attack. Perhaps his statement played a part, but to hold Acheson alone responsible for this policy was pure partisan politics. Almost a year before he spoke, General Douglas MacArthur, then Supreme Commander of the Allied Occupation forces in Japan, told G. Ward Price, a British journalist, "Our line of de-



fense runs through the chain of islands fringing the coast of Asia. It starts from the Philippines and continues through the Ryukyu Archipelago, which includes its main bastion, Okinawa. Then it bends back through Japan and the Aleutian Island chain to Alaska. Though the advance of the Red Armies in China places them on the flank of that position, this does not alter the fact that our only possible adversary on the Asiatic continent [presumably the Soviet Union] does not possess an industrial base near enough to supply an amphibious attacking force." Later in 1949, MacArthur said substantially the same thing to William R. Mathews, of the Arizona *Daily Star*. In those days, not only Korea but Taiwan (then Formosa) was outside the system.

In the official rationale for our intervention in Korea in 1950, nothing was said about Japan's national security or our own. Perhaps the clearest statement of the case was a message from President Truman to MacArthur explaining our war aims as Truman saw them. Because it was sent in code, the original was never made public, but a paraphrase was read by General George C. Marshall at the Senate hearings held in 1951 after Truman had relieved MacArthur of his several commands. The principal aim, according to the Marshall version of the document, was to "demonstrate that aggression will not be accepted by us or by the United Nations." Another was to "bring the United Nations through its first great effort in collective security." There were several corollaries, but resistance to armed aggression and the establishment of the principle of collective security—both reflecting concerns of the nations that had recently engaged in wars against Germany and Japan—were uppermost, and it was in these terms that public support for the war was sought. (Had the American people then been told that we were fighting in Korea to defend Japan, opposition to the war, later to become intense, would probably have reached the proportions of the opposition to the recent conflict in Vietnam; it is surely a measure of enormous changes in attitude that Kissinger can now make Japan's security part of the American national interest.) And it was Truman's view of our purposes in Korea that made it possible for those who backed him to claim, when a truce was finally agreed upon, that the enterprise had been successful and that a victory of sorts had been achieved. Aggression *had* been repelled, and the United Nations—or

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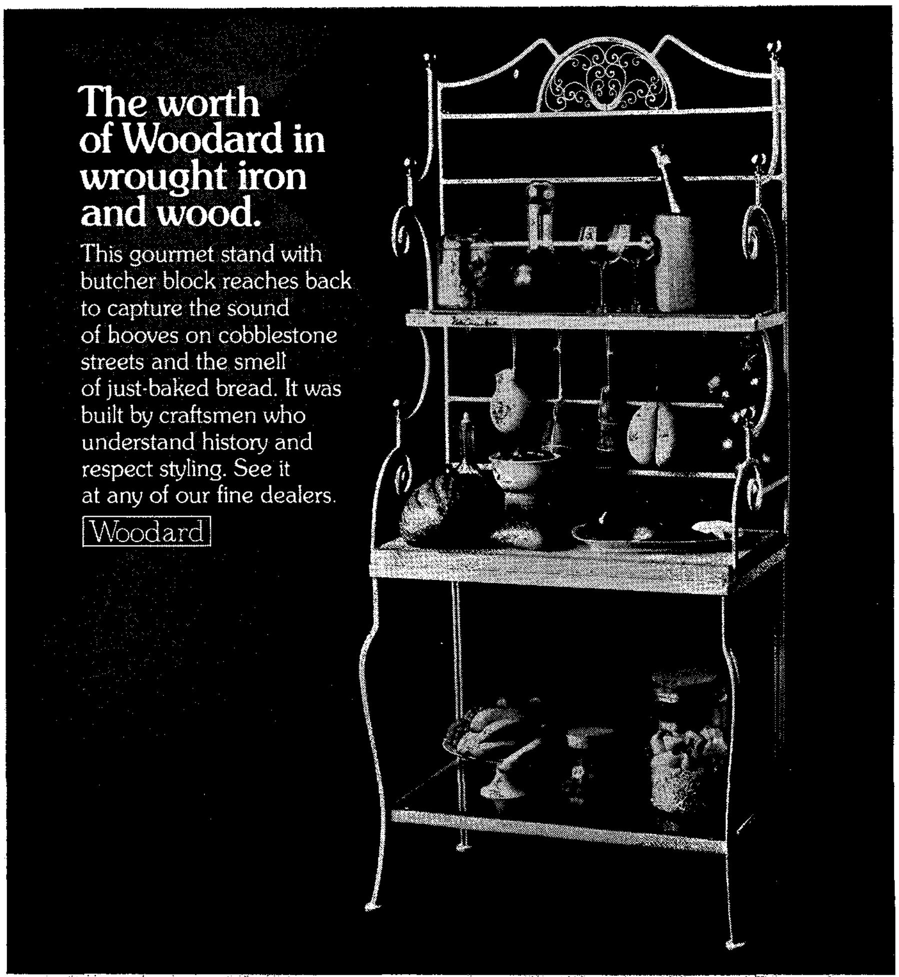

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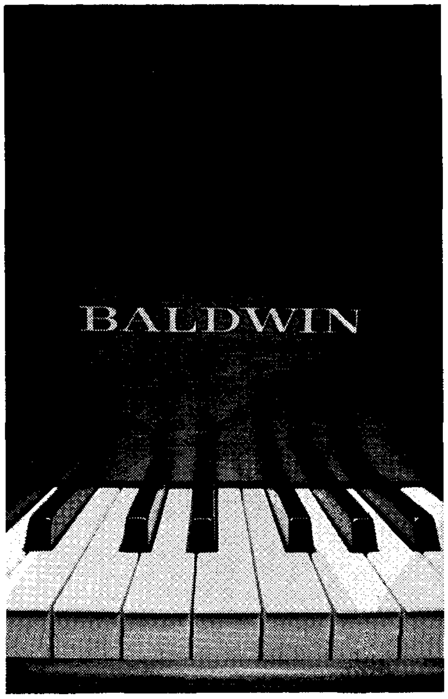
at least sixteen of its members—*had* fought under a unified command. Though the collective aspect of the war was largely illusory—the command was American, under a United Nations flag, and the contingents from other countries were minuscule in comparison to ours—it may well be that our intervention twenty-five years ago did deter some potential aggressors.

It is curious that in all the debates of recent years over Vietnam and American foreign policy in general, Korea and the war fought there were rarely mentioned. Perhaps the major reason for this was that the stated aims and the auspices were quite different. But it is difficult to look back at that war and not see resemblances and connections to the later one in Indo-China. Both were wars in divided countries and against Asian Communist regimes. In both cases, we intervened in wars that were fundamentally civil in nature; no doubt the anti-Communist regime in South Korea had more popular support than its counterpart in South Vietnam, but Koreans, once united in opposition to their Japanese masters, were fighting Koreans over different forms of government. Also, from an American perspective, our Korean intervention led to the militarization of our foreign policy. After our victories in Europe and Asia in 1945, we had demobilized swiftly and extensively—bringing, for example, the Army from its 1945 high of more than eight million down to somewhat less than six hundred thousand in 1950. More important, what could be described as our success in Korea nourished the illusion that we could solve political and social problems by military means. Because our troops had preserved the political status quo in Korea, we assumed that they could do the same in Vietnam. Had Korea been the particular kind of disaster that Vietnam turned out to be, we would surely have been spared that second war, and our foreign policy would probably have developed in very different ways.

Another reason for the failure of our leaders to make the connections between the two wars is the fact that many of the men who in time came to criticize and oppose the later intervention bore varying degrees of responsibility for the earlier one. Early last May, a number of the survivors of the period attended a conference on the war in Korea held in Kansas City, Missouri, under the sponsorship of the Harry S. Truman Library, in nearby Independence. They included several men who had been close to President Truman in the early nineteen-fifties and who in the nineteen-sixties and seventies were influential critics of our policy in Vietnam. Among them were two former members of the Joint Chiefs of Staff—J. Lawton Collins and Matthew Ridgway—and such civilian leaders as W. Averell Harriman and Clark Clifford. Also present were a number of young historians. There was general agreement on the folly of Vietnam, but most of the younger men saw that intervention as an application of the anti-Communist foreign policy this country has pursued for three decades, while the older ones saw it not as an application of anything but as an aberration. These men were vehement in their assaults on the Johnson and Nixon policies but very defensive of the Truman ones—Clifford, who played so admirable a role in starting deëscalation in Vietnam, went so far as to say at one point that Truman's decisions were all "exquisitely right." Asked what was strategically sound about Korea and unsound about Vietnam, the generals used the dagger metaphor and the Kissinger thesis about Japan's security. They also cited, as criticism of our intervention in Vietnam, the old Army doctrine about the unwisdom of putting American troops on the mainland of Asia. Asked whether Korea wasn't as much a part of the mainland as Vietnam, they responded that Korea was a peninsula, while Vietnam was only half a peninsula. Speaking of Vietnam, General Collins said, "We've learned that you can't fight an idea with military force." Asked if we had not been fighting an "idea" in Korea, he said that we fought the enemy there as "aggressors," not as ideologists, and he made no reply when asked if he thought we would have defended the Communist North if it had been invaded by the anti-Communist South. It was a depressing display of how some of even the most admirable of public servants can become so bound by their pasts that they are unable to entertain the possibility that their beliefs and actions of twenty-five years ago should be reappraised in the light of what has happened since.

The war in Korea was fought in a period when most Western governments saw the Communist bloc as a monolith, with its capital at Moscow. The then current belief that ideology was more powerful than nationalism in holding people together was doubtless naïve—by 1950 there was already the example of Communist independence



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shown by Tito's Yugoslavia—but the monolithic view still prevailed, and there were few prophets of what later came to be known as "polycentrism." Had President Truman and his advisers known what their successors came to know—that Moscow's reach goes little farther than the borders of the Soviet Union and its contiguous satellites—they might have reasoned that the American future and the future of democracy would not be much affected if Korea was unified by either Pyongyang or Seoul. In retrospect, that seems reasonably clear; none of the older Establishment figures at the Kansas City conference was able to make even a suggestion as to how the present state of the world would be different if this country had stayed out of the war in Korea. Korea itself would have been changed—the Communists very likely would have won—but one doubts if even President Ford and Henry Kissinger believe that the lot of the South Korean people would be any worse than it now is. South Korea is—as, indeed, it was when we intervened in 1950—a police state of the most onerous sort. It has a Central Intelligence Agency, modelled on our own, that apparently has even more autonomy than ours; the United States Department of Justice is currently investigating claims that the agency's operatives have been intimidating dissident South Koreans resident in this country and trying to silence them with threats against their families at home. Many people here doubt whether South Korea today could put up the kind of resistance it did in 1950, when the claim that the North Koreans were puppets of a foreign power seemed to have a certain legitimacy.

No one here has publicly urged taking advantage of the one-year clause for termination or renegotiation of the 1954 treaty, and the Administration would no doubt resist and oppose any such suggestion. But among some people the case for renegotiation and withdrawal of our troops has as much merit as did the case for disengaging in Vietnam. If the South Koreans, after twenty-five years of American military and economic aid, are still unable to defend themselves, these people reason, it is fair to assume that they don't think their society worth defending.

—RICHARD H. ROVERE

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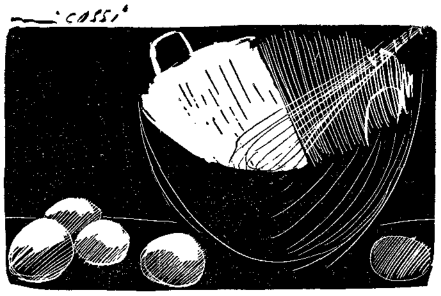
THE SPORTING SCENE

WEST OF CHICAGO AND NORTH OF MECCA

LAST month, when Lou Graham edged out John Mahaffey in their playoff at the Medinah Country Club, in Medinah, Illinois, it marked the first time in twenty-six years that the United States Open Championship had been played in the Chicago area. This was such a long interval that there were only two golfers in this year's field who had competed in the earlier event, the 1949 Open, which was also held on Medinah's No. 3 Course. One was Bill Campbell, the fine amateur from West Virginia, and the other, of course, was that elegant confounder of athletic longevity Sam Snead, now sixty-three, who was joint runner-up to Cary Middlecoff in 1949. (Neither Campbell nor Snead made the thirty-six-hole cut this June.) Since Chicago is one of our most vital golf centers—at present the Chicago District Golf Association is composed of a hundred and forty member clubs, spread throughout Illinois and adjacent parts of Indiana, Wisconsin, Michigan, and Iowa—one wonders why a quarter of a century was allowed to slip by without having the Open there. It is hard to arrive at a clear explanation, because the various organizations involved do not always agree on the basic facts, let alone the shadowy circumstances surrounding them. As nearly as most people in golf have been able to ascertain, however, matters began to get complicated when the Western Golf Association announced that, starting in 1962, it would hold the annual Western Open—for many years second only to the U.S. Open in importance among American tournaments—at some course in or around Chicago. The W.G.A., founded in 1899, only five years after the United States Golf Association, has always made its headquarters in the Chicago area and staged the bulk of its tournaments in Illinois and the other North Central states, but it has historically regarded just about the whole length and breadth of the country as its purview, and has put on the Western Open in such scattered oases as Buffalo, Los Angeles, Houston, Pittsburgh, and Phoenix. After its decision to make Chicago the regular home of the Western Open, the W.G.A., according to some sources, let it be known that it believed that Chicago could support only one large tournament a year and that the U.S.G.A. should be considerate enough to stay out of its territory. For its part, the U.S.G.A. went on record to the effect that it reserved the right to hold the U.S. Open in or near Chicago if it so wished. This is where matters rested for a while.

In the winter of 1972, the situation suddenly changed. As a rule, the U.S.G.A. does not approach a club and ask if it would like to hold a national championship on its course. Rather, it waits to be invited. However, in January, 1972, the U.S.G.A.'s Championship Committee, eager after so long a hiatus to play the Open in Chicago, was considering approaching Medinah. At about that time, Don Stillwaugh, a young architect who had recently been elected to the board of directors of Medinah, had an eyeopening experience when he was playing in the pro-amateur tournament that precedes the Dean Martin Tucson Open: he found that most of the pros he met lit up on learning that he was from Medinah and expressed the hope that another U.S. Open would soon be held over the No. 3 Course. At the next meeting of the board of directors, when Stillwaugh proposed that the club approach the U.S.G.A. about the possibility of putting on the Open, he received a very faint green light. He went ahead nonetheless, phoned the U.S.G.A., and learned that it was most enthusiastic about the prospect of taking the championship back to Medinah. He then suggested to the club's board of directors that a referendum on this matter be submitted to the members, and this met with the board's approval. On a raw Saturday morning in mid-April—the official opening day of the golf season—several hundred members of Medinah gathered in a large frescoed dining room of the club for breakfast, following which Stillwaugh, equipped with an easel and a series of posters, whipped through an artful presentation of the advantages that would accrue to the club from putting on the Open. The anti-Open faction had not sent a spokesman to the breakfast, and this may explain to some degree why the balloting resulted in a landslide victory for Stillwaugh's forces and the subsequent tendering of an invitation to the U.S.G.A. As was only fitting, Stillwaugh was later named general chairman of the 1975 U.S. Open.



The return of the Open to Chicago served, among other things, to remind everybody of the considerable influence this city has had on the rise of American golf—something that had been largely forgotten with the passage of time. In its early days, Chicago golf was the story of one man—Charles Blair Macdonald. A tall, corpulent, mustachioed gentleman of wealth, social position, and not a little arrogance, Macdonald had the fixed idea that he had been divinely selected to direct the growth of the game in this country. Up to a point, one can understand why he felt this way. In 1872, when he was sixteen, his father sent him to St. Andrews, the oldest university in Scotland, to complete his studies. He had hardly arrived there when his grandfather, who lived in Scotland, took him to the golf shop operated by Old Tom Morris, the great champion, where he had the young man outfitted with some clubs and balls and arranged for him to rent a locker. Macdonald fell in love with golf almost instantly. By the time he left the university, he not only had become a first-rate player but, from the many hours he had spent listening to Old Tom and the other local heroes, had developed a fervent devotion to the game, which in St. Andrews amounts almost to a religion. On returning to Chicago in 1875, he found himself sad and bereft. There were no golf courses there—indeed, it wasn't until 1888 that the first permanent golf club in the United States, the St. Andrew's Golf Club, in Yonkers, was established—and the only times Macdonald was able to play were on occasional business trips to Britain. He frequently expounded on the beauties and benefits of golf to his friends in the very social Chicago Club, but his words fell on deaf ears until 1892, when several young university men in the English delegation to the upcoming World's Columbian Exposition in Chicago expressed the desire to play some golf, and Macdonald's friend Hobart Chatfield-Taylor asked him to devise a makeshift course on the Lake Forest estate of Chatfield-Taylor's father-in-law, Senator John B. Farwell. The course that Macdonald worked out consisted of seven abbreviated holes—

"Whosoever offers to me, with love, a vegetable, a fruit, a flower, or even water, I will appear in person before that devotee and delightedly partake of that article."

* * *

the longest was only two hundred and fifty yards—which weaved their way among the flower beds and trees of the Senator's lawn, but it proved to be just the tonic that the golf-sick young Englishmen needed. It also stirred up some interest in the game among Chicagoans, and Macdonald was now able to persuade a number of members of the Chicago Club to ante up ten dollars apiece, with which he acquired a tract of land on a stock farm in Belmont, west of the city, and built nine holes over it. The response to the new game was extremely enthusiastic. The following spring, Macdonald added nine more holes, and that July the Chicago Golf Club was officially incorporated—the first American golf club, incidentally, with an eighteen-hole course. The next year, 1894, the members of the club, eager to build a course that would compare favorably with the best in Britain, put up twenty-eight thousand dollars to buy two hundred acres of farmland in Wheaton, twenty-five miles west of Chicago, and there Macdonald fashioned an eighteen-hole course 6,200 yards long—roughly the same length that the Old Course at St. Andrews was in those days. The only members who had any beefs about the new course were those who chronically hooked their shots—that is, hit them so that they curved in a right-to-left arc. Macdonald had cagily routed the first seven holes so that they marched in a clockwise progression close along the perimeter of the property. As a result, whenever a player hit a bad hook, the ball bounded off the course and into an adjoining cornfield, from which it often took several strokes to recover. After strenuous protests by the hookers that these conditions were unfair, the club adopted an out-of-bounds rule—the first club ever to do so—whereby the golfer who hooked his drive, say, off club property was permitted to play a second shot from the tee. The new rule didn't affect Macdonald. He was never out-of-bounds. It was his style, as one might have guessed, to fade his shots from left to right. At the Chicago Golf Club, he was unbeatable.

Quite by accident, Macdonald was a major force in the founding of the U.S.G.A. There was no question at all in his mind that he was the best golfer not only in Chicago but in the entire country, and when the Newport Golf Club announced a thirty-six-hole stroke-play tournament in the summer of 1894 to determine the national amateur champion, he rode out of the West brimming with confidence. An 89 on the first round gave him a four-stroke lead, but on the second round he topped a fairway shot that ended up at the foot of a stone wall and led to his undoing; he blew to a 100 and finished a stroke behind the winner. He did not take his defeat gracefully, storming around and insisting that a stone wall was not a legitimate hazard, and also intimating that anybody who knew golf was aware that a national amateur championship was traditionally decided not at stroke play but at match play—an elimination tournament in which the winner of each match is the man who wins more holes than his opponent. To appease Macdonald, St. Andrew's arranged for such a match-play tournament that October. Macdonald made his way to the final without much trouble, as was expected, but was upset there on the first extra hole by Laurence Stoddart, who had played some golf in England. On the extra hole, Macdonald hit a wide slice into a plowed field. This time, he blamed his defeat on Stanford White, the architect. White, he said, had kept him up all night partying, and then, at lunch before the final, when Macdonald had complained that he wasn't feeling well, had foolishly prescribed champagne as a cure. After cooling down, Macdonald asserted that Stoddart really couldn't be regarded as a true national champion, because he had merely won an invitational event at an individual club, and not an official tournament superintended by a governing body composed of all the golf clubs in the country. That December, in order to avoid further acrimony, representatives of five of the leading American clubs—St. Andrew's, Newport, The Country Club (in Brookline), Shinnecock Hills (on Long Island), and Chicago—met in New York and formed the organization that came to be known as the U.S.G.A. In October, 1895, when the first official U.S. Amateur Championship was played, in Newport, Macdonald won the thirty-six-hole final, 12 and 11, from Charles Sands, an able young tennis player who had only recently taken up golf. Then, in a characteristically egotistical gesture, Macdonald played the rest of the holes back to the clubhouse with Jim Foulis, the professional from the Chicago Golf Club.

In 1900, Macdonald moved to New York, where he remained at the forefront of the game for another forty years, frequently quarrelling with the U.S.G.A., which he considered an upstart usurper, and also revealing a remarkable talent for golf architecture in the superb courses he created, such as Yale, Lido, in Lido Beach, Long Island, and, above all, the National Golf Links, in Southampton—the first great American course. Back in Chicago, his old club continued to be the pacemaker in the Midwest, serving as the venue of the U.S. Open in 1897, 1900, and 1911, and of the U.S. Amateur in 1897, 1905, 1909, and 1912. The last significant competition held at the club was the 1928 Walker Cup Match. The course had been lengthened and mildly revamped in 1921-22 by Seth Raynor, an engineer who worked with Macdonald on his projects, but it preserved the fundamental aspect of a classic nineteenth-century British course—which had been Macdonald's intention. It looks much the same today, except that, because of Dutch elm disease, there are fewer elms among the ash trees planted in clusters alongside the bluegrass fairways, the grass-banked bunkers, and the handsomely contoured greens of creeping bent that was sown from seed first ordered by Macdonald from Holland in 1897. Inside the clubhouse, which was rebuilt in 1913, Macdonald glares down from several walls, and one senses his personality and his era just about everywhere—from the seven-foot-high white lockers in the men's locker room to the charming, summery Casino, with its old white wicker furniture and lovely flowered slipcovers. Winston Churchill was once entertained in the Casino, and one feels that Macdonald would have found that quite all right.

ONCE golf got rolling in Chicago, it gathered momentum swiftly. By 1900, the number of golf clubs had risen to twenty-six—among them such familiar names as Onwentsia (established in 1895), Edgewater (1896), Exmoor (1896), Evanston (1897), Glen View (1897), Hinsdale (1898), and Midlothian (1898). Onwentsia and Glen View were particularly interesting clubs. The man behind Onwentsia, which found its permanent home on a wide stretch of flattish farmland in Lake Forest not far from Lake Michigan, was Macdonald's old friend Chatfield-Taylor. A very posh preserve, it included among its members the McCormicks, the Palmers, and the meat-packing princes—the Armours, the Swifts, and the Cudahys. After several failures to agree on a name for their club, the group settled on Onwentsia, an Iroquois word that means a meeting place for sporting braves and their squaws. For many years, starting in 1906, the big blowout was the annual Pow Wow, held at harvesttime. Aside from the excellent condition of the course (it might be interjected here that in the spring and early summer there are few sections of the country in which the courses can match those in and around Chicago for the quality of their fairways and greens), Onwentsia's eighteen holes have never been anything special, but the club has always had an impressive enthusiasm for golf. It was the scene of the 1899 U.S. Amateur and the 1906 U.S. Open, and it has produced some very proficient players, foremost among them Bob Gardner, the U.S. Amateur Champion in 1909 and 1915. The 1909 Amateur was undoubtedly the high-water mark of Chicago golf, which during the first decade of the century had become possibly the best in the country. Of the eight quarter-finalists in that Amateur, no fewer than seven were Chicagoans: Gardner, Paul Hunter, Mason Phelps, Albert Seckel, Chandler Egan, Ned Sawyer, and Chick Evans. Evans, a former caddie from Edgewater, developed into the best golfer, professional or amateur, in

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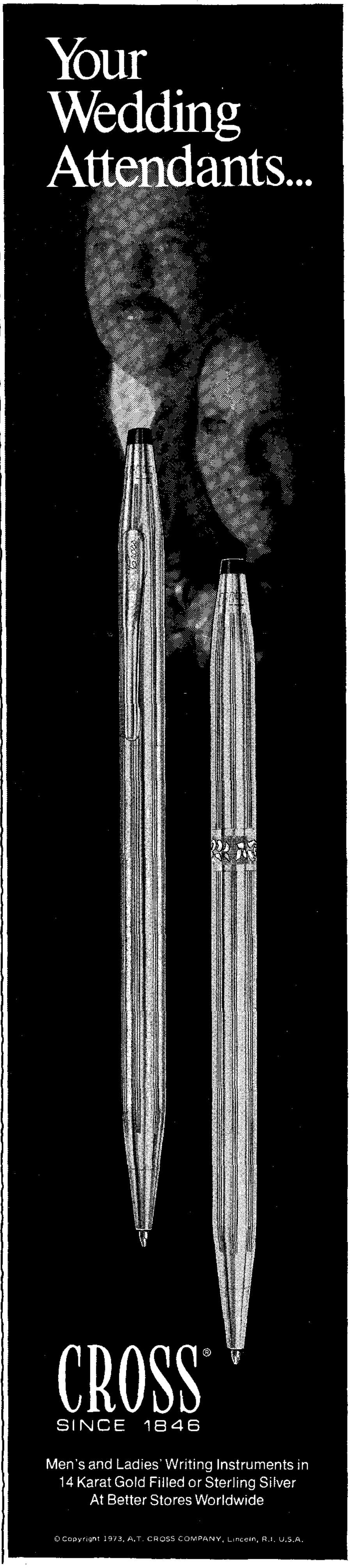
Richard H. Love, Director

the history of the Chicago area: U.S. Amateur Champion in 1916 and 1920, U.S. Open Champion in 1916, and a shotmaker of such astonishing natural ability that there is no knowing how many more national titles he might have collected if only he had been a sounder putter. As for Glen View, it broke into the big time when it became the scene of the 1902 U.S. Amateur, which was won by a Glen View member, Louis N. James. Two years later, the U.S. Open was played there. From the beginning, Glen View was out to be as Scottish in flavor as Onwentsia was Indian. Its motto was "Laigh and Lang" ("Low and Long"); Jock Hutchison, from St. Andrews, was its professional for thirty-eight years (1915-53); Harry Lauder once braved a cold November blast to play nine holes there and then composed a club song; and, instead of a Pow Wow, its members had (and still have) their Twa Days member-guest tournament, a fearsome test of endurance that at one time called for the entrants to play thirty-six holes on both days and enjoy themselves most of the intervening night. The membership of Glen View has always included a large number of railroad men, among them Albert J. Earling, the president of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul between 1899 and 1917. It was Earling's habit, whenever he planned an afternoon round, to inform his staff that he was "going to golf." To get to Glen View, he usually boarded his private railroad car, which would be dropped off onto a siding about a mile and a half from the course. In time, the spot came to be referred to as Golf, and in 1906 the railroad built a station of that name there. A few homes and shops grew up around the station, and at length, in 1928, that area was formally incorporated as the village of Golf. The red brick Georgian building in which Golf's post office and the village offices are situated also houses the headquarters of the Western Golf Association and that of the Evans Scholars Foundation, which has been marvellously well administered by the W.G.A. and has since 1930 sent more than thirty-eight hundred ex-caddies through college on scholarships. Chick Evans himself, who is now eighty-five, has played his golf in recent years at Glen View.

After the First World War, most of the pioneer clubs continued to flourish, but golf in "Chicagoland" underwent an alteration with the coming of the super country club, epitomized by Olympia Fields, forty-five minutes south of the Loop on the Illinois Central. Olympia Fields' six hundred and ninety-two forested acres originally contained four eighteen-hole courses designed by Willie Park, Jr., the old British champion; a good-sized Tudor clubhouse with a grill room that seated six hundred and a dining room that could handle another eight hundred; a hundred cottages that could be bought or rented; and, for good measure, an icemaking plant and a hospital. (The club fell on hard times during the Second World War, but it saw itself through by selling off two of its courses to land developers. The lavish clubhouse amenities remain relatively unchanged.) The Medinah Country Club, twenty miles west of the city, was equally grandiose. It sprawled over four hundred acres that had been bought in 1921 by a group of Shriners who were affiliated with the Medinah Temple, in downtown Chicago, and who wanted a roomy rural retreat where their families could forget the cares of the day in strenuous physical activity. They built a polo field, riding trails, skeet shoots, a ski jump, toboggan runs, a fifty-three-acre lake (called Kadijah, after Muhammad's first wife), and three eighteen-hole golf courses. They also decreed, quite literally, a stately pleasure dome. R. G. Schmid, the architect who designed the clubhouse, made provision at the main entrance for a rotunda that was covered by a Byzantine dome rising sixty feet above a terrazzo floor. For the most part, the rest of the building carried out this Byzantine theme, but students of architecture like to point out Mediterranean, Oriental, and Louis XIV touches that Schmid threw in, presumably for a change of pace. All this cost a pretty *riyal*, and subsequently the membership in Medinah was opened first to all Shriners and then to all Masons and finally to everybody. Today, the club has six hundred regular members.

Golf at Medinah got under way in 1925, when the No. 1 Course was completed. The No. 3 Course was originally intended for women golfers, but well before it was opened, in 1928, its exceptional possibilities were recognized. The club decided to give the women the No. 2 Course instead, and No. 3 became the championship course. No. 3, surprisingly, was designed by Tom Bendelow—surprisingly because Bendelow, who first earned his living as a Linotype operator for the New York *Herald*, was renowned chiefly



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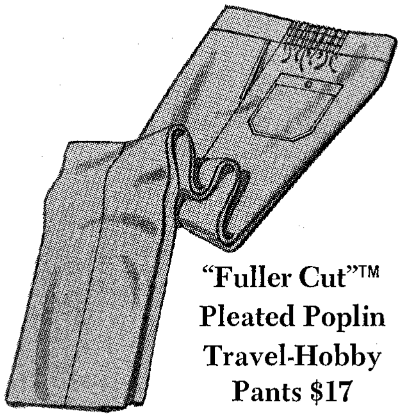

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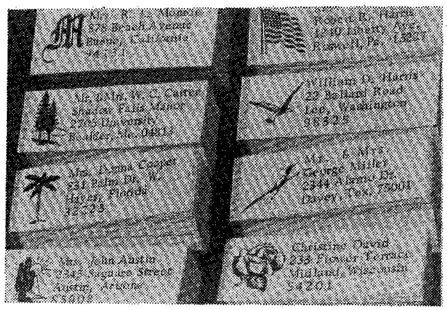

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for his speed and not his artistry: he usually staked out his courses in a single day. In 1932, after No. 3 had been extended to 6,800 yards, it was regarded by the cognoscenti as perhaps the most difficult examination in golf in the Midwest. The Western Open was played over it in 1939, and ten years later the U.S. Open, which Middlecoff won with a total of 286, two shots over par (71), on a course that measured 6,936 yards—a fairly long layout for those days. It was also a very tight layout, for most of the holes were bordered on both sides by bulging stands of oak, hickory, and maple. For the 1975 Open, Medinah again played to a par of 71, but it measured 7,032 yards. In the interval between the two Opens, the course had been remodelled extensively, first by Jerry Dearie and Jerry Dearie, Jr., both of them former superintendents at Medinah, and then by the Chicago golf-architectural firm of Killian & Nugent, which redesigned and resurfaced several greens and elaborated on the greenside bunkering. For the 1975 championship, to be sure, Medinah was treated to the special Open-course preparation that the U.S.G.A. perfected in the nineteen-fifties: the greens were given a snug collar of rough, and the rough was allowed to grow in so that the width of the fairways averaged only about thirty-three yards. When I visited Medinah No. 3 ten days before the Open, it was in splendid condition, the fairways well knitted and the rolling greens of C-15 bent grass beautifully fast and smooth. While it did not strike me as a genuinely great course, like Pebble Beach or Pine Valley—it doesn't have a sufficient number of outstanding holes—I felt that Medinah would produce a fine championship, and I looked forward to it immensely.

THE 1975 Open, as everybody knows, turned out to be a huge disappointment. A pallid tournament from beginning to end, it rarely came to life, and then only for brief periods. The Open it most closely resembled was the one held in 1961, at Oakland Hills, near Detroit, when the championship returned to that club by popular demand, you might say; the 1951 Open had been played at Oakland Hills over perhaps the most arduous course in Open history and certainly the most controversial—many players thought that it was unfairly difficult—but, nevertheless, the event had been loaded with excitement and had moved dramatically to an unforgettable climax:

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Ben Hogan's fourth-round 67, which won the tournament and capped one of the most brilliant performances of his career. Consequently, a great deal had been expected of the 1961 Open, but, apart from producing a worthy champion in Gene Littler and reaffirming the colossal promise of young Jack Nicklaus (who, at twenty-one, tied for fourth that year), it was a dull event, which just droned on and on and left one wondering how so seemingly banal a course could have ever evoked such a fascinating Open ten years before. It will probably always be a mystery whether the quality of the shotmaking in a tournament is determined by the quality of the course or whether it is the other way round and, in effect, poor golf can make whatever course it is played on appear to be less than first-class. In any event, by the time the fourth round of the 1975 Open was finished two things were clear: neither Medinah nor the gilded professional stars had performed up to their reputations. As a matter of fact, it was difficult to remember when so many able golfers had hit so few spectacular shots, holed so few putts, and faltered so badly in the clutch.

In defense of Medinah, it should be noted that the weather could hardly have been worse. The week before the Open had been a wet one, and on the Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday before the championship got under way, on Thursday, there were tornado warnings and such heavy rains that the course had to be closed to play a good part of each day. On the opening round, as a result, the greens were extremely soggy; even a low-trajectory iron shot dug in and sat down abruptly on them. Conditions of this sort usually make for low scoring, and it did seem for a while that we would be in for a rash of rounds in the upper-middle 60s. I know that when I went out with the threesome of Nicklaus, Ben Crenshaw, and Tony Jacklin at around ten o'clock, the leader boards were dotted with red numerals, denoting birdies, and Jim Wiechers, Pat Fitzsimons, and Tom Watson were already two shots or more below par on the front nine. These early starters had much the best of it, for, as the temperature soared into the nineties and the humidity came steaming out of the ground, the greens dried out a little and became trickier to putt; by early afternoon, they were also pretty well chewed up with spike marks. Moreover, it was simply too hot to play golf. Even as sturdy a specimen as Nicklaus felt the heat. One under par through the first ten holes, he and his concentration began to wilt, and after failing to hit the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth greens with his approach shot, he missed a holeable putt for his par on each green, and he finally had to be satisfied with a 72. (How very much higher a 72 seems than a 71!) The leaders on this opening round were Fitzsimons and Watson, with 67s, and eight men in all—including Arnold Palmer, with a 69—broke par.

On Friday, the big story was not that Tom Watson had moved into the lead with a 68 and had tied the Open record of 135 for the first thirty-six holes but, rather, that he had invoked the lightning rule just before he was scheduled to tee off. To spell this out a bit, Watson and the two other members of his threesome, Lee Trevino and Bobby Nichols, were standing on the first tee under a darkening sky at about half past one when there was a flash of lightning in the clouds to the southwest, and Watson declined to go out on the course. Because a golf course is an extremely dangerous place to be in a thunderstorm, Rule 37-6a gives the player the option of refusing to play when lightning is flashing nearby. A few minutes after Watson left the tee, a fierce thunderstorm broke over Medinah. Play, of course, was suspended. Some forty minutes later, when the storm had passed over, play was resumed, and Watson's threesome teed off. At the close of his round, Watson explained why he had invoked the lightning rule. "A fellow on my high-school golf team was knocked down by lightning during a match, and I've been very much aware of it ever since," he said. "When we were on the tee today, a lightning bolt struck less than a mile away." He stopped to field a question. "How did I know? I timed it. The sound of thunder, you know, travels a mile in five seconds." (This whole matter seems much more serious today, for Trevino, Nichols, and Jerry Heard were severely jolted by lightning a week after the Open, in the second round of the Western Open.) Watson, a handsome twenty-five-year-old with reddish-brown hair, is a generally impressive person. A native of Kansas City (his great-grandfather, Isaac N. Watson, was one of the lawyers who broke the Pendergast gang), he graduated in 1971 from Stanford, where he majored in psychology, and he undoubtedly has the best mind of any of

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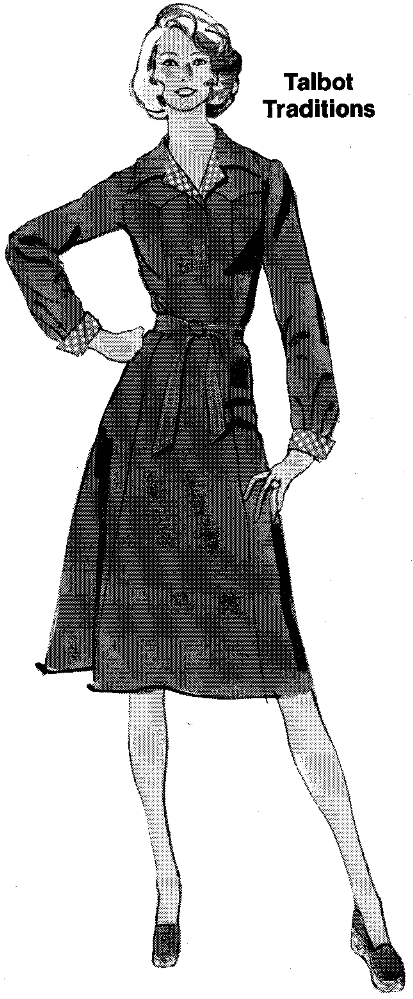

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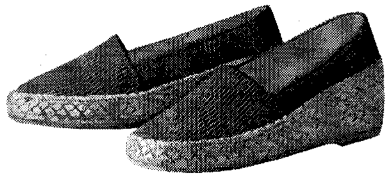

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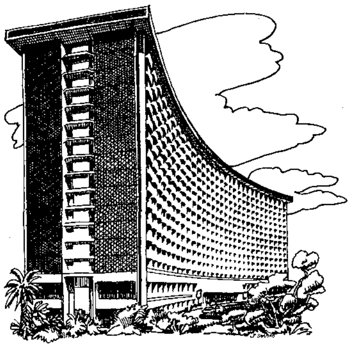

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the rising young professionals. Not long ago, one of his colleagues remarked, "There's no one else like Watson on the tour. First, he comes from a rich family. Second, he didn't go to college on a golf scholarship. And, third, he voted for McGovern." As a golfer, Watson has tremendous potential. Solidly built, with powerful forearms, he hits the ball as far as Nicklaus, and he is a fundamentally sound putter. However, he has shown a vulnerability to last-round jitters. At Winged Foot last year, for example, he led the Open by a shot after three rounds, only to fizzle out with a 79. On his first two rounds at Medinah, instead of using a 3-wood, a 4-wood, or a 2-iron off the tee on some of the tighter, shut-in par 4s, as many of the golfers had planned to do, Watson stayed with his driver most of the way. He was certain that driving the ball long and well was the key to handling Medinah.

One other second round should be mentioned—Arnold Palmer's. After a rocky first nine, in which he bogeyed the third, fourth, sixth, seventh, and eighth holes—he was blocking out his tee shots to the right and finding the thick rough—he held on and came back in par for a 75. Although he remained on the periphery of contention throughout the tournament, after that 75 Palmer was never close enough to the lead to have a serious chance of winning his second Open Championship, which he has been chasing in vain ever since 1960. Two other highly regarded golfers, Gary Player and Johnny Miller, were not in the hunt at any time.

On the third day, played in the scorching heat and high humidity that were to persist throughout the championship, just about all the front-runners and favorites had poor rounds. Nicklaus, for instance, escaped with a 75 only because he one-putted six consecutive greens. He missed eight fairways off the tee, seven of them to the left, and when an accomplished specialist in the left-to-right fade like Nicklaus pull-hooks his shots this regularly, you can be sure he has lost both his groove and his timing. Crenshaw, the blond young Prince Valiant from Texas, who, thanks to some inspired scrambling, had trailed Watson by three strokes at the halfway mark, could do no better than a 76. Watson had an even worse round—a 78, which must have brought back bitter memories of Winged Foot. He began to come apart early, after he had muffed putts of three feet and two feet on the first two greens. His driving, on which he was counting so heavily, completely deserted him, and he hit only two fairways off the tee. There was one remarkable round that day—a 67 by Frank Beard, on which he did not pick up a bogey until the seventeenth, a dramatic 220-yard par 3 over a finger of Lake Kadijah to a small, slippery green that slopes sharply from back to front. Beard, who is now thirty-six, has been so deeply in eclipse the last three and a half years that many people had forgotten he was still playing the circuit. There was a time, of course, when he was one of the most successful touring pros. For five straight seasons, from 1967 through 1971, he earned over a hundred thousand dollars in prize money, and one year, 1969, he led all the money-winners, with a take of $175,224. After 1971, his game slowly and mysteriously eroded. This year, it reached a new low. In the twenty tournaments he played before the Open, he had survived the thirty-six-hole cut in only five, and had compiled a grand total of $2,478 in prize money. Significantly, $1,956.67 of this amount had come from a fifteenth-place finish the week before the Open, in the IVB-Philadelphia Golf Classic. Five weeks before that, Beard, after withdrawing from the Byron Nelson Golf Classic, had been so discouraged with his golf that he went to Denver and sought help from Paul Runyan, who has long been one of the game's most respected teachers. It took Runyan only five minutes to diagnose what had been causing Beard's miseries: a faulty grip. He corrected it, moving Beard's right hand, which had slid well below the shaft, up on top of the shaft. After the three-day session with Runyan, Beard's golf underwent an immediate improvement, but no one, Beard least of all, expected that at Medinah he would play himself into a position to repeat Ken Venturi's storybook victory in the 1964 Open, which came only weeks after *he* had emerged from a slump as extended as Beard's, and even more chilling. With a round to go, Beard, at 210, led the nearest men, Watson and Fitzsimons, by three strokes. Crenshaw was four back, along with Peter Oosterhuis, of England, and Lou Graham, who had moved up with a 68. Nicklaus was seven strokes back, but he would bear watching. After all, he has demonstrated time and again that he is the best fourth-round golfer in the world.

On Sunday, the day of the fourth

round, a sirocco blew in from Wisconsin and hardly made life at Medinah more pleasant. The greens were already dry enough, scaly enough, and bumpy enough; when they had been wet and soft, they were pressed down in spots by the traffic, and after the sun dried them out, in many places they stayed pressed down. Except for the fact that it was difficult to hole putts of any length, it is a puzzle why Medinah, not an ogre of a course, gave the field so much trouble. Few of the players, it should be noted, stuck with their announced intention of driving with fairway woods or long irons on the narrower holes, but while this was a serious mistake, it doesn't begin to explain the untoward mediocrity of the golf. Anyway, early in the afternoon, as one contender after another started to flounder, it seemed probable that we were in for one of those frustrating finishes in which the winner of the tournament would be the man who made the fewest errors. By midafternoon, the number of players with a chance to win had increased to ten or eleven, for Beard, who was in nothing like his confident Saturday mood, quickly came back to the field, dropping four strokes to par over the first eight holes. He was playing much too cautiously. On the par-5 seventh, for example, he was in a position, after a long drive, to go for the green with a fairway wood on his second, but he elected to lay up with a 6-iron and play for a safe 5—which he didn't get. At the end of nine holes, Beard, paired in the final twosome with Fitzsimons, a good young golfer from Oregon, who plays hard courses well, stood one over par for the tournament. He was tied for the lead at this point with Crenshaw, who had held on well and was even par for the day. More than that, Crenshaw, who had been an outstanding competitor during his college career, had an assured gleam in his eye, as though he really believed he could win this championship, and it was reflected in the wonderfully smooth tempo of his swing. A stroke behind Beard and Crenshaw, at two over par for the tournament, came Graham, Fitzsimons (he went to pieces shortly after this with two double bogeys), and, yes, up ahead, Nicklaus, accompanied by a large, shrill, keyed-up gallery, who had watched him play the first fourteen holes in two under par and was urging its idol to keep his charge going. Mahaffey was a stroke farther off the pace, but no one paid much attention to this. Watson, 41 to the turn, was out of it for good. (Three weeks later, in

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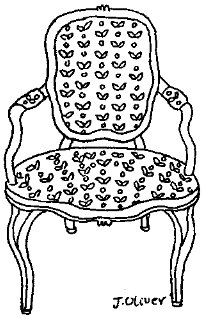
the British Open, at Carnoustie, Watson played a fine fourth round, a par 72. On the last green, he rolled in a twenty-foot birdie putt to tie Jack Newton, of Australia, whom he beat in the playoff.) On this final day, Nicklaus, for some inexplicable reason, had decided to depart from his usual method, and to hit the ball from right to left—as he later expressed it, "I used an artificial swing"—and while he hadn't produced the marvellous shots he is capable of, he had at least played effectively. After a par on the fifteenth, he came to the 452-yard sixteenth, a rugged par 4 on which the plateau green is tucked in close to a tall stand of oaks. Trying to unload an extra-long tee shot, he hit a wild hook fifteen yards deep into the wooded rough. He was fortunate enough to have a good lie and plenty of room to maneuver in, and he played a high 6-iron recovery that cleared everything in his line and subsided in mild rough thirty feet short of the green and some seventy-five feet from the pin, which was set near the back of the green. Here Nicklaus was unlucky. His route to the pin was almost directly stymied by the trunk of one of the oaks in that growth of rough. No matter how closely he shaved the right edge of the trunk, he could not hope to get the ball dead to the pin, since the green falls away from left to right. The best he could do, probably, would be to leave himself a six- or seven-foot uphill putt for his 4. Nicklaus played a daring but unwise shot. He slid his chip dangerously close to the right of the tree trunk and actually got the ball running to the left of the pin, but in order for the ball to hold this line he had had to hit it too hard. It ran fifteen feet past the pin and into the rough. Coming back, he almost holed his chip. But it was a 5—a big 5. On the par-3 seventeenth over Lake Kadijah, he played a solid 4-iron, but he was so pumped up with resolve that the ball carried yards too far and finished in the rough behind the down-sloping green. A soft little lob onto the fringe of the green was the shot. He didn't pull it off, fluffing the ball into the last few inches of the rough. Down in two for another bogey. On the eighteenth, he added a third straight bogey, but the damage had already been done. This was Nicklaus's poorest finish in a major championship since 1963, when he threw away the British Open by failing to par the last two holes. As evening came on at Medinah and he saw that pars on the last three holes would have won for him, he must have felt rotten.

One after another, the men whom Nicklaus had left the door open for also proceeded to collapse down the stretch. First came Crenshaw, tied with Graham and Beard at two over par as he walked onto the tee of the seventeenth. He decided to go with a 2-iron. The swing looked good, but he caught the ball on the toe of the club, and the weak shot plopped into the water a yard from the far bank of the lake. A double-bogey 5—a heartbreaking turn of events after the courageous recoveries and saving putts that Crenshaw had summoned throughout the tournament. Graham followed Crenshaw to the seventeenth. He was standing on the tee waiting to play when Beard bogeyed the sixteenth; he had been too strong with his approach and then needed three to get down. This bogey put Beard three over par. Graham was now in the lead all by himself. Two more pars would see him through. In this difficult corner, he played one of the finest shots of his career, a buzzing 2-iron that covered the pin all the way and finished fifteen feet behind it. He made his 3, barely missing his birdie putt. On the tree-lined eighteenth, a 406-yard par 4, Graham used a 2-iron off the tee and split the fairway. One more good shot would wrap it up. He didn't have it. His 5-iron approach landed on the right fringe of the green and kicked into a bunker, thirty-five feet from the hole. He played a weak sand shot that barely got onto the green, and then left a twenty-foot putt short of the cup. Three over par for the distance—287. Before playing from the bunker, Graham had studied the leader board, and, noting that Beard had bogeyed the seventeenth, he had deduced that a bogey 5 would still win for him. What he had neglected to spot was the line of figures near the bottom of the board that showed that Mahaffey, who had finished an hour earlier, had also posted a 287. Graham's rounds were 74-72-68-73. Mahaffey's were 73-71-72-71. Over the last twelve holes, he slipped in quietly with a run of one-under-par golf.



The Graham-Mahaffey playoff brought together two thoroughly nice men, but neither of them, in truth, packs the kind of appeal that lights up a gallery, and their confrontation made

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for the least glamorous playoff for the Open title since Billy Burke met George Von Elm, in 1931. Graham, a tall, slim thirty-seven-year-old country boy from Nashville, had won only two tournaments during his eleven years on the tour, but he is a considerably better all-round golfer than this record indicates. His trouble, which is anything but singular, has been his inability to play his best golf on the fourth round. Mahaffey, ten years younger, a chunky graduate of the University of Houston, is a person of charm and fibre, and he may yet develop into a star, for he has a sound hitting action and is an extremely formidable competitor, but during his four years on the tour he has so far won only one tournament; in fact, the most colorful thing about him up to now may be the fairly close relationship he has with Ben Hogan. Earlier this year, a funny Hogan-Mahaffey story went the rounds. Deep in a slump that had gone on for weeks, Mahaffey telephoned Hogan in desperation and asked him if he had any suggestions about what he should do to get his swing straightened out. "Do you have a bag of practice balls?" Hogan asked, with his invariable directness. Mahaffey said that he did. "Well, use it," Hogan told him.

As was pretty well predictable, since everything else that happened at Medinah had not been exactly arresting, the playoff proved a somnolent affair. Graham, driving and pitching very well, birdied the fourth, fifth, and tenth holes, and finally won by two strokes with a 71. He had earned his victory, because he played much the better golf. Throughout the round, Mahaffey had left his putts short of the cup, and his swing had not been as efficient as it usually is; his arms seemed cramped at the top of his backswing, and he was up on his toes, patently off-balance, at impact. Back to the old practice tee!

I WOULD guess that in 1900, when the Chicago Golf Club held its second Open, there was no day on which the number of spectators reached fifteen hundred, even though Harry Vardon and J. H. Taylor, the famous English masters, were in the field. It was hard to come by reliable attendance figures for this year's Open, but on every day the crowd exceeded twenty thousand people and on some days there must have been over twenty-five thousand on the course. This was far too many bodies to permit the galleries to circulate easily in the limited space and watch the golf in comfort. Furthermore, Medinah had neglected

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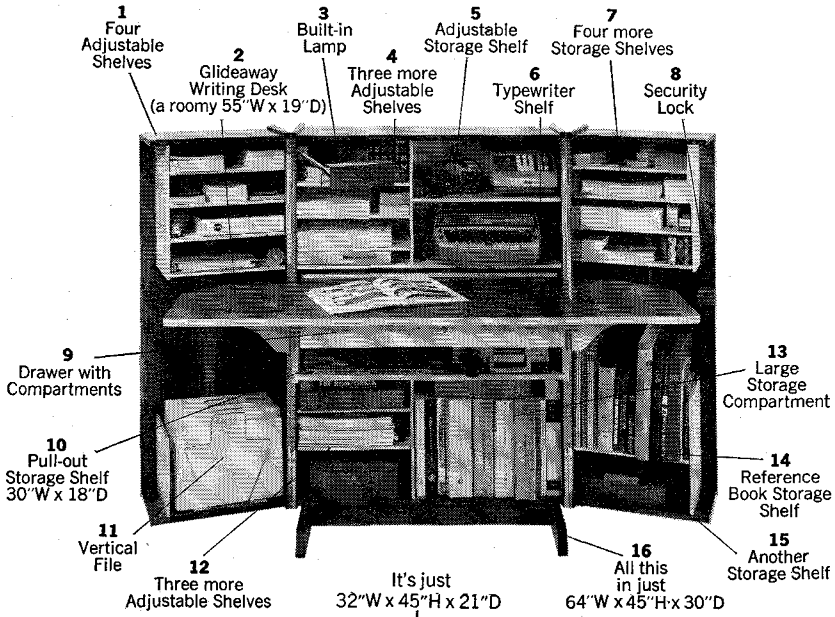
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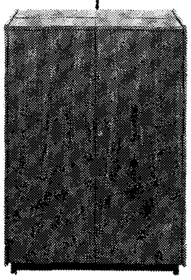

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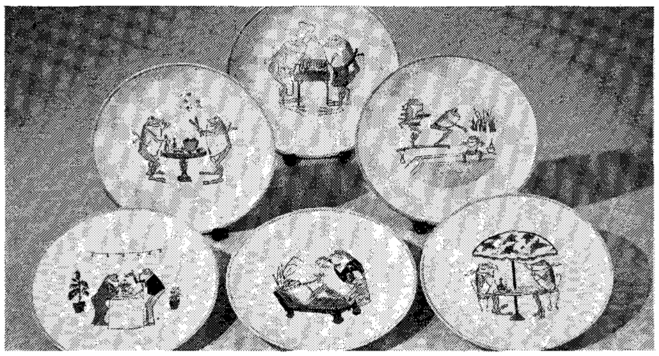

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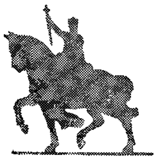

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to plan adequately for nearly all the aspects of staging the championship. The roads to the club were choked with traffic snarls, the parking lots (over some of which the club had no control) charged as much as ten dollars, the admission price for non-season-ticket patrons (which the club did set) was an outlandish eleven dollars a day, the concession stands were overpriced and understaffed, most of the club members serving on the various committees didn't seem to understand their duties or to be concerned about them, and, all in all, one got the impression that the primary reason Medinah had taken on the championship was to make a ton of money. I have a feeling that if Charlie Macdonald had looked in on the Open, he would have stalked from the course in a fury at such an arrant disfigurement of the game he loved. To a large extent, the unhappy shambles at Medinah was the fault of the U.S.G.A., which over the years has been the most capable governing body in American sport. As the Open has grown bigger and bigger—a questionable trend, since the significance and excellence of a golf tournament do not depend principally upon its size—the U.S.G.A. has apparently failed to understand that it cannot depend on the host club to shoulder the major part of the administrative burden; nor has it perceived that if it means to put on a really big show it must send out a much bigger force to handle the multiple problems of preparation, and must also bring up to date, drastically, its methods and means of running the show. (The present Open leader boards, for example, are as antiquated as hickory shafts, and there are never anything like enough grandstands.) In short, I think the time has come for the U.S.G.A. to restudy the Open, the premier championship in golf, and determine the flavor and shape it wants the tournament to have. After experiencing the Super-Bowl-cum-roller-derby ambience at Medinah, many of us are of the opinion that it might not be a bad idea to return to a somewhat smaller and more manageable Open, redolent of the spirit of golf. —HERBERT WARREN WIND

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DANCING

Separate Worlds

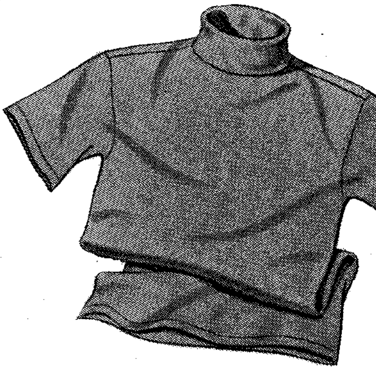
American Ballet Theatre is launching its combinations of Russian and native stars in planned stages, like Apollo meeting Soyuz: Rudolf Nureyev and Cynthia Gregory in Nureyev's production of "Raymonda," Natalia Makarova and Erik Bruhn (an A.B.T. veteran star returned from retirement) in a new pas de deux, Makarova and Fernando Bujones in "La Bayadère," and, in the last weeks of the season, Mikhail Baryshnikov and Gelsey Kirkland in the "Giselle" that New York has been waiting for, and in practically everything else except "Swan Lake." The season is huge box-office, with madness in the air—not only full houses but demonstrative ones that keep the madness going long after the curtain has dropped. Bunches of flowers are pelted across the footlights; shredded programs (a specialty of the Gregory fans) rain from the top balcony. Not every star-coupling has produced chemistry, and except in the case of Kirkland-Baryshnikov, who have already established themselves as a team, none could have been hoped for; it was simply the friction of star rubbing against star. Audiences may think they're getting more for their money when such mismatchings as Nureyev-Gregory or Makarova-Bruhn occur and the size of the ovation is automatically doubled, but the excitement dies with the last flung bouquet, and sometimes it doesn't begin until the flowers start flying.

In "Epilogue," the pas de deux created for Makarova and Bruhn by the American-born choreographer John Neumeier, nothing happened until the curtain came down and the fans went into their act, but this wasn't the epilogue that Neumeier had in mind. Leaves falling one by one, rust-colored costumes, Makarova in a turban, Bruhn with his back to her—a neon sign spelling out "The Autumn of Their Relationship" couldn't have made the situation more obvious. We "read" the situation at a glance, feeling foolish because it's so easy but feeling apprehensive, too. Neumeier has set us up before with his literary concepts that go nowhere as dances, yet his choreography is so hermetic and painfully labored that it seems to spring from a revulsion against the very idea of literariness. It wants to get somewhere as dancing, but, for Neumeier, translating a dramatic situation into a dance seems to be chiefly a matter of avoiding paraphrasable content. He keeps emptying the dance of what the characters might be "saying" to each other and substituting the arduous anonymous relations of two dancers trying to work something out in a practice studio. The steps are meaningless; they look as if they could have been composed in any order, and to any music but the music we hear, which happens to be the Adagietto from Mahler's Fifth. At this level, Makarova and Bruhn are more interesting taking class. There's nothing wrong with a choreographer's being literary if he has guts, and although I prefer drama when it's revealed from inside the dancing, choreography that works with the drama outside (as in the best of Tudor) is just as difficult to bring off and just as rewarding when it succeeds. Neumeier starts by being Tudor, then crosses suddenly to would-be Balanchine. He plants a signpost, then rips up the path it points to. He's become a successful, in-demand choreographer because some of his concepts are almost magisterial: the use of Stravinsky's score combined with bits of Tchaikovsky to frame a story about ballet in "Le Baiser de la Fée," the use of Nureyev in "Don Juan," or Makarova and Bruhn dancing to the score of the movie "Death in Venice." But Neumeier's concepts are always stuck on the page, like an undirected script. In his "Baiser" one could all but see the script indications for the blanks in the action which the dances were supposed to fill: "Groom dances with Bride." "Bride dances alone." In "Epilogue," it's "Middle-aged dancers dance."

Bruhn has always been an insular kind of star; inwardly rigid, absorbed in his own perfection, he has never mated well with any ballerina, and his best roles were those that placed barriers between him and women—James in "La Sylphide," Jean in "Miss Julie," the Poet in "La Sonnambula"—or that accounted for the neurotic tension he projected, and still projects, onstage. Neither of his two new roles this season—in "Epilogue" or in "Raymonda," as Abdul-Rakhman, the Saracen sheikh—accounts for Bruhn in this way. He remains Erik Bruhn, possibly the only major male star in ballet who can't walk toward a woman and appear to love her. In "Epilogue," his role seems to be based on "Miss Julie," which would be all right if Makarova's were, too, but she's all suppleness and entreaties, and when she stretches her lovely silken legs around him she seems to give him cramps. The two are temperamentally disparate dancers who have appeared together before mostly in ballets like "Giselle" and "Les Sylphides." In a "strange," modern work built around their disparities they might have struck sparks at last, but there's no interest in seeing them unrelate to each other in a piece that doesn't have unrelatedness as its subject. It's the dancers, not the characters, who remain in their separate worlds.

"Epilogue" is the kind of piece that makes an unintentional joke of expressive form. It reveals by accident what the ballet should have been about. "Raymonda" betrays itself in much the same way, but on a far larger scale. Its accidental subject is the destruction of the ballerina; it should have been titled "Putting Raymonda in Her Place." Nureyev, who appeared as guest artist during A.B.T.'s first week, is wrong for Cynthia Gregory not only because he isn't tall enough but because he hasn't any use for her as the heroine of his ballet. This is the version of "Raymonda" he originally produced three years ago for the Zurich Ballet, with Marcia Haydée as Raymonda and with scenery and costumes by Nicholas Georgiadis. Nureyev in recent years has avoided putting himself up against dancers of Gregory's strength and stature; it's been Haydée or Karen Kain or Merle Park or the aging Fonteyn, and he has adopted an unseemly high-handed approach to his classical revivals. "Raymonda" is the most egotistical show he has ever put on, and, as a work of custodianship, the most licentious.

Even without Nureyev's participation, "Raymonda" would have been a dubious addition to the Ballet Theatre repertory. It is a long and prolix work, with a foolish story and a score lacking in theatrical momentum. Petipa conceived it, in 1898, as a series of dance suites bridged by a thin scaffolding of pantomime. The suites—classical in the first act, character in the second, a combination of both in the third—are best seen in excerpt form: a fact acknowledged by every major ballet company in the Western world, including A.B.T., which until a few years ago gave the old Balanchine ver-



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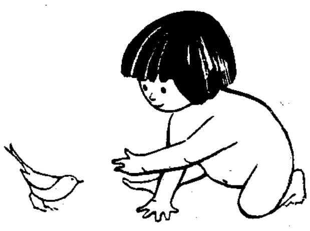

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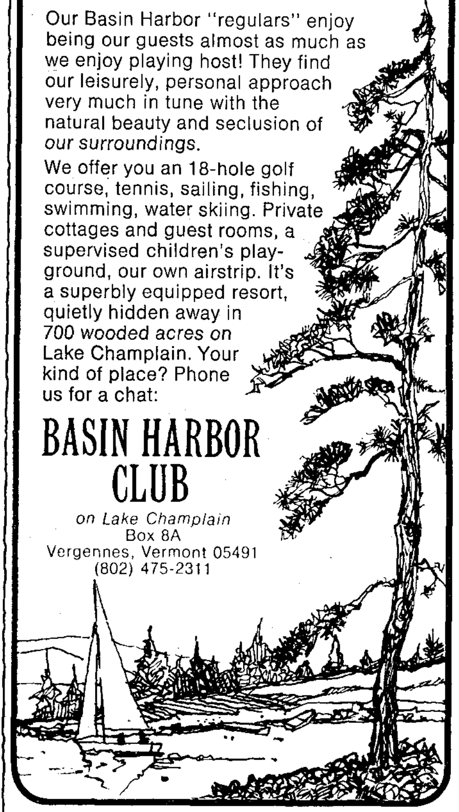
sion of Act III under the title "Grand Pas Glazunov." About the only case that one can make for a full-length "Raymonda" (did A.B.T. try making it to Nureyev?) is that it has a great ballerina role. Arranged for Pierina Legnani, the Odette-Odile of the St. Petersburg "Swan Lake," the role is large and glorious, with a superb entrance that recalls Aurora's in "The Sleeping Beauty." Running down a flight of stairs, the dancer bends to the floor and rises into high attitude, scooping up six roses in turn. Petipa's detailed notes to the composer warned, "You must pay special attention to this entrance. It is for the first dancer." Poor Cynthia Gregory! In her "Raymonda," the first dancer is Nureyev, and he enters to her music, leaving her to scoop up her roses almost as an afterthought. Raymonda has no entrance—she's onstage when the curtain rises, fooling around the back of the set in the warm-up-the-house scene. Nureyev leaves her her five variations (he himself has four—three more than Petipa and Glazunov planned for), but he never surrounds her with light and space. The role is that worst combination in theatre: it is difficult and it is drab. The production doesn't build up a special picture of a romantic heroine, or even a star ballerina. Petipa's heroine was passive and dreamy, but Nureyev makes her a masochistic nitwit. He has reworked the plot elements so that an uncomfortable amount of the action takes place in her mind, and the triangle of Raymonda, the heroic knight, and the Saracen sheikh becomes tense with ambiguous confrontations in the manner of modern-dance drama. Neither man is characterized so as to make a choice possible, and the girl is badly pulled about between the two to no expressive purpose. I mean literally pulled about: Nureyev never leaves her alone except in her solos. In their big first-act pas de deux, he partners so incessantly that she hasn't room to expand, and he keeps her bouncing like a marionette. Where is the adagio in this adagio? Bruhn partners in the same callous manner—"Oh, here's an ankle," and he grabs it and cranks her into a turn. None of this is meant to be dramatically expressive, but it says a great deal. As in "Epilogue," the dancing takes on implications that lie outside the ballet; it tells us more about Nureyev's unconscious than about Raymonda's.

Boxed in by Nureyev and slowed by the conducting of Akira Endo on the first night, Gregory gave an exhibition of virtuosity drained of vivacity. At the



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next performance, David Gilbert's tempi were more reasonable and the steps were brightly produced, but with a sense of personal dissociation, and with no surge through the body. Nureyev's dancing was like his production—eccentric, excessive, overworked. At this point in his career, Nureyev probably feels he must show as much of himself as he can to his audiences, and his audiences obviously feel the same way. But Nureyev's interests, which mesh with the interests of companies in difficulty at the box office, clash with Ballet Theatre's. It doesn't need Nureyev vehicles; it needs vehicles for its own stars, and it badly needs authoritative coaching in the styles proper to classical revivals. What remains of the Petipa tradition in the first two acts of this "Raymonda"—a string of variations, the choreography for the female corps in the Valse Fantastique, one or two of the character numbers—isn't enough to offset the chaos and gloom of Nureyev's staging. The famous Hungarian divertissement in Act III is by far the best part of the show, but, like the show as a whole, it's inferior to other versions Nureyev has produced. (It includes a particularly incoherent solo that Nureyev has fashioned for himself to the processional music, and the Apotheosis begins with a slow-motion wrestling match between him and the ballerina which, in a sense, apotheosizes their odd relationship.) Ballet Theatre keeps on buying pigs in transparent pokes. Did no one fly to Zurich to see what this production was all about? Since the company was not to get out of it what it most coveted—a long, rich role for Gregory—one wonders why it didn't save its money and revive "Grand Pas Glazunov" instead.

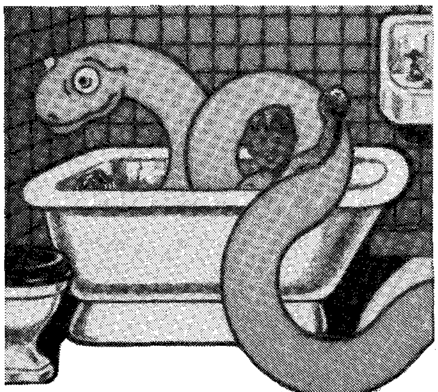
Ballet Theatre is weak in middle-rank female soloists—another reason it should have thought twice before putting on "Raymonda." Only Martine van Hamel, a principal dancer cast in a supporting role, floated above the storm; her several classical variations were fully pronounced and glowing in tone, and her intrepid Spanish number was the salvation of the exotic "character" suite. In "La Bayadère," the three women's solos were disastrously handled; we did not get van Hamel (nor are we to get this season her magnificent performance in the leading role). But there was continued improvement in the work of the corps, and Bujones danced with javelinlike precision, though with perhaps a little too much deliberation in the heroic Russian style. Makarova's Nikya, the best I have seen from her, was troubling in its remoteness and lack of bite until I remembered that Nikya is a ghost in a world of ghosts and Makarova the kind of dancer who would insist on that. Her way of taking charge of the meaning of an entire ballet, and not just her own role in it, is one of the traits that make her an artist as well as a star. I happen to disagree with her Nikya, but not with her Chekhovian Caroline in "Jardin aux Lilas," where her sorrow encompasses all trapped creatures. And she continually renews herself. This year's "Swan Lake" did more than last year's by doing less. The dual portrait was ravishing in its subtlety and mystery—with an Odile neither wittily wicked nor corrupt but guileless in the purity of her evil—and an audience that had come to stamp and yell was cooled to stillness and attention. Makarova did the impossible at Ballet Theatre: she calmed the beast. —Arlene Croce

• •

GOYA

It is night so you can shoot me.
I'm no rich man, what difference could it make?
Yet there are certain things I'm aware of:
the grief of my friends, my enemies'
indifference, the king's palace, its dull
shine against this cloudless night.
And the blood of my father by my side.
The crops and the cicadas go on perfectly well
without me; I am of no importance, a man
with a family, enough children to make me weep.
Go ahead and shoot. Relieve me of my misery.
I'd kill you if I had the chance.
All I ask for is a little music, a small
ceremony for my death: the orchestration
of the king's militia, the silver instruments,
the guns' voices before the chorus of wounds.

—Ira Sadoff



How to bathe a boa.

Why outhouses have moons.
Who discovered Cleveland.
Why John Wayne is called "The Duke."
Where to dig for worms.
How to fix a leak.
How to do your taxes.
Why leaves are green.
Where to grow mushrooms.
Why they created West Virginia.
Who won the battle of Culloden.
How to fix your car.
Where they have dog races.
Where "The Night Watch" is.
Who Gutenberg was.
Who the Zealots were.
Where Bora-Bora is.
How to land a man.
Who stood in the snow at Canossa.
Who wrote Shakespeare.
Why $E=MC^2$.
Where Halley's Comet goes.
How to buy stocks.
Why the sky stays up.
Why Chicago is the Windy City.
Why it rains.
How to beat Bobby Fischer.
Where *Sonnets from the Portugese* were written.
Why there is smog.
How to buy a house.
Where they keep the Hope Diamond.
How to make a million.
How to get a raise.
Where Murano glass comes from.
How to sew a dress.
How to bake a cake.
Who figured out arithmetic.
Where to complain about potholes.
Who Peach Melba was named after.
How to get into college.
Why Ike won.
Where gypsies live.
Why they eat spaghetti in China.
Where the sun goes at night.
How to write a term paper.
How to land a woman.
How to wash your house.
Who has a job for you.
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BOOKS

The Beholder's Eye

MILLIONS will have seen Kenneth Clark's television series on "Civilisation," but the flavor that emanated from its compère is not easy to pin down. The hooded glance and startled blink, reminiscent of a vaguely affronted owl, the hands thrust in the pockets whenever architectural or pictorial grandeur moved into focus, the voice frequently spiralling into a sharp Oxford register, were not of themselves charismatic. Yet Lord Clark's entire presentation not only proved immensely popular but exercised an undoubted spell. He was able to strike a reassuring balance between obvious but unbullying erudition, an almost guileless awe before the splendors of art, and a relaxed intimacy with the objects, landscapes, ideas he displayed. The upshot was a rather subtle domestication of the sublime.

Grandeur and raffish ease were implicit in Clark's background. His memoir, "Another Part of the Wood" (Harper & Row), tells of the enormous wealth and commensurate idleness of his Edwardian parents. Successive yachts, shooting lodges, and acres rolled past in indistinct prodigality. Clark's father, himself heir to a textile fortune, expended life in a round of shooting, fishing, gambling, and travel. Having had a particularly fruitful evening at Monte Carlo (on several occasions he broke the bank), he simply bought the golf course at Mentone and built a large hotel at the far end. Even after he had lost a major part of his fortune, there was enough left to allow opulence. Thus experience was something to be savored and shared among a golden circle of friends, not to be exploited or hoarded toward personal survival. "The vulgar, disgraceful, over-fed, godless social order that we call Edwardian," says Clark, in an uncharacteristically lashing phrase. But he inherits from it the best of his own strength: a disinterestedness in the face of pleasure, a collector's passion for the high and spendthrift festivities of human invention.

Given young Kenneth's native capacities, moreover, wealth and caste in the grand manner can prove marvellously economical. They save time. The right school, Winchester, is followed by one of the most elegant of Oxford colleges, Trinity. The right people pop up from behind the best hedges: "During my first year at Oxford an acquaintance had taken me out to Garsington. It was exactly as described in numerous memoirs, and the sight of Lady Ottoline's gorgon head turned me to stone. In my embarrassment I wandered among the box hedges till I discovered a timid-looking man wearing a straw hat. As he appeared to be as embarrassed as I was, I spoke a few meaningless words. He answered with some hesitation, in a grave, low voice; he said that his name was Eliot and that he worked in the City." And when friend and mentor Bernard Berenson comes for a visit, one makes sure that the train compartment is appropriately staffed with such cronies as Maurice Bowra and young Isaiah Berlin.

Clark's own career was correspondingly meteoric. Having worked with Berenson (of whom he gives a feline, acute portrayal) on a revised edition of the famous study of Florentine drawings, Clark was rapidly made Keeper of Fine Art at the Ashmolean Library, in Oxford, and was rocketed, before his thirtieth birthday, to the directorship of the National Gallery. In his own words, the years 1932-39 saw a veritable "Clark boom." The doors of royalty slid open. The lofty buccaneers of the art world—Lord Duveen, Calouste Gulbenkian, Ambroise Vollard—unveiled their treasures and rapacities to the young scholar-impresario. London's hostesses vied for Clark's company, and if a mild faux pas by Artur Rubinstein spoiled a soirée with Edward VIII, there was always the prospect of lunch with Sir Philip Sassoon, the Haroun-al-Rashid of the art circus, or with that up-and-coming carver of stone Mr. Henry Moore.

As it happened, Clark's term at the National Gallery ended after bureaucratic conflict and scholarly polemic (caused by the purchase of four small pictures which "in a moment of unforgivable weakness" the Director agreed to label "Giorgione"). But when

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the war was over, the Establishment turned again to one of its favorite sons. Chairman of the Arts Council and the Independent Television Authority, Trustee of the British Museum, councillor to the Victoria and Albert Museum and the National Theatre, Clark has been at the center of that small, often self-effacing coterie of brilliant, socially pleasing dons, civil servants, patrons, and peers who, despite economic crisis and political challenge, continue to shape the British cultural climate. His own elevation to the House of Lords came naturally, in recognition of a lifetime of service to the arts and of a special intimacy with the great collection of drawings, notably those of Leonardo, at Windsor. The world success of "Civilisation," in both its televised and its published format, finally made of Kenneth Clark a household word. I saw him hurrying down Bond Street, twelve months ago, package-laden, his mantled glance even narrower under a battered brown hat. Passersby looked back in manifest recognition. Only Lord Clark himself was too modest or urbane to notice the effect.

In short, a golden life crowned by the acclaim both of one's chosen milieu and of a mass public. And a life surrounded by objects of loveliness, a good many of which the possessor unearthed, identified, and then salvaged from oblivion. Yet this self-portrait is in many respects a profoundly sad book. In part, this is the effect of insistent self-deprecation. Nothing else, affirms Clark, concentrates his faculties to the same extent as billiards. He finds himself "abnormally passive and conformist." When a woodcock falls to his youthful gun, he concludes that it was shot by a keeper. If physical danger leaves him unmoved, the cause is lack of imagination. Reflecting on his sense of near-infallible judgment with regard to paintings, Clark concludes, "My whole life might be described as one long, harmless confidence trick." A scholarship to Oxford is the result of a felicitous answer to one question on an examination distinguished by the candidate's "ignorant nonsense." His legendary success as a lecturer merely demonstrates the superficiality, the inherent falsehood of the fifty-minute medium. "I have not written my 'great book.' " Clark missed a First in his university finals "because I have not got a first-class mind." He is "by nature exceptionally mean." The catalogue of Leonardo drawings "remains my only claim to be considered a scholar." Rereading the corpus of his writings, Lord

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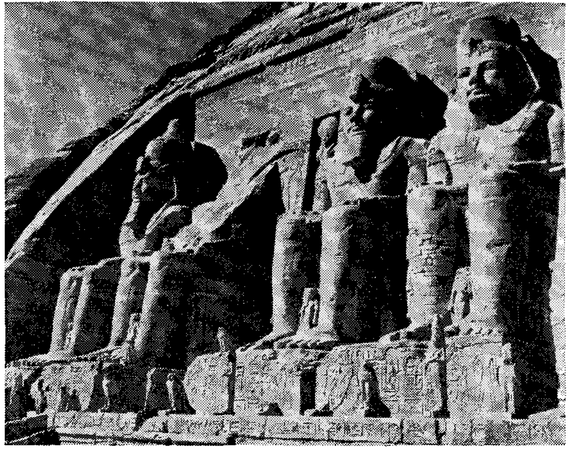

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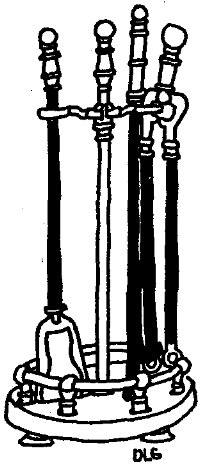
Clark finds a persistent "trick of skimming over difficulties."

One recognizes the rhetorical tactic in this dolorous inventory. It represents the ideals of understatement, of self-ironizing which English public schools and the scruples of a supremely confident élite imposed on their members. It is the thin-lipped flourish that makes the Victorian Amazon explorer speak of himself as a Sunday walker or induces Colonel T. E. Lawrence to parade as a private. But how is one to respond, today, and when dealing with an individual of Kenneth Clark's sophistication ("shallow and ignorant worldling" is the phrase he prefers) and sensibility? Is one to acquiesce in the disappointments he feels with himself? Or is one to protest and thereby simply add to Lord Clark's other virtues and precocities that of humility? Patently, the answer must lie somewhere in the middle. Though his "The Nude" strikes one as a book of flawless elegance and incisiveness, and as one behind whose marbled surface edged emotions are at work, and though the monograph on the Gothic Revival as well as the Leonardo catalogue have a firm place in modern art studies, it is probably the case that there has not been, in Clark's sense, "a 'great book.' " The Clark purchases for the National Gallery were indeed inspired—they included Bosch's "Crowning with Thorns," Ingres's "Madame Moitessier," and Rembrandt's "Saskia as Flora"—but it would be difficult to include the young Director among the great renovators or custodians of modern taste. His television and journalistic presentations of art and of art in society have been masterly in their lucid sweep, in their refusal to patronize. They must rank among the principal feats of *haute vulgarisation* in a fragmented and increasingly specialized age. But they have also been sometimes superficial and curiously old-fashioned in their unexamined assumption of humanistic criteria, in their imperception of the role of economics and the natural sciences, in their restriction to the Hellenic core and its offshoots, from Dresden to Monticello. On the other hand, how could they be otherwise, and who could have persuaded a wider audience of his own joy and vision?



It may be more useful to take Lord Clark at his own harsh word, and to ask what there has been in so privileged, endowed a life to account for a certain flatness of achievement. And here the answer must be not only tentative but uncomfortable, touching, as it will, on the essential values of a society that Clark himself has so obviously graced. Despite the fervent aestheticism, the self-bestowal on great art, which this book documents, it is not, finally, art per se, or, to be more exact, it is not the life of thought and feeling that produces great art which seems to enlist Kenneth Clark's ultimate adherence. As for so many in his charmed circle, the touchstone of fundamental response, of private investment, is that of companionship, of shared intensities and exclusions for which art may well be the focus but in which the fanaticisms, solitudes, disloyalties, and sheer bad manners that so often attend on genuine creation are ruled out. "Another Part of the Wood" (a title whose Shakespearean echo is itself coy and only vaguely apposite) joins a host of recent English autobiographies—Bloomsbury, Edwardian, Georgian—in which an intellectual and social mandarinate looks back on a world of intimacies and powers now hastening to ruin. The ruling code was one of mutual valuation, often immediate and discreetly ecstatic, but also modish and condescending toward the "outside." The result is an exasperating unsteadiness of standards. Lord Clark can describe as a major European scholar one of the most self-entranced, hectoring peacocks to have huffed and puffed around Oxford in this century; then, justly so, he can exalt the stature of Aby Warburg, "without doubt the most original thinker on art history of our time," and yet bestow the title of "that most distinguished writer" on a provider of glossy literary history. What is one to make of the statement "Marx now seems to me such a marvellous genius" (the epithet being itself so curiously vapid and betraying) when there is not a jot of real Marxism or of Marx's vengeful rigors in anything Kenneth Clark has said or done? Why the flock of small inaccuracies and gaucheries that occur in this volume? (Will Lord Clark and his publishers note that the use of upper case in German nouns is not a typographic option or caprice but a determining marker whose omission makes nonsense of the words; will someone, ever so gently, alert the au-

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thor to the oddity of the phrase "the University of Harvard" and tell him the proper lyrics for that great song "The Lone Fish-Ball"?) But even as one puts such points, embarrassment ensues; they smack of just those pedantries, rancors, social awkwardnesses, and abstractions of personal sentiment which mark the Teutonic or American savant, which brand the dogmatist and assertive intruder who ventures into the garden of good grace. Berenson may well have been a pioneer of genius, but, as Lord Clark informs us, he was also a man crassly enmeshed in money, a Lithuanian Jew acutely ill at ease with his own provenance, and an individual who not only made *love* to his masseuse but was known to be doing so. One must choose between the delights and virtues of amity and an indelicate commitment to absolute quality. Sometimes these two ideals go together, but not always.

Nor is the choice an easy one. Those dispassions, the fastidious bitchiness, the deep cult of friendship and understatement which characterize the British high world have until very lately shaped the most coherent and truly civilized of modern political communities. They have preserved for the word "amateur" its root meaning, which is that of disinterested love. But in this sphere achievements of the very first order are correspondingly rare. The absolutism, the touch of terror that underlie great thought are felt to be not only histrionic but subversive of those perhaps even finer values, which are congeniality and comeliness of being. In such an atmosphere, sustained as it is by private recognitions and anecdote, even major art tends to become something like transcendent gossip. Kenneth Clark has always known better, from the first childhood moment in which a set of Japanese flower paintings woke in him the enigma and menace of absolute beauty. Hence, one suspects, the disenchanted candor of his tale.

—GEORGE STEINER

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

RAGTIME, by E. L. Doctorow (Random House). An extraordinarily deft, lyrical, rich novel that catches the spirit of this country in the era between the turn of the century and the First World War in a fluid, musical way that is as original as it is satisfying. Mr. Doctorow has taken a stolid, settled, respectable, middle-class Wasp entrepreneur's family; a poor, bitter, peripatetic Jewish im-

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migrant's family; and a familyless young black couple, and interwoven their lives not only with one another but with what seems to be everything interesting about early-twentieth-century American history—the labor movement, Emma Goldman, leftover Victorian social mores, Freud, Houdini, J. P. Morgan, Henry Ford, Harry K. Thaw, Stanford White, Evelyn Nesbit, Peary, von Papen. In mood, the book is not unlike Auden's "Musée des Beaux Arts." ("About suffering they were never wrong,/The Old Masters: how well they understood/ Its human position; how it takes place/While someone else is eating or opening a window or just walking dully along.") The writing is cool but feeling, and almost compulsively precise about detail. One never feels that Doctorow is diminishing history by ragging it; he simply shows his characters—historical or invented—at the exact moment of extreme passion, consternation, pain, or confusion that tells the most about their lives. Occasionally, one finds oneself wishing that the glittering texture of the writing would open up to afford a deeper look into a character's life, especially toward the end, but this is a minor quibble. A fine book.

SHŌGUN, by James Clavell (Atheneum). A slick, ambitious, eight-hundred-and-two-page popular novel about seventeenth-century Japan which disadvantageously combines the worst qualities of the fact-crammed historical novel with the sort of flashy Hollywood dialogue and derring-do that haven't been around much since the heyday of the Errol Flynn movie. Mr. Clavell does have a decided gift for storytelling, and he makes a heroic effort to provide the right atmosphere for this violent, transitional period in Japan's history (he spent a year doing research for the book), but most of the time his characters' absurdly slangy modern speech (as, for example, when a Dutch sailor says "Shut your face") keeps the tone of the book at least forty degrees off course. A Literary Guild selection.

GENERAL

THE HESSE/MANN LETTERS, edited by Anni Carlsson and Volker Michels, translated from the German by Ralph Manheim, with annotations by Wolfgang Sauerlander and a foreword by Theodore Ziolkowski (Harper & Row); MYTHOLOGY AND HUMANISM: THE CORRESPONDENCE OF THOMAS MANN AND KARL KERÉNYI, translated by Alexander Gelley (Cornell); AN EXCEPTIONAL FRIENDSHIP: THE CORRESPONDENCE OF THOMAS MANN AND ERICH KAHLER, translated by Richard and Clara Winston (Cornell). Mr. Ziolkowski's foreword makes a point that all three books demonstrate: Mann, a quasi-public man by choice, showed different sides of himself to different people or publics, and though his assured, ironic self is evident in these three correspondences, the quality of each relationship, as well as the subjects discussed, is different. Ziolkowski notices that Mann and Hesse never got on "*du*" terms, and that their friendship, though long, was late-blooming. Even so, in many respects the Hesse-Mann volume seems to speak more frankly than the others: the two men worry freely to each other about money, for example, when the Nazis move against their Berlin publisher, a Jew; they exchange differences of opinion about the Weimar Republic; and their admiration for each other's work is not forced but penetrating. Karl Kerényi, a brilliant, imaginative Hungarian classicist whose views on ancient religion and myth were considered either naughtily rebellious or breathtakingly original by the scholarly community, initiated his correspondence with Mann, in whose work Kerényi saw a kind of divining of his own ideas and a nearly uncanny understanding of myth. Their correspondence is intellectually exciting. It does become personal, particularly after Kerényi left Hungary when the Nazis took over, and experienced what Mann had known since 1933—the vicissitudes of emigration. The Kahler correspondence is perhaps the least rewarding. Erich Kahler, a historian who left Germany because of the Nazis, settled in Princeton. Much of this correspondence is mutual commiseration: sicknesses and partings, the complicated worries of émigrés—and, it may be added, their shared incomprehension of the United States and Americans. Despite the admirable gallantry and dedication of both men, American readers will find them irritating in their condescension to us as affable savages.

THE LONELY HUNTER: A BIOGRAPHY OF CARSON MCCULLERS, by Virginia Spencer Carr (Doubleday). Thoroughness and candor are the chief virtues of this work, which offers the best picture we are likely to get of an almost incomprehensibly neurotic personality. Creative and destructive, exploitive and self-centered, Carson McCullers (1917-67) was entangled with—and tangled up—the lives of so many people that no single or simple judgment of her prevails among the friends, lovers, observers, and enemies (who were, for the most part, former friends or lovers) whom Mrs. Carr has interviewed. McCullers' literary gifts shone early, and celebrity, familiarity with other celebrities, and money—of which the girl had dreamed in Columbus, Georgia—duly arrived. So did calamity, scandal, turmoil, and illness. A foreword by Tennessee Williams demonstrates the deep affection that McCullers could inspire; in dealing with the other sides, the biographer keeps her poise. There are some regrettable usages ("hostess" as a verb, for one), but otherwise the book is admirable.

THE LITTLE DARLINGS: A HISTORY OF CHILD REARING IN AMERICA, by Mary Cable (Scribners). This brief, lighthearted book narrates the gradual shift in power from American parents to their children. In the seventeenth century, parents were always right; in the twentieth, they are always wrong. Mrs. Cable points out that the earlier situation was supposed to be based on Christianity and the contemporary one on science, and that the future may be determined by politics—several politicians have proposed tax relief for American parents, whose disrespectful offspring are costlier than children have ever been before.

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CLEAR DAYS ON THE THEOLOGICAL FRONT

[*From the Worcester* (*Mass.*) *Evening Gazette*]

Gary Arthur Smith, son of Arthur and Geraldine Smith of 72 Bull Run Circle, Holden, received the Tully Theology Award at a special ceremony Sunday.

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Smith graduated magna cum laude with a bachelors' degree in theology and philosophy in three years. The title of his winning paper was "Dance Pardner: The Dance of God and the Cosmic Clodhoppers—A Play Christology."

A graduate of Burncoat Senior High School in 1972, Smith plans to join a troupe of tap dancers.

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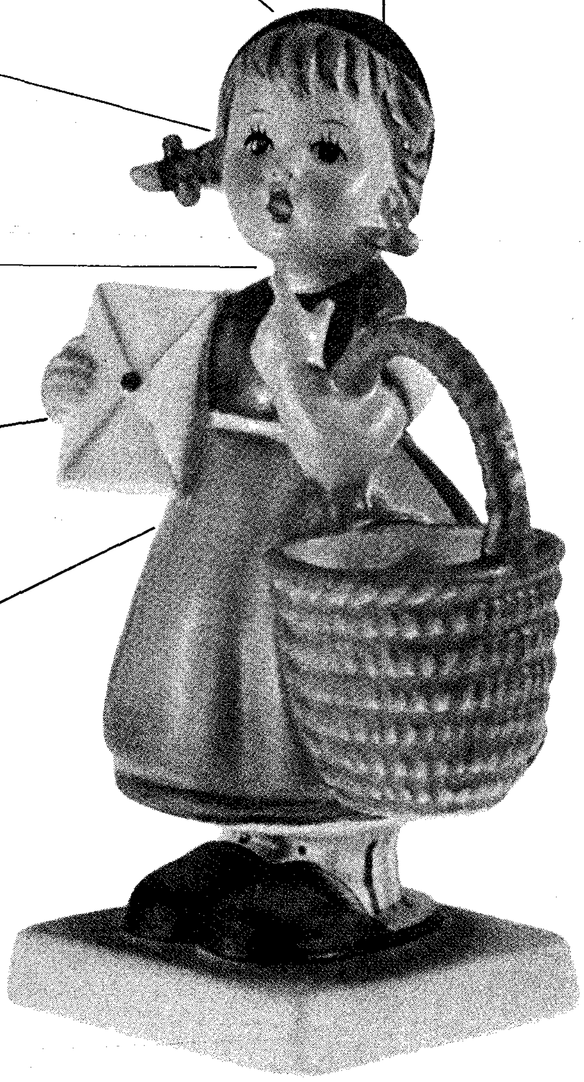

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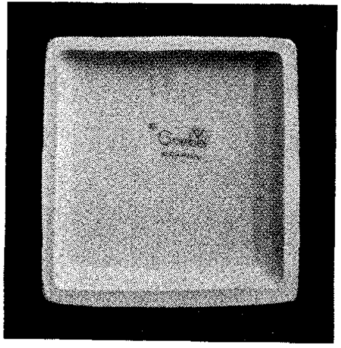

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